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THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*The Kembles: an Account of the Kemble Family; including the lives of Mrs. Siddons and her brother, John Philip Kemble.* By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., F.S.A. Author of 'The Life of Garrick.' 2 vols. London, 1871.

THE Lives of the Kembles by Boaden and Campbell are undoubtedly poor specimens of biography. This may, as the author of these volumes says, be a very good reason why a fresh work on the subject should be written; but, for the same reason, it especially behoves the writer who avails himself of the plea to prove his right to do so by the excellence of his own work. Boaden and Campbell had at least the advantage—a great one in the writers of all biographies, and a paramount one where actors are concerned—of having not merely known both John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons intimately in private life, but studied their performances, and also the performances of a race of high-class actors during a long series of years. Their books, therefore, although overloaded and tedious, are full of authentic information. They have the interest and value of contemporary records, and a tolerably vivid picture can be formed from them of the professional qualities, good and bad, of these great artists, as well as of their personal history and character. Neither are their books destitute of passages distinguished by the graces of good writing, by graphic force, and picturesqueness of style, which it will be wise in no one to overlook who may hereafter have occasion to deal with the same subject. Mr. Fitzgerald, on the other hand, never saw any of the Kemble family, nay to all appearance never even saw any really great English actor of the higher drama. A man in this position could only hope, therefore, to interest by a broad grasp of his subject, and an unusually vivid power of presenting it. Having no experience of his own to offer, he was bound to justify the intrusion on the public of a fresh book upon the Kembles by literary skill in presenting a compact and brilliant monograph of all the essential facts and characteristic features, which could be gathered from Boaden

or Campbell, and the many other sources of information which they either neglected or had not at command. In place of this, Mr. Fitzgerald's work is destitute of every literary merit. It is a jumble of clumsy patchwork, to which paste and scissors have contributed more than deliberate study and workman-like skill. Whatever new matter has been added is either absolutely worthless, or, as in the case of some hitherto unpublished letters from Mrs. Siddons to Lord and Lady Harcourt, of the most insignificant kind. The book swarms with blunders. Indeed, so habitually careless is Mr. Fitzgerald, that he is inaccurate even in correcting in the preface the blunders of his text.* So little conscious is he, too, of the vitreous character of his own residence, that he throws stones vigorously at others where he is himself most vulnerable. Thus the style of Campbell and Boaden is condemned in his preface with overcharged severity, and this by a writer who, even in his Dedication, sees no absurdity in inscribing to Mr. Sothorn this '*history* of the two great *lights* of the English stage, both as a *token* of personal regard, and as a cordial *admirer* of Mr. Sothorn's many talents.' A gentleman, who describes his own '*history*' of '*lights*,' as at once '*a token*' of regard, and an '*admirer*' of talent, scarcely surprises us by an ignorance of the commonplaces of Shakspeare; but in a champion of the poetical drama like Mr. Fitzgerald such ignorance takes one a little aback. And yet he deliberately quotes the phrase, '*sound the very bass string of humility*' as an expression of Campbell's, illustrative of the inflation and grotesqueness of his diction! While doing so, moreover, he commits the double blunder of charging upon Campbell the use of these words as his own, which Campbell *avowedly* cites as a quotation *used by Boaden*, and of ignoring the fact, that the words drop from Prince Hal in probably the best known of all the scenes in which that '*mad wag*' figures. (1 Henry IV., Act 2, Sc. 4.) The same vices of style, and the same untrustworthiness of statement and quotation pervade the whole work, and it will certainly never supplant the volumes of Boaden and Campbell, which it aims at superseding. Instead, however, of pursuing the immediate subject of these volumes, which we reserve for some more worthy occasion, we shall take the opportunity, which they suggest, of presenting some considerations as

* Mr. Fitzgerald has only two blunders to correct. It would be easy to swell his errata by scores. One of the two which he admits, is the use of the name of Mr. Tom Taylor instead of that of Mr. John Taylor, from whose '*Records of my Life*,' published in 1823, he has borrowed most extensively without acknowledgement; and the other, the omission of an important date, which he says should be 1776, when in fact it was 1775.

to the actor's art, and its present state and prospects in England, that may not be without interest or out of place at the present moment.

In the histrionic, as in other arts, there are epochs crowded with great names, and epochs distinguished by few or none; periods of ebb, when genius and skill seem dormant or dead, and periods of flow, when they carry their triumphs to the highest point, and infect the public with their own enthusiasm. It would be strange indeed, were it otherwise. We do not marvel that there is no perpetual succession of Van Eycks, Leonardos, Titians, Raffaels, or Michael Angelos, or that the age of Marlowe, Shakspeare, Chapman, Massinger, Jonson, Ford, and all that noble brotherhood of dramatic writers remains without rival in our literary history. Why, then, should we expect, that genius of the highest order in an art which, perhaps more than any other, demands an unusual combination of qualities of body as well as of mind, should show itself otherwise than at rare intervals? Genius in any art can never be otherwise than rare; and how rare it has been in the actor's art is at once apparent from the comparatively few, whose renown has survived themselves. Polos and Æagros on the Grecian stage, Æsopus and Roscius on the Roman, are almost the only names that have escaped oblivion; and brief indeed is the catalogue of those who have achieved pre-eminence on the modern European stage.

Yet in none of the arts is the influence of individual genius upon the public taste, and also upon the followers of the art itself, at once so necessary and so intimate, as in that of the actor. Literature, sculpture, painting, music, all leave their records. None of these can be without models to emulate, or standards to appeal to, so long as any of their great masterpieces, which have outlived the shock of time, continue to survive. By these it is possible to learn wherein excellence consists, and he who has mastered, however imperfectly, the secret of the charm by which they are pervaded, is in a position to appraise the worth of every fresh effort in the same field. If an age, therefore, were barren in these arts, the love for them might still be kept alive and the public taste be preserved at a high level. But it is not so with the stage. Without the actual presence of genius upon it, the art must languish and the public taste decline. Nor is the reason far to seek. The actor's noblest successes perish with the hour that sees them, with the eyes and hearts on which their spell has been impressed. However vivid the chronicle of his triumphs,—although a pen, dipped in the very hues of life, should be found to do for each, what Cibber has done for

Betterton, Monfort, and Bracegirdle, the impression conveyed can only be vague and phantasmal at the best. Neither pen nor pencil can ever set Betterton or Garrick, Siddons or Kean before us, 'in form and moving, express and admirable'—with all that magic of presence, voice, and gesture, of dignity, tenderness, vivacity, and passion, which kindled a soul within the most torpid, or charmed the imagination of the most accomplished of their contemporaries. 'To conceive the pleasures,' as Cibber has truly said, 'arising from such harmony, you must have been present at it—'tis not to be told you.' Nor is this all; for not only can we form no satisfactory picture of what these great artists were, but unless we have actually seen great actors, we can form no adequate conception of what their art is capable. Were it otherwise, we should not so often find the highest praise bestowed even by people of culture and intelligence upon acting, which in a better condition of the stage would be barely tolerated. As a 'sprawling Verrio' seems to an untutored eye more admirable than a Francia steeped in the beauty of profound but tempered feeling, and in colours of luminous purity, so the showy effects of a style radically false and artificial often meet, for a time at least, with greater success upon the stage than the quiet truth of real gifts and self-respecting artistic power. This must always be expected, for it requires training and exact observation to discriminate between the true and false in all art, and in none more than in that in which the complex elements of character and emotion are so largely concerned. And how much more must it prevail if there be no living models of excellence by which the judgment of the public may be steadily disciplined?

Nor does the loss to public taste end here; for without "the living comment and interpretation" of fine acting, dramatic literature in its highest forms must be in a great degree a sealed book to us. We may, indeed, think that we see all the significance of a great conception. We may imagine, as so many people obviously do, that actual impersonation will never make us better acquainted with Imogen, Rosalind, Portia, Othello, Macbeth, or Coriolanus, than our own unaided study has done. There can be no greater mistake. Plays are written, not to be read, but to be seen and heard. No reader, be his imagination ever so active, can therefore thoroughly understand a finely conceived character, or a great play, until he has seen them on the stage. The dramatic poet himself may be independent of what it is the office of the stage to perform in giving completeness to his conception, but no one else can be. He knows that words can never paint the passions of the soul, whether in sunshine or
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in storm, can never suggest the infinitely subtle phases of emotion, like an accent, a gesture, or a look. By the very nature of his genius he feels intuitively where silence is most eloquent, where the passion-charged utterance of the simplest phrase can do more than torrents of imagery; and, as he writes, he fills up the pauses and breaks of emotion with the appropriate look, and tones, and action of his ideal forms. Therefore does he leave much for the actor to do, knowing well that if he did not, however his dialogues might sparkle, or his periods glow, his work would not be one to move an audience.

Of all dramatists this is true, but it is pre-eminently true of Shakspeare. And herein lies the secret of the unquestionable fact that his plays are, more than all others, the crucial test of an actor's power. None suffer more by bad acting, and none gain more by good. A clever declaimer, or practised player, may produce an impersonation not disagreeable; but kindred genius can alone seize and turn to account the opportunities furnished by the poet to the performer for filling in the tints and shadows which are essential to complete the picture. Such, to all appearance, was the genius of Betterton. What Steele has said of his Othello (*Tatler*, No. 167) happily illustrates at once the genius of the actor and the dramatist in the particulars just indicated.

'The wonderful agony which he appeared in when he examined the circumstance of the handkerchief in Othello; the mixture of love that intruded upon his mind, upon the innocent answers Desdemona makes, betrayed in his gesture such a variety and vicissitude of passions, as would admonish a man to be afraid of his own heart, and perfectly convince him that it is to stab it, to admit that worst of daggers—jealousy. *Whoever reads in his closet this admirable scene will find that he cannot, except he has as warm an imagination as Shakspeare himself, find any but dry, incoherent, and broken sentences; but a reader that has seen Betterton act observes, there could not be a word added; that longer speeches had been unnatural, nay, impossible, in Othello's circumstances.*

Here we see the actor's gift acting as the complement of the poet's genius. A kindred intuition of human passion and its modes of expression is at the root of the excellence of each. 'What knowledge of the human heart does Talma display?' says Madame de Stael, speaking of the life thrown by that great actor into his parts. 'He becomes their second author by his accents and his physiognomy.' It is only when a great drama is dealt with by an actor or actress of whom this can be truly said, that the full meaning of the poet is revealed. And indeed the poet himself will probably be the foremost to admit, that even he had scarcely known the full significance of his work—it being, as all the best work is, spontaneous and unconscious—until it has been presented

presented to him in action. 'What is this,' said Murphy, the first time he saw Mrs. Siddons in *Euphrasia*, in his own play of 'The Grecian Daughter'—'What is this? I never wrote that scene. It has been added.' So hard was it for him to believe that it was only the exquisite life thrown into it by the great actress which had wrought the delusion. Nor is this an exceptional case merely. 'Est ce bien moi, qui ai fait cela?' Voltaire had exclaimed, not many years before, in surprise at the undreamt-of power developed in one of his own scenes by the deep sensibility and splendid declamation of Madame Clairon. The 'Vous pleurez, Zaire!' of *Le Kain* was no less a revelation to him of a pathos which the words, as they dropped from his pen, had not suggested to himself. And it is no exaggeration to suppose that Shakspeare might have felt in the same way, had he heard the 'Prithee, undo this button!' of Garrick in 'Lear,' or the 'Fool, fool, fool!' of the elder Kean's *Othello*. His best critics at least have been most ready to acknowledge the light cast upon his pages by the actor's genius. Thus, for example, George Steevens writes to Garrick (27th December, 1765):—*

'I am contented with the spirit of the author you first taught me to admire; and when I found you could do so much for him, I was naturally curious to know the materials he had supplied you with; and often when I have taken the pen in my hand to try to illustrate a passage, I have thrown it down again with discontent when I remembered how able you were to *clear that difficulty with a single look, or particular modulation of voice, which a long and laboured paraphrase was insufficient to explain so well.*' †

Nor is what we have said true in the case of single phrases, single scenes, or single characters merely. It is perhaps even more true with reference to the comprehension of a great play as a whole. Without the aid of actual representation this is possible only to a vigorous imagination, and a mind trained to continuous and sustained exertion, and even to these only after repeated perusal and elaborate study. But three hours in a theatre, before

* 'Garrick Correspondence,' vol. i. p. 217.

† What Cibber says of Mrs. Monfort has been no less true of many of her successors. 'Nothing, though ever so barren, if within the bounds of nature, could be flat in her hands. She gave many heightening touches to characters but coldly written, and often made an author vain of his work, that in itself had but little merit.' In these cases the actor is more than the second author. He is the only real one. Mrs. Jordan, who had often in this way to create 'a soul under the ribs of death,' once remarked, 'Many a character one has to perform is in itself insipid, it all depends upon what you can put into it.' This recalls Madame Schwetznine's remark on life, 'What you find in life depends on what you bring into it.' So a 'Merchant of Venice' grows out of a dull Italian tale, and Garrick's 'Abel Drugger' convulses an audience with laughter, the possibility of which could never be surmised from reading Jonson's text.

a company of 'well-graced actors,' will raise the most unlettered of spectators, and the most unpractised of thinkers, if only he be possessed of ordinary intelligence and sensibility, quite up to the level of the most laborious critic; nay, more, will teach the critic what, if left to himself, he would never have discovered. The pages of a book can never affect the mind so powerfully as a direct appeal by voice and motion to 'the very faculties of eyes and ears.' Whatever is so presented with the truth of nature supplies, as Coleridge has said, 'a species of actual experience.' Brain and heart are both moved, and, being so, the spectator is in the mood to meet the poet more than half way. His imagination is aroused, so that the appropriate thought or emotion will be there before the poet's words are spoken; and thus the truth of character and of feeling, and the fitness or beauty of the language, will come home to him as they never can do in the calm and often languid silence of the study. Borne along upon a tide of living sympathy, he follows the development of the plot without an effort, and carries away with him a deep impression of the whole bearing and compass of the poet's design, as of some actual event in which he has himself borne a part.

To infuse this life into the poet's creations by quickening the hearts and imaginations of the multitude is the great actor's vocation. A poet himself in breadth of sympathy, in range and accuracy of observation,* and in intensity of feeling, he converts his audience into poets for the time, waking them out of their habitual lethargy, and kindling those sympathies, aspirations, and passions which slumber, often unsurmised by ourselves, beneath the crust of our daily life. Humanity in all its forms is 'the haunt and main region' of his working. His business is to find living embodiment and expression for

'All thoughts, all feelings, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame;'

and to do this in forms stamped with the truth of nature, but modulated at the same time by the subtle graces of art. He must delight, not here and there only by some fine burst of passion, by the power or pathos of some particular speech, by the exquisite finish of some separate scene. If these things fall naturally into his conception, good and well; but he will not go out of his way to catch unintelligent applause by what are technically called 'points.' These are the cheap triumphs of inferior artists—the 'purple patches' of a vicious style. What-

* 'My ever dear friend Garrick,' says Burke ('Letters on a Regicide Peace') 'was the first of actors, because he was the most acute observer of nature I ever saw.'

ever disturbs the truth and consistency of character or the harmony and proportion of the scenic picture is inexorably rejected by the actor of genius. His aim is not to win applause, dear as that may be to him, but to teach, refine, instruct, and to let men see, if he may, what his own imagination has bodied forth as the ideal of the human being whom he is called upon to represent. Thus the great German actor Schröder could not bear to have it said that he played well at such or such a moment, or spoke well such or such a speech. 'Have I played the part well?' he would say. 'Have I been the very person I represented?' And what was Garrick's view? Writing to a French correspondent, he says, 'l'art d'un grand acteur est de se faire oublier jusqu'à son nom, quand il paroît sur la scène.' And of all the tributes to the excellence of Mrs. Siddons, the highest is that paid to her by a brother actor, Charles Young.

'Whatever she touched she ennobled. She never sought by unworthy means to entrap her audience. She disdained to apply to any of the petty resources of trickish minds, in order to startle and surprise her hearers. There was no habitual abruptness, no harshness about her. You never caught her slumbering through some scenes in order to produce by contrast an exaggerated effect in others. She neglected nothing. From the first moment to the last she was, according to theatrical parlance, "*in the character*."'

Where this is the measure of excellence to be reached, great actors, it is obvious, must of necessity be few.

'The painter,' says Sir J. Reynolds, 'first makes himself master of the subject he is to represent by reading or otherwise, then works his imagination up to a kind of enthusiasm, till he in a degree perceives the whole event, as it were, before his eyes, when, as quick as lightning, he gives his rough sketch on paper or canvas. By this means his work has the air of genius stamped upon it.' The actor goes to work in the same way; but his pictures are produced under much severer conditions. Painter, sculptor, or poet may wait for their moments of inspiration. If their sketch fails, they may alter, efface, recast it at will. Not so the actor. His 'inevitable hour' comes with the prompter's bell. The stage waits and, ill or well, in the vein or not in the vein, he must begin his work, and this too before inquisitive and critical eyes. His picture must be made to grow before them, touch by touch, finished in its detail, clear in its outline, broad in its general effect. There is no retrieving a false tone or inapt gesture, no recovering an opportunity for expression once missed. Of all these he must be thoroughly master, and yet the very well-spring of his excellence is a sensitive and passionate nature, not easily held in check, and apt to impel him beyond the limits of
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that reserve which is essential for all artistic work.* Tact and taste must go hand in hand with passion. Neither is it from within only that disturbances may come. The finest actor is at the mercy of the blunders, or the stupid or vulgar incompetence of those with whom he may find himself on the scene. But not only must he not suffer himself to be put out by these, but he must manage to make his audience forget them also. And how is this to be done, unless, on the one hand, being 'of imagination all compact,' he can keep his own ideal unfailingly before him, and 'be the thing that he foresaw,' and unless, on the other hand, the repose of conscious strength have become habitual with him, and the art of graduation intuitive, so that he is able to adapt himself to all contingencies by modifying or varying the details of his impersonation without injury to its general effect?

If, then, there be truth in Milton's aphorism, that 'he who would write heroic poems must make his whole life a heroic poem,' it can be no less true that the actor who is to reach the summit of his art must feed his thoughts with 'fancies chaste and noble,' and live in an atmosphere of culture and refinement. 'If I am only a vulgar and ordinary woman,' says Clairon, 'during twenty of the four-and-twenty hours of the day, whatever effort I may make, I shall be only an ordinary or vulgar woman in Agrippina or Semiramis during the remaining four.' How imperative, then, is it that the Portia or Imogen, the Juliet or Desdemona of the stage should bear within herself the reflex of the qualities which diffuse an ideal charm around these pre-eminently attractive among Shakspeare's women. Intrinsic worth and nobleness, a reverent culture to higher than selfish ends of the 'gifts that God gives,' can alone flower on the stage, as elsewhere, into the perfections of the consummate artist. Given such a combination, with the requisite graces of person, and the result is what Cicero describes Roscius to have been, a man to be looked up to with the highest regard, and as an actor matchless.†

The degrees of this excellence must, of necessity, be manifold; but something of it, we may be sure, has always existed in every actor or actress of eminence. They, like the poet, must have been 'of imagination all compact.' The details of their every-

* 'Acting,' said Talma, 'is a complete paradox; we must possess the power of strong feeling, or we could never command and carry with us the sympathy of a mixed audience in a crowded theatre; but we must, at the same time, control our sensations on the stage, for their indulgence would enfeeble execution.'

† Quum artifex ejusmodi sit ut solus dignus videatur esse qui in scenâ spectetur; tum vir ejusmodi est ut solus dignus videatur qui eo non accedat . . . Propter excellentem artem et venustatem videbatur omnino mori non debuisset.—*Oratio Pro Quintio*, c. 25.

day life may have been prosaic and commonplace enough, or even equivocal—may not as much be said of innumerable great poets, painters, and musicians?—but when they stepped upon the stage their meaner self slipped from them, and the better something, ‘the deep poetic voice’ within them, which must otherwise have died unheard within their breasts, found a vent in the embodiment of characters in which wit, grace, refinement, vivacity, tenderness, humour, passion, dignity, or pathos were called into play. Of this view of actors and their vocation very little is heard in books, but much of the vanities, the vices, and the Bohemian habits, for which the contemptuous treatment of the art and its followers by the Church and by society during several centuries is, in a great measure, responsible. Scarron and Le Sage have made every one familiar with the seamy side of the actor’s life of a former day. The terrible vigour of Churchill, of Hogarth, and of Crabbe have stamped in indelible colours the sordid incidents of the Stroller’s life in days not far removed from our own. And even while modern opinion on this subject has become juster and more kindly, literary men have generally been more ready to seize on the grotesque or vulgar aspects of the actor’s vocation than to portray the inner life and purpose of those by whom the stage has been conscientiously adopted as an art. For this no ordinary power of artistic sympathy would be required; while it is comparatively easy to dash in the amusing but coarse outlines of a Fotheringay or a Snivellici, a Crummies or a Folair. We recognise the truth of these sketches, just as we acknowledge the truth of Scott’s Dick Tinto, or his Claude Halcro, as excellent examples of the ragged followers who hang on to the skirts of every gentle craft. But the same people who would never dream of accepting these as types of the painter or musician, will yet take their notions of what actors are from the caricatures of Thackeray and Dickens, without pausing to consider that Miss Bunion is not more unlike Mrs. Browning, or Poseidon Hicks more unlike the Laureate, than the players of ‘Pendennis’ and ‘Nicholas Nickleby’ must be unlike an Iffland or a Seydelmann, a Talma or a Macready, a Ristori or a Helen Faucit. Artists who, like these, have worked under a deep sense of the responsibility entailed upon them by their gifts, who have ‘moved through the vulgar and prosaic accompaniments of their *behind-the-scenes* existence,’ as Mrs. Jameson eloquently said of Adelaide Kemble, ‘without allowing it to trench on the poetry of their conceptions, and thrown themselves upon the sympathy of an excited and admiring public, without being the slave of its caprices,’ have yet to find their adequate representatives in English works of fiction.

It

It is, as we have said, one of the difficulties of the great actor, that he is much at the mercy of his fellow players. If these be stupid or vulgar, though they cannot drag him down to their level, still they can thwart, and embarrass him at every turn, and make it difficult, if not impossible, for him to work out his intentions with complete effect. Actors of spurious celebrity may like to surround themselves with foils, in whose ignorance their 'skill may stick fiery off indeed.' '*Ma femme et cinq poupées*' has indeed been avowed to be the ideal of a company, and the principle is a favourite one both with bad actors and hand-to-mouth managers. But the genuine artist is never happier than when he is surrounded by ability. He rejoices in emulation with kindred genius; for, although, as Bacon has said, 'he that seeketh to be eminent amongst able men hath a great task,' nothing draws forth true power like collision with power equal or even greater. It was no more than natural for an ill-regulated genius like Edmund Kean, hungry only of applause and of money, to refuse to play side by side with Charles Young, feeling himself overshadowed by that accomplished actor's majestic deportment and sonorous utterance, and perhaps, more than all, by his thorough finish. But a true artist, with whom his art was paramount and self but a subordinate consideration, would rather have courted the opportunity to vie with him in honourable rivalry, as he would certainly have come out of the struggle with redoubled honour. Mind would have kindled with mind, and flashed out fresh beauties in the play of reciprocal emotion, while the audience would have been swept along in a current of twofold force. It was so, we know, when, in the same play, Mrs. Siddons, her brothers John and Charles Kemble, and Charles Young were seen together.

One fine actor upon the stage amid a crowd of imbeciles is like an admirably painted figure in a group of daubs. Nay, his case is even worse. We may fix our eyes on the single figure, and shut them to the daubs. But we cannot do this in the theatre. For what is the divinest Juliet, if the Romeo under her balcony be a boor? or what the most chivalrous Othello, if Desdemona be a dowdy? The greater the contrast, the more painfully is our attention called at every turning to their defects—the more surely is our imagination dragged down from the elevation which it would otherwise have kept. But if it be hard for us, the spectators, to believe in the illusion of the scene, when Romeo and Desdemona belie what is said of them by every look and movement and intonation, how much harder
must

must it be, although people never think of this, for the Juliet or Othello of the hour, with such counterparts before them, to infuse the glow of imaginative passion into their impersonations? In truth, we can never see an actor or actress at their best, unless we see them well acted up to, and the whole characters of the play worked out in just harmony and due proportion. Imagine for the moment Mrs. Siddons, with her grand manner, her noble voice and presence, by the side of any Macbeth of our present stage; or the distinction, the force, the exquisite finish of the elder Farren beside the slipshod feebleness of the new school! The broad emphatic style of these great artists will seem as much too highly pitched as that of the others will be unquestionably too low; and instead of a well balanced picture, we shall get one that is out of drawing, and harsh and dissonant in colour.

A general without soldiers, or soldiers without a general, are not, indeed, more helpless than a great actor unsupported by efficient subordinates, or the rank and file of actors without first-class ability at their head. Accordingly, we find that great actors have, as a rule, been the nucleus of a cluster of able performers. Thus, Burbage's company, in Shakspeare's day, was a strong one. Betterton, again, was only the foremost in a company, which included, among others of note, his own wife, Mr. and Mrs. Monfort, Kynaston, Sandford, Mrs. Barry, and the charming Anne Bracegirdle; all of them, according to Cibber, 'original masters in their different style, and not mere auricular imitators of one another, which commonly is the highest merit of the middle rank.' It may well be doubted whether such a combination of talent has ever since been brought together in an English theatre. Nevertheless, Booth, Garrick, Henderson, the Kembles, Kean, Macready, were all fortunate in having around them a body of thoroughly trained actors, proud of their art, well versed in its traditions, and more or less accustomed to work together.

This was a state of things which very soon became impossible when the principles of free trade were applied to the drama, and the privileges of the patent theatres were withdrawn. Abolish these, said the reformers, with that irrepressible logic which the facts of human nature so constantly belie, and you will raise the public taste; for then, instead of the sulphurous melodramas on which their audiences are now fed, the minor theatres will devote themselves to plays of a higher class. Abolish them, said the most distinguished veterans of the drama, and you will, before long, make the acting of tragedy and comedy impossible.

impossible.* The actors were right, for of what avail was it to multiply theatres, and give them the right to perform the higher drama, unless you could also provide actors to keep pace with their demands? These are a commodity not to be turned out in any quantity to order. No amount of demand will produce a corresponding supply. Natural gifts and years of training must go to their production—and the only real training school is a theatre of good actors working together with a pride in their art, and under a system of intelligent discipline. But the change of system made the existence of such schools impossible; for how could such actors of ability and experience as then existed be kept together, when they were being continually bribed away by offers of increased salary and higher rank to the host of competitive theatres which soon afterwards sprang into existence? Companies became of necessity broken up, actors, who by time and practice might have been tutored into excellence, were ruined by being lifted into positions far beyond their powers, every player became a law to himself, the traditions of the art were lost, the discipline which distinguished the old theatres was broken down, and the performance of a comedy of character, or of a poetical play, as these used to be presented, became, as the elders of the craft had foretold, simply impossible.

It was natural that in this state of things scenic splendour should, as it did, take the place of careful acting, for the former can always be bought in the market to any extent. Shakspearian revivals, in which poet as well as actor were subordinated to the antiquary and the *costumier* helped still further to debase the public taste, and to drive to despair such actors as retained a lingering pride in their vocation; for they knew well that these revivals were aimed at the eyes and not at the souls of the audience, and that superior acting was neither desired by the manager, nor looked for by the public. But what could such devotees to their vocation do? There was no standard to which they could rally, no theatre in which taste, discipline, and a feeling for excellence reigned, and to a place in which they might aspire as the honourable reward of a laborious career. As a necessary consequence,

* See 'Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Dramatic Literature,' presided over by Lord Lytton, then Mr. Edward Lytton-Bulwer, ordered to be printed 2nd August, 1832, where Charles Kemble, the elder Mathews, Bartley, and others, will be found in their evidence before the Committee to have predicted, with what events have since shown to be absolute accuracy, the decline of the character of dramatic representations certain to ensue from carrying out the abolition of the patent privileges which was then proposed. Such a step, says Mathews (p. 166) 'will in the course of a very short time *brutalize the regular drama.*' 'It is not increase of theatres,' says Charles Kemble (p. 55), 'that will give you an increase of fine actors. The qualifications of a fine actor are a gift that God gives, and they are not to be multiplied as theatres may be.'

there ceased, after a time, to be even a public to whom they could appeal; for people of culture would no longer attend the theatre, which, to them, had been a place of intellectual enjoyment, when it was given over either to mere spectacle, to imbecility raised by every device of puffing into an ephemeral distinction, or to buffoonery and the attractions of female forms, undraped with an eye to meretricious effect beyond the power even of a Lord Chamberlain to control. Thus it is, that the dramatic profession has become a body without leaders, without coherence, without purpose, living from hand to mouth, drifting from stage to stage, at the mercy of scrambling adventurers in management, declining day by day in tone and status, and vitiating and being vitiated by the coarse tastes of a vast public, intent only on being excited or amused for the moment upon any terms. Thus it is, too, that while Art in all other departments has flourished, and culture spread, we alone of the European nations are without that most important agent of civilisation,—a theatre, in which the glories of our older drama, or any new drama worthy of the name, can be adequately presented. The stages of the metropolitan theatres—and the same is true of the provinces—are, with only the rarest exceptions, given over to melodramas, in which the leading feature is some feat of apparently break-neck gymnastics; burlesques, in which poetry is dragged in the mire; and dramas of so-called real life, which are unconscious burlesques of a more amusing kind, but amusing only by their absurd defiance of every probability.

Dramatic art among us has, in this way, fallen for the time to the lowest ebb. But is it therefore true, what is so often said, that we have no good actors, or that the public taste for the higher drama is dead? Assuredly not. Actors of the highest class we may not have. These are no more to be invoked at will than are 'spirits from the vasty deep.' But we have many of such ability as, under favourable conditions of discipline and co-operation, might grace a first-class theatre. And why are we to assume that there is no public for a refined drama? Is the love of the other arts less now than it has ever been? Has poetry a smaller or less sensitive public now than ever? Is the critical appreciation of genius less acute—the delight in its manifestations less intense or less widely diffused? Who will answer these questions in the affirmative? If this be so, why should we not believe that a good drama well acted would meet with an eager recognition like everything else that is good in art? Look at the plays pretending to poetical merit, which delighted our ancestors within the last century. Would these endure the ordeal of a theatre filled with well-educated men and

women

women of the present day? Or would they not at once be doomed to the oblivion into which they have justly fallen, as false to nature in their characters and plots and feeble and flaccid in their diction? But put before the same people a truly fine piece of dramatic workmanship, true to life and character, with a well-developed plot, with the weight of Sir Henry Taylor's thought in its verse, and the subtly dramatic suggestiveness of Browning in the framework of its dialogue; then let all this be brought out by intelligent acting, and it would be certain to meet with a response as sensitive as ever greeted a fine play at any period of our history.

But the actors are wanting that could attract such an audience, and until we get the actors we shall not get the plays. For what writer capable of constructing a high-class play, more especially of a poetical cast, would entrust its fate to any of our metropolitan theatres? And if this be, as we know it to be, the feeling of men from whom such dramas might be hoped, can we wonder that the theatres are deserted by the very class to whom good plays well acted would be of all others the most acceptable—the men and women of high culture, for whom the intellectual recreation, which is nowhere to be found in such perfection as in a well-ordered theatre, would be of priceless value? That class was never so numerous as in the present day; and if such a theatre should arise, it would be against all experience of human nature to doubt that a public would be found to fill it, and to fill it more fully and more steadily than any similar theatre ever was filled before. There is now a public for good art as well as for bad; a smaller public, but still a large one. Unhappily, bad art is in the ascendant in our theatres, and the best class of audiences has, as might have been expected, receded from them. Those who alone go there get what they want in that 'inexplicable dumb show and noise' which always attracts the multitude; and the careful acting, which 'holds the mirror up to nature,' is for the moment at a discount. The croakers have therefore the best of it for the time; but those who know anything of the history of the stage will not therefore lose 'the grave cheerfulness of a circumspect hope' that better things may be in store for us.

In the drama, as in politics, we are in one of those epochs of transition which are characteristic of a people that has made a vast and rapid development in numbers and in wealth, and among whom the old habits and relations of society are in the course of being broken up. But in point of taste and relish for what is good and refined, we are no whit behind those who have gone before us. Only good sense and good taste are, as they
always

always must be, in a minority, and in one that is of course obscured by the surging and noisy majority, never bigger or louder than now, of the half-educated and the fools. Fine acting and fine plays were no strangers to the Roman stage in the days of Augustus, yet Horace had the same tale to tell of the popular taste:—

‘Migravit ab aure voluptas
Omnis ad oculos incertos, et gaudia vana.’

A troop of infant phenomena, ‘an eyrie of young eyases,’ in Shakspeare’s days bore away the bell from such practised players as Burbage, Taylor, Lowin, and their fellows, just as in 1804 a pretty spouting school-boy, in the person of Master Betty, drew larger houses, and created a wilder enthusiasm than the genius and artistic skill of John Kemble and his distinguished sister ever did. On the English stage from D’Avenant’s time till now, pantomime, ballet, and spectacle have always filled the manager’s exchequer better and longer than the best actors, and they always will draw larger audiences than a company of even ideal excellence. They did so when our stage was at its best. They do so now, when they have it nearly all to themselves. Brains, with the multitude, have no chance against legs, nor the subtle gradations of a fine impersonation against the gorgeous splendours of processions and transformation scenes.

But if the multitude whom such things please be greater now than at any former time, so also is the number greater of those who possess literary culture and the love of what is best in art. Keeping this fact in view, it is well to remember, that there have been times before now when the prospects of the stage looked quite as unpromising. To demonstrate this fully would carry us too far; but one illustration may be given. In the second quarter of the last century, just before the period of our stage’s greatest glory, a shrewd observer, whose conclusions are thoroughly borne out by facts, had only such things to say of it as the following. Thus, of the plays—*

‘All our tragedies are filled with the flagrant crimes of Grecian, Roman, or Turkish tyrants, and our comedies very decently deck’d out with our own bold-face follies and nasty vices.’

The tragedians, moreover, he tells us, trusted to tiresome narration rather than to the force of action, or as Johnson expressed it a few years later, ‘Declamation roar’d whilst passion slept;’ and Mrs. Behn, who ‘fairly puts all characters to

* See ‘The Taste of the Town, or a Guide to all Publick Diversions,’ London, 1731, a scarce and amusing volume, invaluable for the light it throws upon the taste and manners of the time.

bed,' was, it could easily be shown, very far from being the only one of the comic writers who made free use of such strong expedients for mirth.

The managers, of course, come in for a liberal dressing of sarcasm :—

'They don't consider a play as to its merits, the reputation it would bring to their art, or the pleasure or instruction it would give the town. . . . They are less solicitous about this true use of the stage to the world, and the dignity of their profession, than they are about filling their pockets in order to enable them to rake, and drink, and gamble, as if they had as much right to those vices as the first men of quality in the kingdom.'

Our forefathers were clearly rather worse off in this respect than ourselves ; and if the scenic shows of those days were what we should call poor and mean, it was from no lack of will to give them prominence :—

'When the stage is crowded, the greatness of the show casts a mist, as it were, over the eyes of the spectators, and makes the thinnest plot appear full of business. Keep the stage filled thus, you'll instil life and spirit into the dullest play ; the passions will never flag, nor the action cool. I have known a tragedy succeed by the irresistible force of a squadron of Turkish turbans and scimeters, and another owe the whole of its merit to the graceful procession of a Mufti, and a tribe of priests. A poet who fights cunning will judiciously throw into every act a triumph, a wedding, a funeral, a christening, a feast, or some such spectacle, which must be managed by a multitude. Thus, by a well-disposed succession of crowds in every scene he lies, as it were, safe under cover from all criticism.'

The complaint of our author against the actors is, that having too great a variety of characters to play they cannot play them well. 'In acting to perfection, as well as in writing,' he says, 'a genius is required, and it is impossible for one person truly to form himself in so many different parts.' And we can scarcely wonder at his conclusion when the state of the metropolitan companies was such, that the Alexander or Drawcansir of to-night was the Romeo, or Sir Fopling Flutter, or Justice Shallow of to-morrow ; or when Lady Macbeth laid down her dagger and crown, to become the next night 'the pert jilting chambermaid' of one of Farquhar's comedies. No such complaint can be alleged against our actors in these days. If they fail it is not from the too great variety, but from the absolute want of variety, in the parts for which they are cast. When a play runs, as plays are now made to do, for two or three hundred nights on end, the monotony of his work must either drive an actor of any sensibility mad, or sink him into irretrievable mannerism. The latter,

whether happily or not may be doubted, is apparently the more common result.

The work we have cited was published in 1731, and only ten years later appeared David Garrick, to give practical disproof of the doctrine, that 'the genius for acting to perfection' is limited in its scope;—his very earliest performances having made it clear that a truly great actor of tragedy may, and probably will, be a great actor of comedy, even as Shakspeare had demonstrated the theory of Socrates to be true, that 'the genius of comedy is the same as that of tragedy, and that the writer of tragedy ought to be a writer of comedy also.'* But he did what was of infinitely more importance; for by personal example, and by his skill and energy as manager of Drury Lane Theatre, he raised the dramatic art, and the ambition and status of its professors to a level previously unknown. He had himself, immense as was his popularity from the first, suffered from the shifty and precarious life, which was inevitable where the metropolitan theatres were in the hands of men who cared nothing for art, and had no principle or purpose in management, but that of making money on any terms. For this state of things there was no cure but the practical one of a theatre conducted on a definite plan, and in which the best actors could be sure of a permanent home. 'It is for the interests of the best actors to be together,' wrote Garrick to Mrs. Pritchard's husband in 1747, when he entered upon his lesseeship of Drury Lane; neither was it from any fault of his, if they were not kept together down to the close of his lesseeship in 1776. He omitted no opportunity of securing for his theatre whatever, either in plays or actors, could best enable him to keep up the relish in the public for a vigorous intellectual drama. The better the play, the more certain was it of being worthily presented; for with such performers as Mrs. Cibber, Mrs. Pritchard, Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Clive, Miss Pope, Miss Younge, Mrs. Abington, Barry, Mossop, Sheridan, Woodward, King, Smith, Shuter and Weston, not to mention a host of others of inferior ability, character, passion, pathos, poetry, humour or wit, were more likely to gain than suffer in the rendering. What a scope was here for emulation of the best kind behind the curtain! What a school for taste to the audiences before it! Held together as these admirable artists were, moreover, by a man like Garrick, no less conspicuous for practical

* It will be remembered how the last thing remembered by Aristodemus, the narrator of the 'Symposium,' was Socrates insisting on this proposition to Aristophanes and Agathon, the rest of the party having been for some time, thanks to Agathon's wine, beyond the reach of argument.

sense and a fine critical faculty than for genius as an actor, all that was best in them was brought out as it could never otherwise have been. In his own person he set before them the example of unwearied study in preparation, and scrupulous care in performance; and the same discipline which he imposed upon himself he enforced upon his company, by careful rehearsals and unwearied efforts to infuse into them the suggestions of his own intelligence and experience. Even performers of great name owed more of their success than their vanity admitted to what was done for them in this way by Garrick. As plain-speaking Kitty Clive wrote to him in 1776:—

‘I have seen you with your magical hammer in your hand endeavouring to beat your ideas into the heads of creatures who had none of their own. . . . There are people now on the stage to whom you gave their consequence; they think themselves very great; now let them go on in their new parts, and they will soon convince the world what their genius is.’

However this might be, the public at least were the gainers. The system struck root. Care in study, care in performance, acute and active intelligence brought to bear on the whole business of the scene, the contrast of varied styles of excellence, the constant endeavour to bring out by the best considered experiments in what is technically known as ‘stage business’ all the strength of good dramatic situations, begot a standard of excellence upon the stage of Garrick’s theatre, which re-acted upon the public taste, and diffused its influence even to remote provincial stages. Nor was his personal character and intimate relations with the best society without a salutary influence upon the status of actors generally. Junius with his accustomed brutality might denounce him as a ‘vagabond.’ But public opinion no longer recognised the force of the epithet. The personal friend of Chatham, Camden, and the Archbishop of Canterbury might still by statute be a vagabond, but he was not therefore the less a gentleman. He had beaten down by the excellence of his private life, no less than by his genius, the narrow prejudice which had dealt with actors as people beyond the pale of good society; and what he began was made secure by many followers of the art, in whom were found moral worth, well regulated lives, and ‘all good grace to grace a gentleman.’ In none were these more conspicuous than in the Kemble family, who so soon after Garrick’s departure renewed, under a different phase, the splendours of the actor’s art; and continued in the person of John Kemble, during his management first of Drury Lane and afterwards of Covent Garden, the system of discipline

and the standard of prevailing excellence which Garrick had established.

Admirable as John Kemble was in his enthusiasm for his art, he committed, or more probably was forced by the undue size of Covent Garden Theatre into, the mistake of initiating those gorgeous scenic displays, which were immediately copied in a spirit of rivalry at Drury Lane, and which have done so much to degrade the stage as the home of art. So long as scenery and carefully dressed supernumeraries merely illustrate and relieve the action of the scene it is fit and proper that they should be of the best kind; but when these are carried to the point of 'shouldering aside the dramatic interest'—to use Sir W. Scott's happy phrase—the effect is disastrous. Disastrous in all ways,—disastrous to actors, disastrous to public taste, and, as ample experience has proved, disastrous to theatres themselves. Disastrous to actors, because they feel that they are little better than puppets in the spectacle,—disastrous to the taste of the public, because their eyes and senses, not their brains and hearts, are appealed to; and disastrous to theatres, because the outlay involved can never be compensated. Sooner or later comes the inevitable failure, for 'the many-headed beast,' though gratified by ever increasing splendour of scenery and ever multiplying masses of richly attired processionists, gets sated in the end, and turns in disgust from the weary show. We seem to be nearing this stage at the present moment. Even those who formerly applauded what were mistakenly called Shakspearian revivals, have begun to think that it would be better if the carpenter and scene-painter were put into the background, and theatres were forced to rely for attraction upon the development of character and passion; while the much more numerous class, who look to the theatre for intellectual stimulus and refreshment, for wit, character, incident, and poetry, are crying aloud for the establishment of some theatre in the metropolis, where their desire may be gratified, and the languid hours that succeed to a day of hard work may be brightened by the combination of good literature with good acting.

The cry is a natural one—but how to meet it is a problem of no ordinary difficulty. What excellence existed in our theatres in bygone days was, as we have indicated, the slow growth of many years, and of circumstances abnormally happy in the fact of the great presiding minds at the head of the two great metropolitan theatres. It was more easy to dislocate and ultimately destroy the system under which that excellence flourished, than it can ever be to restore an equivalent for it. The schools for dramatic art are extinct, the traditions of the stage lost, and as
these

these traditions were the results of the observation and experience of the ablest actors through many generations, this is a loss not lightly to be estimated, where the great dramas of our older literature are concerned.* Actors, moreover, are united by no common bond. There is no centre to which they can rally, no leader whom they would be content to follow and obey. A theatre is a venture too costly to be risked, upon the mere chance of finding a public sufficiently patient to bear with the shortcomings of such actors as might in the first instance be available for a higher class of drama, for the sake of the good intention shown in the plan on which it was conducted, and until the actors could be got into such excellent working order as might satisfy an educated and fastidious taste. Whoever enters, therefore, upon an enterprise of this sort, must be both content and able to wait. He must be of a spirit, moreover, not easily daunted, for his discouragements from within, as well as from without, will be neither few nor slight. Actors, even in the days of discipline and subordination, were never easy to manage. Like other artists they are apt to be, by temperament, irritable, jealous, and capricious, and, as Sir W. Scott has well said in a letter to his friend Terry (*'Lockhart's Life,'* vol. vii. p. 371), 'Jealousy among them is signally active, because their very persons are brought into direct comparison, and from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot they are pitted by the public in express rivalry against each other.' So racked and tormented was Garrick by their jealousies and caprice, supplemented as they were, and always will be, by the unreason and caprice of audiences, that he said 'the plagues of management for one year are sufficient to expiate a whole life of sin.' These difficulties are not likely to be lighter now, when the internal discipline of theatres has all but disappeared; when, moreover, there is absolutely no standard of excellence to appeal to, and every third and fourth-rate declaimer, or buffoon, is struggling for a front place, and sees no reason why he should not have it. Position and prominence on the stage, as elsewhere, means money value, and in these days when even art among artists becomes subordinate to lust of gain, the theatre is not likely to be exempt from the prevailing vice.

And yet, if we are not to continue calmly under the shame of being without a theatre commensurate with the culture of the

* It is well known, for example, that Betterton used to acknowledge his obligations to Taylor of the Blackfriars Company, and to the elder Lowin; the former of whom was instructed in the character of Hamlet, and the latter in that of Henry VIII. by Shakspeare himself. What Betterton thus learned was transmitted through an unbroken chain to Garrick and Barry, and helped to form their excellence and that of their successors.

age, some effort must be made to overcome these and the other practical difficulties which crowd upon the mind of whosoever is conversant with the condition of the theatrical world. What the other countries of Europe have done surely we can accomplish in England also. It is true, no doubt, that the superior tone and finish, which prevail in the best theatres of France and Germany, are due in a great measure to the fact that being, by reason of the state subventions, less dependent on the caprices of the public taste, they can afford to appeal to a higher culture than theatres which, like ours, must come to a stand-still unless they can attract the general public. Government assistance for any theatre in this country is hopeless; neither is it to be desired, for it would be an injustice to the other theatres from which it was withheld. Some equivalent for it must, however, be found, and for this we may fairly look to that public spirit and private wealth by which so many admirable results are achieved among us. In a country so rich as ours the sum required would be a mere trifle, and it could undoubtedly be found without difficulty. But it is not desirable it should be found, unless the organisation of such a theatre as we point at were in other respects complete. The money would most probably be wanted, not in hard cash, but in the shape of a guarantee similar in principle to that under which our two great Exhibitions were constructed. And, on the supposition already put, this guarantee would in all likelihood no more require to be drawn upon in the one case than in the others.

The more perplexing problem, however, is the internal organisation; and first as to the actors. Scattered about among the theatres in the metropolis and provinces there are actors and actresses of experience and artistic feeling, who, for the chance of finding a home in a high class metropolitan theatre—where they were sure of being treated with the courtesy and consideration due to the members of a liberal profession—would, no doubt, be content to make present sacrifices both in income and in nominal position. If these were brought together for the purpose of playing pure drama, where they could be assured of a permanent position as the result of proved ability and conscientious industry, and subjected to a distinct code of rules as to precedence, and to a stringent discipline as to rehearsals and performance, similar to those which prevail in the *Comédie Française*, the foundation would, at all events, be laid for that system of co-operation on which, much more than actual genius in the actors themselves, the charm rests of the performances at that theatre. We should get rid, under this state of things, of the ignorance, the slovenliness, the vulgarity, the want of harmony

mony and proportion, with which our stage is too familiar. Each would do his best, not only for himself, but for the general effect. Care and thought would be felt throughout, and a general level of excellence be achieved, which would sustain the illusion and gratify the taste. In time, doubtless, higher merits would be developed. Genius would arise, and be of necessity attracted to a theatre of this stamp. Acting would be dealt with as an art by its professors, an art for the study of which, as Barton Booth said, the longest life is too short: and in the end audiences would also learn to appreciate this truth, and bring the force of intelligent criticism to bear upon the performers. The theatre would then become to the spectators, as it ought to be, not merely the pastime of an idle hour, but a place of study, a whetstone of the imagination and the sympathies, a revealer of the secret springs of character and emotion, and of the subtler beauties of our finest poetry. They would learn at the same time to appreciate the niceties and the difficulties of histrionic art, and by their knowledge be enabled to stimulate merit, and rebuke defect or carelessness, instead of encouraging, as audiences too often do at present, whatever is most false in conception, and meretricious in style. Good actors will not exist without intelligent audiences; and if things are bad upon the stage it is quite as often the audience as the actors who are to blame.

But assuming, as may fairly be done, that a theatre and actors such as we have indicated may both be found, still they will be found to no purpose, unless at the same time some presiding spirit can be found to take the command of both, and to exercise it with forethought and firmness. Herein as it seems to us, lies the crucial difficulty; for it is obvious that, for the manager of such an establishment, a combination is required of such qualities as must at all times be hard to find. An actor he must not be, nor allied to actors, for he must be neither liable to the temptations of personal vanity, nor open to the suspicion of partiality. With a Garrick, a Kemble, or a Macready in the field this requisite might be dispensed with, but even in their case, the fact that they were actors was a positive drawback to them as managers. With any actor of less pre-eminent power, the condition should be absolute. But, though not an actor he must be a good judge of acting, for on him the selection and discipline of the troops with which he has to conduct his campaign must rest. A man of broad and catholic literary taste he must also be,—not wedded to one form of the drama, but open to recognise the real merits of all which deal with actual life and character, as well as with the higher spiritual life and reality of poetical conception. He must

must be able to cater for all tastes, so that only they are pure and healthy. Artistic feeling for beauty, symmetry, and proportion should be instinctive with him, to enable him to decide on just that amount of scenic illustration, and fulness of *mise en scène* which should set off, but not encroach upon, the actor's work. He should also be conspicuous for *savoir-faire*, and force of character, for he has to govern men and women, sensitive in temperament, and jealous of their position, who will never surrender their own whims and vanities except to a determined will, wise-timed tact, and acknowledged purity of intention. Practical business habits will be no less essential to establish the completeness of organisation, and to control the ever-recurring proclivity to waste, always predominant enough in every sphere, but never more so than in a theatre.

For these and other minor qualities, on which it is unnecessary to dilate, it would be idle to seek among any theatrical managers of the present day. Of them it may be said, as a race, that their only aim is to fill their theatre at the smallest cost, without regard to the quality of the attraction. They will follow any vicious public taste, but have no ambition to correct or elevate it. As to any settled policy—either as to the actors they enlist, or the class of pieces they produce, this, except in the rarest instances, is never dreamed of. Where a different system has prevailed, and good pieces carefully acted and placed upon the stage have been the rule, as in the case of the *Prince of Wales's Theatre*, the best results have followed. Actors, audience, and manager have all gained, and this to an extent which justifies the warmest hopes for any theatre, where the same rule shall be applied upon a wider scale, and with a higher aim. There, the effort has been proportioned to the available means. The plays are good of their kind, the actors equal to the arena they have to work in, and the tasks committed to their care, and the harmonious and agreeable effect which results delights a not too exacting audience, and fills the manager's exchequer. Apply the same methods on a higher scale, and there can be no question that similar results will ensue. Act Shakspeare, for example, in such a way, that the audience shall, as Shakspeare expected them to do, 'work their thoughts' to eke out the inevitable imperfections of all scenic representation:—do not make the poet's work a mere vehicle for the scene-painter's and costumier's art, and drown all imaginative sympathy in the confusion and noise of elaborate scenery and awkward super-numeraries—let intellect and imagination have full play, and keep mere physical stimulus in the back-ground, and even Shakspeare will 'not spell ruin,' which managers, who have no
idea

idea of Shakspeare or of any other writer above the level of a Boucicault or a Halliday, are so fond of telling the world that he does. Presented as they present him, how should he spell anything but ruin? Without one actor or actress who knows the value of a blank verse line, not to speak of their inability to form the feeblest conception of a Prospero, or a Miranda, a Constance, or a King John—what but failure must ensue on an attempt to embody in the grossest material forms, and with the clumsiest emphasis, the subtlest spirit of the finest poetry?

Such a manager as we aim at, will follow no such impracticable course. He will proportion his ends to his means, and never commit the absurdity of producing the plays of Shakspeare or of any other first-class dramatist, until he is sure of artists equal to the task, or at least in thorough sympathy with it. Below this line a whole world of excellent dramas exists, or may be created, for which the necessary gifts in actor or actress either exist, or may very readily be cultivated. Higher work will come in time; if the conditions for its development can only be established and permanently maintained. The dramatic instinct will not die out of men, as long as the race survives. The dignity of the actor's art was never more sure of a recognition from the public, than it is at this moment. Make it in its practical exercise,—and this is now merely a question of the internal arrangement of theatres, and of theatrical management—a vocation which men and women of education and pure habits can pursue without forfeiture of self-respect, and the ranks of the profession will speedily be recruited by persons of ability and character, who would in time drive into their fitting obscurity the incapacity and unseemly impudence which disgrace so many of our stages. But there is, we are assured, only one way of doing this, and it is by giving our artists a fit arena for the exercise of their art in a theatre where the artistic spirit reigns, and where intelligence and high principle are at the head of affairs. Let such a theatre be once firmly established, and there need be no fear that England will yet be as famous for her acted, as she is for her written drama.

But everything, as we have said, will and must depend on the governing mind which shall undertake the office of controlling and directing such a theatre as we have indicated. To find it must be difficult; impossible, we cannot believe. The first step towards supplying a want is to recognise it. Let this be fairly seen and understood, and we feel confident that those, who are now agitating to remove from us the reproach of a degraded stage, will find some one who may combine, if not all, at least most of the essential qualities for

for the task. But there must be no division of responsibility, no limitation of his power, no interference by committees of consultation or of any other kind. These can lead only to jobbing, to confusion, to vacillation and ultimate failure. The principle of a limited monarchy is as inapplicable to the administration of a theatre as that of a republic. It is like a great family, or a great army, where the central authority must be absolute, and the only safeguard is the decisive action of an intelligent despot. Without such a head the complicated machine will inevitably fall out of gear. But invest the leader with full powers, and he will be unfit indeed for his place if he cannot select wisely his own staff for either counsel or action.

ART. II.—*The Works of John Hookham Frere in Verse and Prose, now first collected, with a Prefatory Memoir, by his Nephews, W. E. and Sir Bartle Frere.* 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1872.

MR. JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE may be regarded as a type of a remarkable class of men, of whom we have hardly any representatives in the present day. Of ancient lineage, a fine classical scholar, well read in English literature, with a keen and polished wit, and early brought into Parliament and official life, he combined a practical knowledge of the world with that love of letters and refinement which distinguished the statesmen of the last generation. His literary abilities were of the highest order. He was one of the chief writers in the 'Anti-Jacobin;' his poem of Whistlecraft was the model upon which Lord Byron framed 'Beppo' and 'Don Juan;' and his translation of the plays of Aristophanes is a real work of genius, being, perhaps, the most perfect representation of any ancient poet in a modern language. He was the friend of Pitt and Canning; and the high estimation in which he was held by Scott, Byron, Coleridge, and his other illustrious contemporaries, appears from the Memoirs and literature of the period, in which his name constantly occurs. But to the present generation he is comparatively unknown. To this several causes have contributed. During the last twenty-five years of his life he lived in retirement at Malta. He was never ambitious of literary fame; he cared only for the appreciation of cultivated judges; and his circumstances dispensed with the necessity of appealing to the favour of the multitude. Most of his works were privately
printed,

printed, and were difficult and almost impossible to procure, while others had never been printed at all. Under these circumstances we congratulate his nephews, Mr. W. E. Frere and Sir Bartle Frere, upon the good service they have rendered to literature, by making a complete collection of the works of their uncle. They have prefixed an interesting biography, which will enable us to present to our readers a sketch of Mr. Frere's public and private life, with a brief account of his principal writings.* We do this the more willingly, as Mr. Frere was one of the distinguished men who co-operated with the late Mr. Murray in establishing the 'Quarterly Review.'

John Hookham Frere was born in London on the 21st of May, 1769, the year which witnessed the birth of Napoleon and Wellington. Both his father and mother possessed rare intellectual gifts. His father, John Frere, a country gentleman of an old family settled in the eastern counties for many generations, lived on his estate of Roydon Hall, near Diss, in Norfolk. He had contended with Paley for the honours of Senior Wrangler in 1763, and was placed second in the list. He was High Sheriff of Suffolk in 1776, when he composed a High Tory sermon, which his chaplain preached for the edification of a Whig judge. It was pronounced to be 'an excellent sermon, much better than judges usually got from High Sheriff's Chaplains.' Mr. John Frere represented Norwich in 1799; but he did not neglect literature or science. 'He was an active member of the Royal Society, and of the principal scientific and antiquarian associations in London, and occasionally contributed a paper to their transactions, or to the "*Gentleman's Magazine*," then the usual vehicle for publishing the less formal and elaborate class of scientific or literary compositions.'

Mr. Frere's mother was the only child of Mr. John Hookham, a rich London merchant. 'Her own reading in early life had been directed by Mr. William Stevens, the intimate friend of Bishop Horne, and of Jones of Nayland, a ripe Greek and Hebrew scholar, and one of the most learned laymen of his day. The catalogue of books which he drew up for the young heiress, and which she seems, from her note-book, to have carefully read and studied, would probably astonish the promoters of modern ladies' colleges by the ponderous, though varied, nature of the reading prescribed, embracing almost every branch of what an erudite and pious High Churchman of Johnson's days would consider

* We learn from the Preface that we are indebted to Mr. W. E. Frere for the collection and preparation for the press of his uncle's works, and to Sir Bartle Frere for the biographical sketch prefixed to them.

sound divinity and history; in French, as well as in English literature.'

To the talents which Mr. Frere inherited from both parents there was added an influence which is always most interesting to trace—the influence of a high-minded and accomplished woman. Such was Lady Fenn, his father's surviving sister, and the widow of Sir John Fenn, editor of the 'Paston Letters.' As the authoress of 'Cobwebs to catch Flies,' under the name of 'Mrs. Lovechild,' Lady Fenn shares with Mrs. Barbauld and Mrs. Trimmer the honour of founding that species of fiction for children which was perfected by Miss Edgeworth. In the conversations of his later years, Mr. Frere described this type of a class to be revered the more as it becomes rarer:—

'It is difficult to give any one nowadays an idea of the kind of awe which, in my boyhood, a learned old lady like her inspired, down in the country, not only in us, her nephews and nieces, and in those of her own age and rank who could understand her intellectual superiority, but even in the common people around her. I remember one day, coming from a visit to her, I stopped to learn what some village boys outside her gate were wrangling about—they were disputing whether the nation had any reason to be afraid of an invasion by Buonaparte, and one of the disputants said, with a conscious air of superior knowledge—"I tell ye, ye don't know what a terrible fellow he is: why, he don't care for nobody! If he was to come here to Dereham, he would'nt care that," snapping his fingers; "no! not even for Lady Fenn, there!"'

In his sixteenth year, Frere went from an excellent preparatory school to Eton. His descriptions of the dignified authority of Dr. Davies are valuable as a record of one of the strongest traditions of our public schools. The boys watched with jealous pride the bearing of their Head-master on the frequent visits of George III., and the good-natured king used to humour the pedagogue in magnifying his office; like Charles II. and Busby. At Eton, Frere formed a life-long friendship with Canning, 'for whom he cherished a love and admiration, which absence never diminished, and neither age nor death itself could dull.' He joined Canning and a few other Etonians of their own standing in starting 'The Microcosm,'—a title admirably expressive of the miniature world of a public school,—the papers in which gave a clear promise of the striking literary ability which its principal writers afterwards displayed. Mr. Hookham Frere was fond of reverting to his school-boy days, and we are indebted to Sir Bartle for some interesting reminiscences of this period of his uncle's life. Talking of a barring out at the school, when eighty boys, and among them Mr.

Arthur

Arthur Wellesley, afterwards the Duke of Wellington, were flogged, he said :—

‘No one who has not seen it can estimate the good Eton does in teaching the little boys of great men that they have superiors. It is quite as difficult and as important to teach this to the great bankers’ and squires’ boys, as to dukes’ sons, and I know no place where this was done so effectually as at Eton. Neither rank nor money had any consideration there compared with that which was paid to age, ability, and standing in the school.’

With these recollections, says his biographer, he was not unnaturally disposed to question the wisdom of the plans, which, even thirty years ago, were sometimes propounded for making fundamental changes in the system and subjects of teaching in our public schools.

“It was not,” he maintained, “of so much importance what you learnt at school, as how you learnt it. At school a boy’s business is not simply or mainly to gain knowledge, but to learn how to gain it. If he learns his own place in the world, and, in a practical fashion, his duty towards other boys, and to his superiors as well as to his inferiors; if he acquires the apparatus for obtaining and storing knowledge and some judgment as to what kind of knowledge is worth obtaining, his time at school has not been misspent, even if he carries away a very scanty store of actual facts in history, or literature, or physical science. If, in his school-boy days, you cram his head with such facts beyond what are merely elementary, you are very apt to addle his brains, and to make a little prig or pedant of him, incapable, from self-conceit, of much further progress afterwards. Nor can any boy carry from school any great number of facts which will really be useful to him, when he comes in after life to make those branches of knowledge his special study, because they are all, but especially the physical sciences, progressive, and the best ascertained facts, as well as theories, of to-day, may be obsolete and discredited ten years hence. You find many learned men who have been great students and experimentalists, and even discoverers, in very early youth; but the number of facts worth remembering, which they accumulated in boyhood, always bears a very small proportion to what they have learnt after leaving school, and in early manhood.”

‘For these and similar reasons, he held that no physical science, nor even history nor literature, taught as separate branches of knowledge, could ever be efficient substitutes for classics and mathematics, at our public schools and universities, by way of mental training, to fit a boy to educate himself in after life: classics as forming style, and giving a man power to use his own language correctly in writing and speaking, and even in thinking; and mathematics as the best training for reasoning, and as a necessary foundation for the accurate study of physics and natural philosophy.’

These remarks deserve the attention of all interested in education,

cation, as the testimony of one who spoke from his own experience of the system which formed men like Canning and himself. It is true that, as is usual with earnest protests against prevalent errors, especially when thrown out in conversation, they are one-sided; but they are on the side which needs in the present day vigorous and unwavering defence. Their one-sidedness consists in the implied assumption that the intellectual discipline given by classical and mathematical studies can only be secured by the neglect of physical knowledge. This is not the place to enter on the wide question, to which the discussions going on around us must give occasion to return. We have lately argued in favour of the introduction of physical science into our public schools; and we believe that time can be found for all that is needful in this way, provided only that such studies be put in their proper relation to those which train the mind in abstract reasoning, in the principles and use of language, and in familiarity with the creative minds and heroic deeds of other times—the knowledge which places the individual man in contact with the life of humanity from the beginning of the world. This can only be done by giving the highest place—we stay not now to argue whether the first in order of time, nor in what proportion to other studies—to that knowledge of Antiquity, of which the key is found alone in the languages and literature of Rome, and, above all, of Greece.

It will be observed that Mr. Frere does not argue for *merely elementary knowledge*; but against ‘*cramming a school-boy’s head with actual facts in history, or literature, or physical science, beyond what are merely elementary.*’ His great principle is, that if intellectual power is cultivated, it will make its own acquisitions in after life—and make them equally from any field to which duty may direct, or to which natural genius may guide. And, we venture to add, though some may deem it paradoxical, that the very absence of forced cultivation at school is often likely to give that natural genius freer scope. It has happened to us to contrast our own experience of recreation found from school-work in literature, science, and general knowledge, with the distaste for such pursuits in boys of the present generation, to whom all these things are school-work, and therefore repulsive out of school. The fruits of Eton training in boys like Canning and Frere are to be seen in such a work as the ‘*Microcosm*’; not so much in its literary merit—high as that is—but in the self-acquired general knowledge to which its contents bear witness, and in the mental energy which prompted them to put forth their powers in such work at the critical age of seventeen or eighteen.

Of course Mr. Frere's very humiliating disclosure of Mr. Canning's awful ignorance of the fact that tadpoles turn to frogs will be made the most of, in defiance of his warning, 'Now, don't you go and tell that story of Canning to the next fool you meet. Canning could rule, and did rule, a great and civilised nation; but in these days people are apt to fancy that any one who does not know the natural history of frogs must be an imbecile in the treatment of men.' We will venture to say, in passing, that such a knowledge of the 'Frogs' of Aristophanes as bore the fruit of Mr. Frere's translations, was of infinitely greater value to a statesman than a little fact of natural history which he could learn from anybody any day; but the two things have no necessary contrast. But there is another sort of self-instruction which we can imagine, because we see its results in the volumes before us. We can imagine two boys, of noble presence and with features lighted up by the flashes of genius, at the age when the fruits of early training begin to ripen, and when the mind yearning to be about its appointed business bursts the bonds of systems, whether good or bad, turning the one to its own profit and casting off the other:—we can imagine such boys walking in the meadows between the lordly pile of Windsor and the scholastic halls of Eton; and, heedless alike of the croaking of frogs or the wriggling of tadpoles, discoursing of what they should do to emulate the poets, heroes, and patriots, with whose words and deeds their daily studies had imbued their minds:—we can imagine them reading together or reciting the choice portions of our own literature stored in their memories by an admiration the more loving as such learning was no school-task:—and then from this happy union of the old and new, from spontaneous genius disciplined by the best examples, we see them prompted irresistibly to prune their own feathers for a first flight in the pages of the 'Microcosm.' Those pages furnish an ample answer to the silly assumption that a training in Greek and Latin leads to ignorance of, or indifference to, our own literature. In parts only of Frere's five papers, written at the age of seventeen or eighteen, we find—besides marks of a wide 'general knowledge'—proofs of a familiar acquaintance with Chaucer, Gawain Douglas, and Caxton, with Spenser and Shakspeare, More and Bacon, Milton and Dryden, and (among the lesser lights) Blackmore and Ossian; with Norse Sagas, Scotch and Irish antiquities, and North American Indians. And, what is infinitely better, we find a strange maturity of thought, and a perfect power of writing that English which had no special place in the writer's education. If we are told that all Eton boys are not Cannings and Freres, we have only to repeat that we are not now arguing

arguing the whole question of education, but presenting that side of it which is illustrated by men like Frere and Canning, and in a lesser degree by thousands who share their spirit, though falling short of their gifts. It may be interesting to add that the 'Microcosm' was published in forty weekly numbers, between the 6th of November, 1786, and the 30th of July, 1787, when, at the Long Vacation, its cessation was ingeniously explained by an account of the death-bed of its imaginary editor, 'Mr. Gregory Griffin.' Among the contributors was Robert ('Bobus') Smith (the brother of Sydney Smith), of whose powers we learn from Mr. Frere, as from other sources, that his schoolfellows formed the highest opinion.

Frere's contributions to the 'Microcosm' already indicated his great critical power; and about the same time he proved the poetic genius, which has placed him at the very head of English translators. Here too his knowledge of the brilliant fragments of the Greek lyric poets—of which the elegant imitations by Horace are but the shadow of a shade—prove how far his classical reading went beyond school routine. His exquisite 'Lament of Danaë,' from Simonides, is perhaps generally known; but his version of a fragment of Alcæus may be referred to as breathing the patriotism which thus early inspired his poetry.

The two friends were separated for a time, on leaving Eton; when Canning went to Oxford, and Mr. Frere to Caius College, Cambridge, of which he became a Fellow. His Latin Essay, which gained the Members' Prize in 1792, is interesting for its clever speculations on a question to which eighty years have given such a brilliant answer—'An morum emendationem et virtutis cultum in nascenti Sinûs Botanici republicâ sperari liceat'—and for the proofs it contains of the influence of Adam Smith, on whose opening of the road to Free Trade the young Tory pronounces a warm eulogy. On leaving the University in 1795, Mr. Frere entered public life in the Foreign Office under Lord Grenville, and in the following year he was returned to Parliament, as member for the close borough of West Looe in Cornwall. In our reformed House of Commons, a young man, situated as Mr. Frere was, can only hope to enter it by playing the demagogue and pandering to the tastes of some radical constituency. But, being independent, Mr. Frere was able to follow his honest convictions by supporting Mr. Pitt. 'His attachment to Mr. Pitt,' says his biographer, 'was a much warmer personal feeling than that which the haughty character of his chief inspired in most of his political adherents; but it was discriminating and enduring; and when the generation of public men, to which they both belonged, had passed away from

from active political life, and the events, which had so passionately convulsed Europe in his youth, had become matters of history half a century old, Mr. Frere, who never lost any of his keen interest in the political events of the day, would still maintain that Pitt understood the spirit and force of the French Revolution, as well as the genius and wants of modern English political life, more clearly than any, either of his contemporaries or immediate successors in his own party, and was a greater and more far-seeing statesman than any of his rivals or opponents.' Indeed the testimony borne in Mr. Frere's conversations to the principles and motives of Pitt is scarcely less important than what is said of Canning. He amply confirms what is now scarcely disputed, the extreme reluctance with which Pitt was drawn into the war of 1793; and he sets in the clearest light the great statesman's motives for leaving Mr. Addington to make the Peace of Amiens, reserving himself unfettered for the inevitable renewal of the war. But it is more interesting to learn how steadily Pitt kept in view, throughout the long struggle, the hope of resuming those great measures of financial and commercial reform which had been the glory of his administration from 1783 to 1788. How many who boast of the Commercial Treaty with France of 1860 think of that of 1787? It was as the man likely to carry on this very work that Pitt designated Canning to be his political heir; and it is high time to proclaim the fact, that the work was actually resumed after the war by Mr. Huskisson in the Tory Government of the Duke of Wellington.

'I feel inclined,' said Mr. Frere, in 1844, 'to be angry sometimes when I hear what I know were some of Pitt's early schemes, which he, and Canning after him, hoped to carry out whenever they had an opportunity, spoken of by the Whigs as if they were the rightful inheritance of the Whig party, and as if every one else who took them up was poaching on Whig preserves.' . . . 'I see very little in the real Reforms of late years which Pitt would not have anticipated, had time and opportunity permitted; and he is often most unjustly judged because he could not tell people why he was obliged to postpone his own convictions to the exigencies of the day, or to the opposition of a master like George III., or of some colleague who, in other respects, was indispensable.'

His account of the relations between Pitt, the King, and the Old Tories is very interesting. In answer to a question whether George III. had not a great personal regard for Pitt, he said,

'Latterly he had, but certainly not at first. It was a choice between him and Fox, and the King inclined to Pitt as the less obnoxious of
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the two. Pitt's name was best known, in his early days, as an advocate for Parliamentary reform. I remember when I was a boy hearing two High Tories of the old school, at my father's house, talking about Pitt when he first became Prime Minister; they said: "He is a thorn in our side; but one must sometimes stick to a bramble to save one from a fall into something worse." The old Tories at first had very little confidence in him. I recollect they were all in great delight, when the church at Wimbledon, where Pitt lived, was to be repaired, because he sent a hundred pounds, as his subscription, with a request "that it might be laid out on the steeple, in order that the church might not look like a meeting-house." The old Tories began then to think that there was really some hope of him after that!

Mr. Frere repelled with warmth the charge of Pitt's supposed frigidity of disposition.

'No one who really knew Pitt intimately would have called him cold. A man who is Prime Minister at twenty-six cannot carry his heart on his sleeve and be "Hail, fellow! well met" with every Jack, Tom, and Harry. Pitt's manner by nature, as well as by habit and necessity, was in public always dignified, reserved, and imperious; but he had very warm feelings, and, had it not been for the obligations of the official position, which lay on him almost throughout his whole life, I believe he might have had nearly as many personal friends as Fox.'

On Mr. Frere's settling in London his intercourse with Canning was renewed on the intimate footing of their school-boy days at Eton. Some severe strictures have been passed upon Canning for entering public life under Pitt, as if he had been guilty of an unworthy change of principles; but Mr. Frere remarked when the conversation once turned upon this subject:—

'"Nothing was more natural or less needing explanation than Canning's early adhesion to Pitt. As schoolboys, while I was, by association, a Tory, and, by inclination, a Pittite, Canning, by family connexion and association, was a Whig, or rather a Foxite. This was, I believe, almost the only point on which our boyish opinions in those days very materially differed; but it did not prevent our being great friends, and I am sure that a young man of Canning's views and feelings, entering Parliament at such a time, could not long have been kept in opposition to Pitt. Canning's uncle and guardian was a Whig, and at his house Canning met most of the leaders of the Whigs, and they were not slow in recognizing his ability, and tried to attach him to their party. It showed Canning's sagacity as well as his high spirit and confidence in himself that he determined to take his own line, and judge for himself. When I went to see him at Oxford he showed me a letter he had received from Mrs. C——, whose husband was a great Whig leader. It enclosed a note from the Duke of Portland, offering to bring Canning into Parliament. The offer was a very

very tempting one to so young a man. But Canning refused it, and he told me his reason. 'I think,' he said, 'there must be a split. The Duke will go over to Pitt, and I will go over in no man's train. If I join Pitt, I will go by myself.'

Canning afterwards came into Parliament for one of what were called 'Bob Smith's boroughs.' Dundas used often to sup with Pitt, after the House rose, and one night took Canning with him. On the next morning Canning came to Frere, before he was out of bed, and, after telling him where he had been supping the night before, added 'I am quite sure I have them both;' and 'I did not wonder at it,' remarked Mr. Frere, 'for with his humour and fancy it was impossible to resist him.' The intimacy thus formed soon ripened into friendship. 'Canning's love for Pitt was quite filial, and Pitt's feeling for him was more that of a father than a mere political leader.'

'Some years after,' says Mr. Frere, 'when Canning was going to be married, Pitt felt as keenly about the affair as if Pitt had nothing else to think of, and Canning had been his only child. It was a good match for Canning in a worldly point of view, for his own fortune was not adequate to the political position Pitt would have liked him to hold. Pitt not only took a personal interest in the match himself, but he made old Dundas think almost as much about it, as if it had been some important party combination.'

In connection with this marriage Mr. Frere related the following anecdote:—

"I was to be best man, and Pitt, Canning, and Mr. Leigh, who was to read the service, dined with me before the marriage, which was to take place in Brook-street. We had a coach to drive there, and as we went through that narrow part, near what was then Swallow-street, a fellow drew up against the wall, to avoid being run over, and peering into the coach, recognized Pitt, and saw Mr. Leigh, who was in full canonicals, sitting opposite to him. The fellow exclaimed, 'What, Billy Pitt! and with a parson too!' I said, 'He thinks you are going to Tyburn to be hanged privately,' which was rather impudent of me; but Pitt was too much absorbed, I believe, in thinking of the marriage, to be angry. After the ceremony, he was so nervous that he could not sign as witness, and Canning whispered to me to sign without waiting for him.'"

In 1797 Mr. Frere joined Mr. Canning, George Ellis and others of the younger members of their party in bringing out the 'Anti-Jacobin, or Weekly Examiner.' The first number appeared on the 20th of November, with a notice that it would be 'continued every Monday during the sitting of Parliament,' and the last number was issued at the close of the Session on the 9th of July, 1798. It was edited by Gifford; among the

contributors were Mr. Jenkinson (Lord Liverpool) and Lord Mornington (Marquess Wellesley); and Mr. Pitt himself is said to have attended one of the meetings of the editors, and to have written a paper on Finance in one of the early numbers. For the first plan of the publication was serious; but the current of events and public feeling bore the three chief writers irresistibly into the direction fittest for their genius.

The 'Anti-Jacobin' has suffered the fate of many a famous work, which is talked about without being known, and criticised apart from the circumstances which gave it birth and character. People are content to laugh over some of its most hackneyed pieces with ever fresh amusement, or to shake their heads with the grave superiority of professional critics, and pronounce the catch-words—'mere parody'—'no original thoughts'—'*Punch* as good every week.' But the 'Anti-Jacobin' is neither to be judged by scraps, nor from the point of view of 1872 instead of 1798. The whole (for we may leave the lesser contributors out of sight) is the harmonious work of three ardent minds, working with a definite purpose, and on a joint plan, which made it difficult in later years to distinguish their separate shares in several of the pieces. And the purpose and style of the work arose naturally out of the political crisis of that time. It was 1797-8, not 1789-90. The first enthusiasm, which had greeted the bold stroke of the French people for freedom, had quickly yielded to the eloquence of Burke and the more resistless torrent of the events which whelmed France in anarchy and plunged England into war. The course of that war had united the British nation in a struggle of patriotism; and the minority were, with very little discrimination, suspected or detested as sympathisers or accomplices in the great Republican propaganda against the throne and altar, against the peace of all nations and especially of England. It was the moment when the threats of the Directory were most insulting, and the machinations of the 'Corresponding Societies' most active; when Hoche was proclaiming to the army of invasion 'England is the richest country in the world—and we give it up to you to be plundered'; when the Bank had suspended cash payments, and the glory of St. Vincent had been eclipsed by the mutinies at Spithead and the Nore; and when Ireland was on the verge of open rebellion. Burke had just died, after protesting against all compromise in his 'Letters on a Regicide Peace'; and the Opposition leaders had seceded from Parliament after the loss of Mr. Grey's Reform Bill. The contest of serious argument was suspended for the time; and the English people were in no humour—as happily they seldom are—to regard the preaching of republicanism as anything

thing short of an attempt to disturb the very centre of gravity on which our whole constitution has been deliberately poised. The young champions, who offered themselves eagerly for the cause of loyalty and patriotism, viewed the republican minority as a hydra, whose heads, though severed by the keen edge of argument and eloquence, kept springing up afresh; and they betook themselves to cauterise the enemy's life-blood with the burning-irons of ridicule and sarcasm. This was the way to secure a hearing and to win the sympathy of the people; as was already proved by the caricatures of Gillray, now at the height of his success. If ridicule is not the test of truth, it is the detector of humbug—a critical re-agent for separating unseen error and precipitating it in its real colours.

The writers who were roughly classed as Jacobins—with what justice or discrimination it is now superfluous to discuss—themselves suggested the direction of the attack by the puerile theories and sickly sentimentalisms which they uttered in such outlandish guise as Southey's *Dactyls* and *Sapphics*, and those uncouth *Hexameters*, which Byron characterised in words applicable to all similar imitations,—

‘He stuck fast in the first Hexameter
Not one of all whose gouty feet would stir.’

Here we must observe, in passing, that the ludicrous swing of the so-called *Sapphics* of the famous ‘Needy Knife-grinder’ (the joint production of Canning and Frere) was purposely adopted from ‘the absurdity of the metre’ in Southey's original:—

‘Cold was the night wind; drifting fast the snows fell;
Wide were the downs and shelterless and naked:
When a poor wanderer struggled on her journey,
Weary and way-sore.’

Were ever lines more provocative of parody? *

The poetry of the ‘Anti-Jacobin’ is not truly described as

* It is surely high time that our schools dropped the ‘absurd’ perversion which is but a corruption of the rhythm of Horace's least happy imitations. Of the true rhythm of the noble Sapphic *Hymn* we offer a faint but fairly exact rendering:—

‘Throned in splendour, life-giving ‘Aphrodita,
Child of Jove, thou weaver of wiles, I pray thee,
Not with anguish, nor with distress, to conquer,

Lady, my spirit.’

The places of the *stronger* and *weaker accents* may be open to some doubt. As an example of Horace's better form, we may take

Mercuri facunde, nepos Atlantis.

* mere

'mere parody.' It is far more than an empty echo of the original, more than an amusing travesty, written for sound or for fun: it gives another version of the sense—or of the lurking nonsense—and that with a set and serious purpose. It is ridicule as well as parody, in the true spirit of the Aristophanic comedy. Its classic tone and allusions appealed to the educated classes, in whose hands the government then was; and its very want of adaptation to an age of household suffrage and penny papers is a testimony to its power at its own time. Of the very first poem—one of those which would perhaps find least sympathy in the present day—Sir Bartle Frere observes:—

'The shafts of ridicule told with still greater effect on the more impressible classes, and helped to keep in the ministerial fold many a young literary adventurer or sober dissenter, whose poetical or religious feelings might have been touched by such appeals as Southey's visions of a millennial reign of liberty, or by his description of the beauties of nature, from enjoying which the regicide was debarred.'

The final test of merit is the fact that many of these imitations have surpassed and survived the originals, as Sir George Cornwall Lewis observed of the admirable satire on Erasmus Darwin's poems in the 'Loves of the Triangles' by Canning and Frere. Those who read the poem for themselves may judge whether some passages have not the merit of anticipating modern Darwinism and other cosmogonic theories. Meanwhile we may call attention to a note in which an explanation is given of 'the genesis or original formation of SPACE itself, in the same manner in which Dr. Darwin has traced the whole of the organised creation to his SIX FILAMENTS.' The writers add:—

'SPACE being thus obtained, and presenting a suitable NIDUS, or receptacle for the generation of CHAOTIC MATTER, an immense deposit of it would gradually be accumulated; after which, the FILAMENT of fire being produced in the chaotic mass, by an *idiosyncrasy*, or self-formed habit analogous to fermentation, *explosion* would take place; *sun*s would be shot from the central chaos; *planet*s from *sun*s; and *satellites* from *planet*s. In this state of things the FILAMENT of organization would begin to exert itself in those independent masses which, in proportion to their bulk, exposed the greatest surface to the action of light and heat. This FILAMENT, after an infinite series of ages, would begin to *ramify*, and its viviparous offspring would diversify their forms and habits, so as to accommodate themselves to the various *incunabula* which Nature had prepared for them. Upon this view of things it seems highly probable that the first effort of Nature terminated in the production of VEGETABLES, and that these being abandoned to their own *energies*, by degrees detached themselves from the surface of the earth, and supplied themselves with wings or feet, according as their

their different propensities determined them in favour of aerial or terrestrial existence. Others, by an inherent disposition to society and civilization, and by a stronger effort of *volition*, would become MEN. These, in time, would restrict themselves to the use of their *hind feet*: their *tails* would gradually rub off, by sitting in their caves or huts as soon as they arrived at a domesticated state; they would invent *language* and the use of *fire*, with our present and hitherto imperfect system of *society*. In the meanwhile, the *Fuci* and *Algæ*, with the *Corallines* and *Madrepores*, would transform themselves into *fish*, and would gradually populate all the submarine portion of the globe.

The concluding description of the advent of the guillotine and the execution of Pitt is in the finest vein of mock-heroic poetry:—

‘Ye Sylphs of DEATH! on demon pinions flit
Where the tall *Guillotine* is raised for PITT:
To the poised plank tle fast the monster’s back,
Close the nice slider, ope the expectant sack;
Then twitch, with fairy hands, the frolic pin—
Down falls the impatient axe with deafening din;
The liberated head rolls off below,
And simpering FREEDOM hails the happy blow!’

Not less admirable is the description of the young Jacobins, who find their counterpart in the young Republicans of the present day:—

‘Tell of what wood young JACOBINS are made,
How the skill’d gardener grafts with nicest rule
The *slip* of coxcomb on the *stock* of fool—
Forth in bright blossom bursts the tender sprig,
A thing to wonder at, perhaps a *Whig*:
Should tell, how wise each new-fledged pedant prates
Of weightiest matters, grave distractions states—
How rules of policy, and public good,
In Saxon times were rightly understood;
That kings are proper, *may* be useful things,
But then, some gentlemen object to kings;
How in all times the minister’s to blame;
How British liberty’s an empty name;
Till each fair burgh, numerically free,
Shall choose its members by the *Rule of Three*.’

German mysticism and enthusiasm come in for their share of ridicule in ‘The Rovers,’ an admirable parody of Schiller’s ‘Robbers,’ which, we repeat, can only be judged of as a whole. It was the joint production of Canning, Frere, and Ellis. Canning’s inimitable dungeon-song of Rogero, ending—

‘Sun,

'Sun, moon, and thou vain world adieu,
 That kings and priests are plotting in :
 Here doomed to starve on water gruel,
 never shall I see the U-
 niversity of Gottingen—
 niversity of Gottingen—'

is probably familiar to our readers ; and to Frere belongs the merit of the well-known scene between Matilda and Cecilia :—

'*Mat.* Madam, you seem to have had an unpleasant journey, if I may judge from the dust on your riding-habit.

Cec. The way was dusty, madam, but the weather was delightful. It recalled to me those blissful moments when the rays of desire first vibrated through my soul.

Mat. (aside). Thank Heaven ! I have at last found a heart which is in unison with my own—(*To Cecilia*)—Yes, I understand you—the first pulsation of sentiment—the silver tones upon the yet unsounded harp.

Cec. The dawn of life—when this blossom—(*putting her hand upon her heart*) first expanded its petals to the penetrating dart of love !

Mat. Yes—the time—the golden time, when the first beams of the morning meet and embrace one another !—The blooming blue upon the yet unplucked plum !

Cec. Your countenance grows animated, my dear madam.

Mat. And yours too is glowing with illumination.

Cec. I had long been looking out for a congenial spirit !—my heart was withered—but the beams of yours have re-kindled it.

Mat. A sudden thought strikes me—Let us swear an eternal friendship.

Cec. Let us agree to live together !

Mat. (with rapidity and earnestness). Willingly.

Cec. Let us embrace.

[*They embrace.*]

Frere also was the sole author of the imaginary reports of the 'Meetings of the Friends of Freedom,' in which the speeches of Fox, Erskine, and the other great opposition orators are parodied with inimitable felicity. Nothing can surpass the flavour of the imitation of Erskine :—

'*MR. ERSKINE* concluded by recapitulating, in a strain of agonizing and impressive eloquence, the several more prominent heads of his speech :—He had been a soldier and a sailor, and had a son at Winchester School—he had been called by special retainers during the summer into many different and distant parts of the country—travelling chiefly in post-chaises. He felt himself called upon to declare that his poor faculties were at the service of his country—of the free and enlightened part of it at least.—He stood here as a man.—He stood in the eye, indeed, in the hand of God—to whom (in the presence of the company and waiters) he solemnly appealed.—He was
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of noble, perhaps royal blood—he had a house at Hampstead—was convinced of the necessity of a thorough and radical Reform—his pamphlets had gone through thirty editions—skipping alternately the odd and even numbers—he loved the Constitution, to which he would cling and grapple—and he was clothed with the infirmities of man's nature—he would apply to the present French rulers (particularly BARRAS and REWBELL) the words of the poet:—

“Be to their faults a little blind,
Be to their virtues very kind,
Let all their ways be unconfined
And clap the padlock on their mind!”

And for these reasons, thanking the gentlemen who had done him the honour to drink his health, he should propose “MERLIN, the late Minister of Justice, and Trial by Jury!”

The ‘PROGRESS OF MAN’ is a satire upon ‘Free Love’:—

‘Learn hence, each Nymph, whose free aspiring mind
Europe’s cold laws, and colder customs bind—
O! learn, what Nature’s genial laws decree—
What Otaheite is, let Britain be!
Of WHIST or CRIBBAGE mark th’ amusing game—
The PARTNERS *changing*, but the sport the *same*.
Else would the gamester’s anxious ardour cool,
Dull every deal, and stagnant every pool.
Yet must *one* move, with one *unceasing* Wife,
Play the LONG RUBBER of connubial life.’

The ‘NEW MORALITY,’ of which we have still many missionaries and preachers, comes in for its share of ridicule:—

‘First, stern PHILANTHROPY: not she who dries
The orphan’s tears, and wipes the widow’s eyes;
Not she who, sainted Charity her guide,
Of British bounty pours the annual tide:—
But *French* Philanthropy;—whose boundless mind
Glows with the general love of all mankind;—
Philanthropy,—beneath whose baneful sway
Each patriot passion sinks, and dies away.’

Next comes a gentler virtue,—‘Sweet SENSIBILITY’:—

‘Taught her to mete by rules her feelings strong,
False by degrees, and delicately wrong;
For the crushed beetle *first*,—the widowed dove,
And all the warbled sorrows of the grove;
Next for poor suffering *guilt*; and *last* of all,
For parents, friends, a king and country’s fall.’

The same poem contains Canning’s celebrated panegyric on Burke:—

‘O large-

'O large of soul, of genius unconfined,
 Born to delight, instruct, and mend mankind—
 BURKE! in whose breast a Roman ardour glow'd:
 Whose copious tongue with Grecian richness flow'd;
 Well hast thou found (if such thy country's doom)
 A timely refuge in the sheltering tomb!'

We cannot find space for the amusing account of the mission of the Savans to the East (in allusion to the French expedition to Egypt), and must conclude our quotations with the list of passengers on board the '*Navis Stultifera*,' who were secretly 'withdrawn from the British public without being so much as missed or inquired after':—

'There was SHUCKBOROUGH, the wonderful mathematician;—
 And DARWIN, the poet, the sage, and physician;
 There was BEDDOES, and BRUIN, and GODWIN, whose trust is
 He may part with his work on *Political Justice*
 To some Iman or Bonze, or Judaical Rabbin;
 So with huge quarto volumes he piles up the cabin.
 There was great DR. PARR, whom we style *Bellendenus*,
 The Doctor and I have a hammock between us—
 Tho' 'tis rather unpleasant thus crowding together,
 On account of the motion and heat of the weather.'

As to the cessation of the '*Anti-Jacobin*' we are told:—

'It has been asserted that the publication was at last discontinued at Pitt's direct instance, from an apprehension not, under the circumstances, at all unreasonable, that the satirical spirit to which so much of the success of the *Anti-Jacobin* was due, might in the long run prove a less manageable and discriminating ally than a party leader would desire.'

In fact the work was, from its very nature, strictly occasional, and would have lost all point and savour by an attempt to prolong it; for its one definite purpose distinguishes it completely from the comic periodicals of our day. We have abstained from discussing the justice of the satire of the '*Anti-Jacobin*,' as a question now out of date; nor indeed ought the spirit of satire and caricature to be tested by the laws of solemn controversy. But this much may be said, that its weapons were as polished as they were keen, and its sarcasm never degenerated into spite. It is pleasant to know that Frere lived to be the warm and kind friend of Southey and Coleridge.

The cessation of the '*Anti-Jacobin*' marks the end of the first of the three periods into which Mr. Frere's life was clearly divided. On the second period of his political and diplomatic service it is not our purpose here to dwell. In 1799 he succeeded Canning, who was removed to the Board of Trade, as Under-Secretary of State in the Foreign Office. Like his friend
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in the celebrated poetical despatch about the Dutch Customs, Frere relieved the dryness of official work by at least one poetical epistle. Being ordered by Lord Grenville to direct Lord Minto to refund an unauthorised payment by Mr. Stratton for a snuff-box, which had been presented by the British Ambassador to some foreign diplomatist in violation of the Treasury Regulations, he conveyed the reproof in the following lines:—

‘DRAFT TO LORD MINTO.

My Lord, when I open'd your letter,
I confess I was perfectly stunn'd ;
But I find myself now something better,
Since I'm ordered to bid you *refund*.
'Tis a very bad scrape you've got into,
Which your friends must all wish you had shunn'd
Says Lord Grenville, "Prepare to Lord Minto
Despatches to bid him *refund*."
Mr. Hammond, who smiles at your cunning,
On the subject amusingly punn'd ;
Says he, "They're so proud of their funning,
'Twill be pleasant to see them *refunn'd*."
As for Stratton, he ought for his sin, to
Be sent to some wild Sunderbund.
But we'll pardon him still, if Lord Minto
Will instantly make him *refund*.
Believe me, I don't mean to hurt you,
But if you'd avoid being dunn'd,
Of necessity making a virtue,
With the best grace you can, you'll *refund*.
Let the Snuff-box belong to Lord Minto ;
But as for the five hundred *pund*,*
I'll be judged by Almeida or Pinto,
If his Chancery must not *refund*.

POSTSCRIPT.

There are letters from India which mention,
Occurrences at Roh-il-cund ;
But I'll not distract your attention,
Lest I make you forget to *refund*.
Lord Carlisle's new play is the Story
Of Tancred, and fair Sigismund,
Our last news is the taking of Gorée,
But our best is, that you must *refund*.'

Space compels us reluctantly to abstain from citing examples of

* Scotichè pro 'pound.'—J. H. F.

his affectionate spirit and irrepressible humour in the familiar letters of this period.

In 1800 he was appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to Portugal, and in the following year was transferred to Spain, where he remained as Minister nearly two years. He was again sent to Spain in the same capacity in 1808, but was recalled in the following year, upon the failure of Sir John Moore's expedition. A great clamour was raised against the Envoy in England, and upon him the public and the press attempted to throw a share of the discredit attending the disastrous issue of our first Peninsular campaign. His biographer vindicates at some length Mr. Frere's conduct throughout these transactions, but it would be foreign to our present purpose to enter into a discussion of this subject. Suffice it to say that Mr. Frere and his friends felt that he had been unjustly treated; and accordingly, when it was proposed to send him as Ambassador to St. Petersburg, and, twice in after years, to raise him to the peerage, he declined both offers.

The third period of Mr. Frere's life, from 1809 to his death, was spent in the enjoyment of his taste for literature, and in the dignified social pleasures of which he was the life and centre. On his return to England he took up his residence at his country-house at Roydon, his father having died in 1807. A letter written by a lady who was staying at Roydon in 1813 describes him as 'a very odd creature, but very good and very entertaining;' getting up early in the morning to teach two little nephews grammar, taking one still smaller a walk, during which he completed teaching him his letters, and 'spending an hour after dinner in reading to them the ballad of William of Cloudesley, which delighted them very much.' But 'his favourite pursuits and early friendships all conspired to draw him to the capital. In London society his polished wit and playful fancy—his varied learning and great power of conversation, joined to the easy courtesy of a travelled English gentleman of the old school, made him everywhere a welcome guest.' He was, in fact, one of the most popular men in the brilliant literary society of that period. But he, or rather the future generations whom he might have amused and instructed, paid the penalty of this elegant social life.

It is much to be regretted that Mr. Frere wrote so little. His extreme fastidiousness and, we fear we must add, his constitutional indolence, disinclined him to the labour of the pen, and, as his biographer observes:—

'The most characteristic and valuable results of his reading and thinking were lost in every day use; what little remains owes its
preservation

preservation to contemporary friends, and the care of their biographers, who have noted a few of the sayings and anecdotes which survived in the memory of his companions long after Mr. Frere had ceased to be among them. Such are the anecdotes preserved by Moore.

'At one time he is pleased with Frere's comparison of O'Connell's eloquence to the "aerial potato," described by Darwin in his *Phytologia*, and with his severe criticism on Erskine's verses, "The muses and graces will just make a jury." Another time he refers to "Frere's beautiful saying that 'next to an old friend, the best thing is an old enemy,'" and again he relates how "Madame de ——— having said in her intense style, 'I should like to be married in English, in a language in which vows are so faithfully kept,' some one asked Frere 'What language, I wonder, was she married in?' 'Broken English, I suppose,' answered Frere.'

'A saying attributed to him, that he loved Spain "as a country in which God had so much land in his own holding," has the true tone of his humour about it.'

Judging by his existing remains, in prose and verse, he would have excelled in almost any species of composition. He took part, as we have already said, in the foundation of this Review; and Sir Walter Scott, in his long and interesting letter to Mr. Gifford in 1808, discussing the prospects of the new periodical, and the persons whom they might secure as contributors, writes—"In Mr. Frere we have the hopes of a potent ally." But, though he took a warm interest in the success of the Review, he wrote only one article in it,—a critique of Mitchell's *Translations of Aristophanes*, which appeared in 1820,† and of which we have to speak presently. On other occasions Scott bore the warmest testimony to Frere's powers. One of Frere's earliest literary efforts was a 'Metrical Version of an Ode on Athelstan's Victory,' originally published in Ellis's *'Specimens of Ancient English Poetry.'* Scott, writing in 1830, says that this is the only poem he has met with in his researches into these matters 'which, if it had been produced as ancient, could not have been detected on internal evidence.' It was written by Frere, when an Eton schoolboy, during the controversy occasioned by the poems attributed to Rowley, and was intended as an imitation of the style and language of the fourteenth century. At an earlier period, Scott had expressed the same opinion in a letter to Ellis (1804):—"Frere is so perfect a master of the ancient style of composition, that I would rather have his suffrage than that of a whole synod of your vulgar antiquaries."‡ In another

* Sir H. Holland's 'Recollections of Past Life,' p. 273.

† See 'Quarterly Review,' vol. xxiii. p. 474, *seq.*

‡ Lockhart's 'Life of Scott,' vol. ii. p. 207, Ed. 1869.

letter to Ellis (1806) having subsequently made the acquaintance of Frere, he says:—"I met with your friend, Mr. Canning, in town, and claimed his acquaintance as a friend of yours, and had my claim allowed; also Mr. Frere,—both delightful companions, far too good for politics, and for winning and losing places. When I say I was more pleased with their society than I thought had been possible on so short an acquaintance, I pay them a very trifling compliment, and myself a very great one."*

In 1808 Southey writes to Scott: "I saw Frere in London, and he has promised to let me print his translations from the "*Poema del Cid*." They are admirably done. Indéed, I never saw anything so difficult to do, and done so excellently, except your supplement to Sir *Tristrem*." Some of these translations appeared in Southey's "*Chronicle of the Cid*," and deserve all the praise which Southey bestowed upon them; but others are now printed for the first time by his nephews. A specimen of them will be given further on (see p. 50).

As an original poet, Mr. Frere is best known by his "*Monks and Giants*," which bore the pseudonym of Whistlecraft as its author. The first part was published by Mr. Murray in 1817 as "the prospectus and specimen of an intended national work by William and Robert Whistlecraft, of Stowmarket, in Suffolk, harness and collar makers, intended to comprise the most interesting particulars relating to King Arthur and his Round Table." A second part appeared along with the first in the following year, with the title of the "*Monks and Giants*." In the subject of the poem Mr. Frere anticipated Mr. Tennyson's *Idylls*, but the metre he adopted, and his mode of treatment of the subject, were very different.

"In this *jeu d'esprit*," observes his biographer, "Mr. Frere introduced into English poetry the octave stanza of Pulci, Berni, and Casti, which has since been completely naturalized in our tongue. Men of letters were not slow to recognize the service thus rendered to English literature; and Italian scholars, especially, were delighted to see one of the most beautiful of their favourite metres successfully adopted in a language so different from the dialect in which it was first used. Its value was immediately recognized by Byron. He wrote to Murray, from Venice, in October, 1817, announcing "*Beppo*," and said, "I have written a poem of eighty-four octave stanzas, humorous, in or after the excellent manner of Whistlecraft (whom I take to be Frere)." And ten days later, "Mr. Whistlecraft has no greater admirer than myself. I have written a story in eighty-nine stanzas, in imitation of him, called "*Beppo*.'" A few months later (March 26th, 1818), again writing to Murray of "*Beppo*," he says, "The style is not English, it is Italian:

* Lockhart's "*Life of Scott*," vol. ii., p. 312.

—Berni is the original of *all*; Whistlecraft was my immediate model."

'Mr. William Stewart Rose, himself one of the most elegant Italian scholars of the past generation, addressed Mr. Frere two years afterwards as—

"O thou that hast revived in magic rhyme
That lubber race, and turn'd them out, to turney
And love after their way; in after time
To be acknowledged for our British Berni;
Oh send thy giants forth to good men's feasts,
Keep them not close."

The humour and versification as well as the poetical beauty of many passages were appreciated by men of taste and letters, but the poem never achieved the popularity that might have been expected. As the work is now almost forgotten, we subjoin one extract, which will convey some idea of its style, and probably induce our readers to turn to the poem itself. The cause of the quarrel between the monks and the giants is thus described:—

'In castles and in courts Ambition dwells,
But not in castles or in courts alone;
She breathed a wish, throughout those sacred cells,
For bells of larger size, and louder tone;
Giants abominate the sound of bells,
And soon the fierce antipathy was shown,
The tinkling and the jingling, and the clangour,
Roused their irrational gigantic anger.
Unhappy mortals! ever blind to fate!
Unhappy Monks! you see no danger nigh;
Exulting in their sound and size and weight,
From morn till noon the merry peal you ply:
The belfry rocks, your bosoms are elate,
Your spirits with the ropes and pulleys fly;
Tired, but transported, panting, pulling, hauling,
Ramping and stamping, overjoy'd and bawling.
Meanwhile the solemn mountains that surrounded
The silent valley where the convent lay,
With tintinnabular uproar were astounded,
When the first peal burst forth at break of day:
Feeling their granite ears severely wounded,
They scarce knew what to think, or what to say;
And (though large mountains commonly conceal
Their sentiments, dissembling what they feel,
Yet) Cader-Gibbrish from his cloudy throne
To huge Loblommon gave an intimation
Of this strange rumour, with an awful tone,
Thundering his deep surprise and indignation;

The

The lesser hills, in language of their own,
Discussed the topic by reverberation ;
Discoursing with their echoes all day long,
Their only conversation was "ding-dong."

Those giant-mountains inwardly were moved,
But never made an outward change of place :
Not so the mountain-giants—(as behoved
A more alert and locomotive race),
Hearing a clatter which they disapproved,
They ran straight forward to besiege the place
With a discordant universal yell,
Like house-dogs howling at a dinner-bell.'

Mr. Frere's reasons for not continuing the work, which he had promised to do, were given by him at a later period (1844) in conversation with a friend.

"You cannot go on joking with people who won't be joked with. Most people who read it at the time it was published, would not take the work in any merely humorous sense ; they would imagine that it was some political satire, and went on hunting for a political meaning ; so I thought it was no use offering my jokes to people who would not understand them. Even Mackintosh once said to me, ' Mr. Frere, I have had the pleasure of reading your "Monks and Giants" twice over'—and then he paused ; I saw what was in his mind, and could not help replying with a very mysterious look, ' And you could not discover its political meaning ? ' Mackintosh said, ' Well, indeed, I could not make out the allegory ; ' to which I answered, still looking very mysterious, ' Well, I thought you would not.' "

In connection with this poem, Sir Bartle relates an amusing anecdote illustrative of his uncle's frequent absence of mind, of which his friends told many stories. Mr. Frere was married in September, 1816, to the Dowager Countess of Erroll, and on his marriage day called upon Mr. Murray to propose the publication of his 'Monks and Giants.'

'It is related that the late Mr. John Murray having for once relaxed his usual rule never to ask an author to read or recite in the sanctum in Albemarle Street, got so interested in some verses which Mr. Frere was repeating and commenting on, that his dinner hour was at hand. He asked Mr. Frere to dine with him, and continue the discussion ; but the latter, startled to find it was so late, excused himself on the plea that "he had been married that morning, and had already overstayed the time when he had promised Lady Erroll to be ready for their journey into the country."'

Another story of his absence of mind rests on the authority of Lady Erroll herself :—

'Mr. Frere had just been introduced to her at an evening party,
and

and offered to hand her down stairs and procure some refreshment; but getting much interested in conversation by the way, became so engrossed in the train of thought he was pursuing, that he drank himself a glass of negus that he had procured for her, and then offered his arm to help her upstairs without any idea of their not having achieved the errand on which they came; and was only reminded of his mistake by her laughing remonstrance with him on his forgetfulness of her existence. "This," she added, "convinced me that my new acquaintance was, at any rate, very different from most of the young men around us!"

Mr. Frere settled at Malta in 1821 in consequence of the failing health of Lady Erroll, and there he passed the remaining twenty-five years of his life. As in the first stage of his life he was a type of the best style of youth trained by an English public school, so in this third stage he may be viewed as representing the happy and graceful leisure of the finished English gentleman, diffusing 'light and sweetness' among his friends, and producing work the more perfect and precious as it was done to satisfy his own refined taste, not for fame or money. Visitors to his elegant retreat bear witness to the vast extent and variety of the knowledge which he was constantly improving. We find him at one time 'immersed in Hebrew,' at another writing to England for profound theological works, and again throwing out subtle criticisms on the traces of Phœnician civilisation in the islands of the Mediterranean.

His chief anxiety was the failing health of his wife, whom he tended with the most affectionate care. In 1825 he paid a short visit to England. On this occasion we are told that, while staying with his brother, he 'took his night's rest chiefly by sleeping early in the evening, from seven till eleven, and that then he awoke, and entertained his brother and nieces by repeating verses which he had translated or composed, till two o'clock in the morning, which did not prevent his rising early next day.'

The unexpected death of Canning, in 1827, affected him deeply. 'The depth of his unselfish fraternal affection for Mr. Canning was apparent even to comparative strangers whenever, during the many years for which he survived his friend, Canning's name was mentioned.' He naturally resented the conduct of the Tories, who deserted Canning upon the formation of his Government, and thus hastened his death. He attributed this desertion to their feeling of jealousy of Canning's great ability.

'It was the same kind of feeling,' said Mr. Frere, 'with which
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Pitt often had to contend. I remember old W——, the father of the present old Lord, a fine specimen of a thoroughgoing old country Tory, coming to call on my father to tell him that Pitt was out of office, and that Addington had formed a Ministry. He went through all the members of the new Cabinet, and rubbing his hands at the end, with an evident sense of relief, said, "Well, thank God, we have at last got a Ministry without one of those confounded men of genius in it."

The death of his dearest friend was followed a few years afterwards by that of his wife (1831), which was a terrible blow to him. He tried to find distraction from his grief in literary pursuits, and especially by prosecuting with renewed diligence his translations of Aristophanes, which now formed his chief occupation, and of which we shall speak more at length presently. In November of the same year he had the melancholy pleasure of welcoming to Malta his old friend Sir Walter Scott, who had had a paralytic seizure in the preceding April.

Mrs. Davy, who has left us some interesting memorials of Scott's stay in that island, says:—"On joining us in the drawing-room after dinner, Sir Walter was very animated, spoke much of Mr. Frere, and of his remarkable success, when quite a boy, in the translation of a Saxon ballad. This led him to ballads in general, and he gravely lamented his friend Mr. Frere's heresy in not esteeming highly enough that of "Hardy-knute." He admitted that it was not a veritable old ballad, but "just old enough," and a noble imitation of the best style. In speaking of Mr. Frere's translations, he repeated a pretty long passage from his version of one of the "Romances of the Cid," and seemed to enjoy a spirited charge of the knights therein described as much as he could have done in his best days, placing his walking-stick in rest like a lance, to "suit the action to the word."

The following is the passage in the poem of the 'Cid' to which Scott alludes:—

 'Their shields before their breasts, forth at once they go,
 Their lances in the rest levell'd fair and low :
 Their banners and their crests waving in a row,
 Their heads all stooping down toward the saddle bow.
 The Cid was in the midst, his shout was heard afar,
 "I am Ruy Diaz, the Champion of Bivar ;
 Strike amongst them, gentlemen, for sweet mercy's sake !"
 There where Bermuez fought, amidst the foe they brake,
 Three hundred banner'd knights, it was a gallant show :
 Three hundred Moors they kill'd, a man with every blow ;
 When they wheel'd and turn'd, as many more lay slain,
 You might see them raise their lances and level them again.

There

There you might see the breastplates, how they were cleft in twain,
And many a Moorish shield lie shatter'd on the plain.
The pennons that were white mark'd with a crimson stain,
The horses running wild whose riders had been slain.
The Christians call upon Saint James, the Moors upon Mahound,
There were thirteen hundred of them slain on a little spot of ground.'

In 1836 Mr. Frere made the acquaintance of Mr. (afterwards Sir) George Cornwall Lewis, who came to Malta as one of the Commissioners appointed by Lord Melbourne's Government to examine into the state of public affairs in the island. Although Mr. Lewis was then barely thirty, Mr. Frere formed the highest opinion of him. 'Lewis,' he said, 'is one of the very few really learned Englishmen I have met with of late years, and his fairness is as remarkable as his learning. It is a great pity he is such a desperate Whig; but I think, if we could have kept him in Malta a little longer, we might have made a very decent Tory of him.'

After Lady Erroll's death, many of his friends had hoped that he would have returned to England; but he seems to have acted wisely in making Malta his permanent home.

'If in Malta,' observes his biographer, 'he was cut off from the literary and political society of London, he would on the other hand, had he returned to England, have missed from the circle of his early associates most of the friends of his youth and manhood whose society he valued. In the perfect quiet and uninterrupted leisure of his life at Malta, he enjoyed, to an extent rarely attainable elsewhere, that intellectual communion with the great authors of other times and countries which has been so often described as the privilege and consolation of scholars in their old age; and he lived, among a simple and grateful people, a life of singular ease and dignity, rendered conspicuously useful by his large-hearted liberality and intelligent benevolence.'

An interesting picture of his life at Malta is given by a friend, who stayed some time with him during the later period of his life:—

'The customs of the house are luxurious. Nobody is visible before eleven or twelve, at which hours a sort of breakfast goes forward, which you may or may not attend. Before this, coffee is brought, if you wish, to your bedroom; and if you are disposed for an early walk, there is the garden with its pleasant alleys and trellised paths, or if you prefer the sea, it flows clear and bright before the very doors. Between eleven and seven people do what they please. Mr. Frere is reading or writing in his own apartment. At seven dinner goes forward. Covers are laid for a table full, and usually some privileged and pleasant guests drop in. The charm of the party is the master of the house, who, though infirm in body, is not materially injured in

mind or memory, and receives all with a fine old-fashioned courtesy that puts all at their ease. Other visitors come in the evening, usually good talkers, and the conversation becomes general. Mr. Frere, however, sees few strangers. After coffee comes a drive in the cool evening, perhaps from ten to midnight or even later, when the air is delightful.

Sir Bartle Frere, who passed some weeks under his uncle's roof in 1834 and 1845, has preserved many of Mr. Frere's remarks upon politics, literature, and the current topics of the day. Take, for instance, his remarks on the danger of entrusting executive power to an assembly too exclusively composed of what are called 'practical men.' No warning is more needed in the present day than that uttered in the first sentence:—

"They are apt," he said, "to undervalue or ignore the teachings of history, and always distrust any suggestion of that foresight which requires somewhat of the poetical faculty and imagination. If the 'practical men' who were always inveighing against the war had had their way, Wellington would have been recalled, and Spain delivered over to France in 1810. The instinct of the English nation was right, as it often is, without knowing why; but comparatively few men, in or out of Parliament, really understood why it was certain that in the long run the Spaniards must succeed if they persevered, and why it was wise and safe for England to support them to the utmost. The greater part of the Whigs shut their eyes to the fact that the cause of the Spaniards was really the cause of national freedom and liberty. They were so charmed with the Revolution for destroying absolute monarchy, that they continued to worship it, after it had, as violent revolutions generally do, erected another and a worse tyranny."

With all his reverence for ancient uninterrupted usage, he had little sympathy with the revival of forms long obsolete.

'Commenting on some innovations in music and vestments which had troubled an Anglican congregation in the See of Gibraltar, he said in reply to the argument that the change was justified by the custom in Edward the Sixth's time,—“But if I were to appear at church in the costume of Queen Elizabeth's time, would the clergyman consider it a sufficient justification for my disturbing the gravity of the congregation that I could prove the dress to be in strict accordance with the usages and sumptuary laws of three hundred years back?”'

Still less sympathy had he with the custom of discussing the gravest questions of theology as subjects of merely ordinary table-talk.

'He complained that he sometimes found it difficult to evade such discussion, or to turn the conversation. One very enthusiastic lady, who

who had repeatedly pressed him for his opinions on purgatory, declared, sitting next him at dinner, that she *must* know what he thought on the subject. "I told her," he said, "that I really knew very little about it, except what I had learned from the church in the Floriana, which I pass on my way into Valetta. The church, you remember, is surrounded with groups of figures carved in stone, and rising out of stone flames, and I told her that, if the reality were at all like that, I was clearly of opinion that the flames were necessary for the decent clothing of the figures. After that she managed to talk about something else."

He took a very gloomy view of the political future.

He viewed with alarm the growing tendency of statesmen of all parties to follow, instead of aspiring to lead and direct, public opinion—a tendency which he foresaw must often transfer the initiation of great measures from the wisest and best informed to those who were simply discontented with the existing order of things. He especially disliked the new name under which the broken ranks of the Tories had been rallied after the Reform Bill. "Why do you talk of Conservatives?" he asked; "a Conservative is only a Tory who is ashamed of himself."

Mr. Frere's chief literary occupation in Malta was, as we have already said, the translation of Aristophanes. He translated five plays in all:—*'The Acharnians,' 'The Knights,' 'The Birds,' 'The Frogs,'* and *'The Peace.'* They were printed at Malta for private circulation, and were scarcely known beyond a limited circle of friends till Sir George Cornewall Lewis published considerable extracts from them in the first volume of the *'Classical Museum,'* in 1844, with a critical eulogy, which, coming from so distinguished a scholar and singularly cautious critic, possesses peculiar value. Like all other scholars, Sir George C. Lewis entertained the highest opinion of these versions, and expressed to us his desire, a few months before his lamented death, to obtain the consent of the family to reprint them, with the intention of prefixing to the publication a memoir of Mr. Frere's life. These translations are now for the first time accessible to the general public; and they will secure for Mr. Frere a permanent and unique place in English Literature. The close of an article—in which our object has been to make our readers acquainted with one of the best types of the scholar and gentleman of the last generation—is not the place to discuss the art of translation, nor the nature of the Aristophanic Comedy. As to the former, we must be content with a most emphatic protest against stigmatising the successful translator for lack of originality. We need not dwell upon instances of the loving labour which poets of the highest original

original genius have spent upon translation; nor, on the other hand, upon the many cases in which their noblest utterances have been based on the thoughts of other men. Expression is quite as essential a part of poetry as invention; and it is a high triumph of the art so to transfuse the utterances of another age and style of thought into the language of our own, as to make them such as the author might himself have written in our tongue, had he lived in our times. It is Mr. Frere's peculiar merit, not merely to have accomplished this—though it has scarcely been ever done so well, even by Chapman for Homer, or Fairfax for Tasso—nor to have accomplished it for the Greek Comedian of whom Sir George C. Lewis most truly says:—

“The reproduction of the comedies of Aristophanes in a modern language seems almost a hopeless task. The endless variety of his style and metres, the exuberance of his witty imagination, the richness and flexibility of the Attic language in which he wrote, and the perpetual byplay of allusions, often intimated merely by a pun, a metaphor, or a strange new compound, to the statesmen, poets, political events and institutions, manners and domestic history of his times, appear to make it equally difficult to execute a poetical version which shall adhere to the letter or render the spirit of the original—”

but it is Mr. Frere's unique merit to have clearly apprehended and almost perfectly fulfilled those canons of translation, which he has expounded in the article (above noticed), in the ‘Quarterly Review,’ which will be found reprinted in these volumes. With his own vivid power of style and illustration, he discerns the opposite errors of the *Spirited Translators*, whose spirit and ability consist in ‘substituting a modern variety or peculiarity for an ancient one, to the utter confusion of all unity of time, place, and character,’—and the *Faithful Translators*, who preserve all the local colouring, style, and foreign costume of the original, often encumbered of necessity with tedious explanatory notes; while the true Translator reproduces both language and allusions in ‘those permanent forms which are connected with the universal and immutable habits of mankind,’ and so makes them a possession of his own and every age.

We subjoin one or two extracts, in the hope of persuading our readers to make acquaintance with the translations for themselves, assuring those who are not scholars that they will obtain from them as vivid an idea of the Aristophanic wit, humour, and poetry as is possible to any one who does not read the original Greek.

Our first extract shall be from the commencement of the celebrated Parabasis of the ‘Birds.’ We may observe that the poet's theory of cosmogony evidently suggested that of the ‘Anti-Jacobin;’

Jacobin;' and either may be not disadvantageously compared with some theories of later days.

'Ye Children of Man! whose life is a span,
Protracted with sorrow from day to day,
Naked and featherless, feeble and querulous,
Sickly calamitous creatures of clay!
Attend to the words of the Sovereign Birds,
(Immortal, illustrious, lords of the air)
Who survey from on high, with a merciful eye,
Your struggles of misery, labour, and care.
Whence you may learn and clearly discern
Such truths as attract your inquisitive turn;
Which is busied of late with a mighty debate,
A profound speculation about the creation,
And organical life, and chaotical strife,
With various notions of heavenly motions,
And rivers and oceans, and valleys and mountains,
And sources of fountains, and meteors on high,
And stars in the sky. . . . We propose by-and-by,
(If you'll listen and hear) to make it all clear.
And Prodicus henceforth shall pass for a dunce,
When his doubts are explain'd and expounded at once.

Before the creation of Æther and Light,
Chaos and Night together were plight,
In the dungeon of Erebus foully bedight.
Nor Ocean, or Air, or substance was there,
Or solid or rare, or figure or form,
But horrible Tartarus ruled in the storm:

At length in the dreary chaotical closet
Of Erebus old, was a privy deposit,
By Night the primæval in secrecy laid—
A mystical egg, that in silence and shade
Was brooded and hatch'd, till time came about,
And Love, the delightful, in glory flew out,
In rapture and light exulting and bright,
Sparkling and florid, with stars in his forehead,
His forehead and hair, and a flutter and flare,
As he rose in the air, triumphantly furnish'd
To range his dominions on glittering pinions,
All golden and azure, and blooming and burnish'd;

He soon, in the murky Tartarean recesses,
With a hurricane's might, in his fiery caresses
Impregnated Chaos; and hastily snatch'd
To being and life, begotten and hatch'd,
The primitive Birds: but the Deities all,
The celestial Lights, the terrestrial Ball,
Were later of birth, with the dwellers on earth

More

More tamely combined, of a temperate kind;
When chaotical mixture approach'd to a fixture.

Our antiquity proved, it remains to be shown
That Love is our author and master alone,
Like him we can ramble, and gambol and fly
O'er ocean and earth, and aloft to the sky:
And all the world over, we're friends to the lover,
And when other means fail, we are found to prevail,
When a Peacock or Pheasant is sent as a present.'

The only other extract, for which we can afford space, is a portion of the dialogue between Bacchus and the Chorus of Frogs, as he rows in Charon's boat across the lake at the entrance of the infernal regions:—

- ' *B. (rowing in great misery).*
How I'm maul'd,
How I'm gall'd;
Worn and mangled to a mash—
There they go! "*Koash, koash!*"
Frogs. Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash.
B. Oh, beshrew,
All your crew;
You don't consider how I smart.
Frogs. Now for a sample of the Art!
Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash.
- * * *
- B.* I forbid you to proceed.
Frogs. That would be severe indeed;
Arbitrary, bold, and rash—
Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash.
B. I command you to desist—
—Oh, my back, there! oh, my wrist!
What a twist!
What a sprain!
Frogs. Once again—
We renew the tuneful strain,
Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash.
B. I disdain—(Hang the pain!)
All your nonsense, noise, and trash.
Oh, my blister! Oh, my sprain!
Frogs. Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash.
Friends and Frogs, we must display
All our powers of voice to-day;
Suffer not this stranger here,
With fastidious foreign ear,
To confound us and abash.
Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash.

B. Well,

B. Well, my spirit is not broke,
If it's only for the joke,
I'll outdo you with a croak.
Here it goes—(very loud) "Koash, koash."

Frogs. Now for a glorious croaking crash,
(Still louder).

Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash.

B. (splashing with his oar).
I'll disperse you with a splash.

Frogs. Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash.

B. I'll subdue
Your rebellious, noisy crew—
—Have amongst you there, slap-dash.

[Strikes at them.

Frogs. Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash.

We defy your oar and you.

Ch. Hold! We're ashore just—shift your oar. Get out.

—Now pay for your fare.

B. There—there it is—the twopence.

Besides his Aristophanic labours, Mr. Frere also translated the fragments of Theognis, of which he made a new arrangement, so as to form an autobiography of the poet. This work was printed at Malta in 1842, under the title of 'Theognis Restitutus; the Personal History of the Poet Theognis, deduced from an Analysis of his existing Fragments,' and was favourably noticed in this Review in the following year.* We will only express our admiration, with Sir George C. Lewis, 'of the facility with which Mr. Frere has passed from the wild, grotesque, and ever varying language and metres of Aristophanes, to the sedate admonitions and reflexions of the gnomic poet, and the fidelity with which he has represented both sorts of diction in English, always pure, terse, and idiomatic.'

Mr. Frere died of a paralytic seizure on the 7th of January, 1846. 'He was laid beside his wife in the English burial-ground in one of the Floriana outworks overlooking the Quarantine Harbour.' His death was lamented by all classes in Malta, but especially by the poor; and, even now, 'when the generation of those who were the objects of his active sympathy has passed away, there are Maltese who will point out his tomb as the grave of the noble-hearted Englishman, known in his day as the best friend of their fellow islanders in want or distress.'

In politics he was a disciple of Pitt and Canning.

'From conviction, not less than from early association,' says his biographer, 'he had a rooted distrust as well as dislike of sudden

* See 'Quarterly Review,' vol. lxxii. p. 452.

revolution,

revolution, which he believed generally led, through a period of anarchy, to despotism more severe than that which originally drove the oppressed to seek for change. But he had a profound abhorrence of every form of oppression and tyranny, more especially of that which would interfere with national liberties, or allow any one nation or class to domineer over others. He looked on rank and property as held in trust, on the condition that the classes enjoying them should ever be ready to stake all they possessed to secure the freedom and happiness of their fellow countrymen.

‘He had little faith in those who professed themselves mere mouth-pieces of numerical majorities. He held that the English people at large were better and more truly represented by men chosen for their general character and weight in the community, and because the people knew them and liked them, and felt that they sympathized with their constituents, than by men bound to advocate particular measures. He believed that power was better exercised by those whose education, rank, and property tended to make them independent in forming, and fearless in expressing their own opinions, than by delegates pledged to express the opinions of others.

‘With many of the changes which he saw carried out in his later years he thoroughly sympathized; but he mistrusted the mode in which, and the motives from which, they were effected, as tending to impair the stability of institutions which he wished to see reformed and perpetuated; not swept away.’

He ‘had a grand personal appearance. He was a very tall and altogether a large man, for his age very upright, with bold commanding features, a good nose and brow, and a peculiar expression perhaps of sarcasm, with a touch of hauteur about the corner of his mouth and nostrils.’ No man was more beloved by his friends. A playful humour, kindness and generosity characterised his every-day words and actions.

‘But those who knew him most intimately soon discovered that the largest tolerance and charity were not incompatible with a thorough contempt for all that was mean and base; among other marks of true nobility of character he possessed the royal art of never humiliating one in any way inferior to himself. Meaner natures near him, while they saw and felt his superiority, tasted the luxury of feeling their own aims elevated, and of discovering a higher standard than that by which they had been accustomed to regulate their own actions. It was this quality which secured for him, at one and the same time, the affection of the poorest and weakest and the respect of the best and noblest who knew him well enough to judge of his true character.’

In all respects he well deserved the epithet bestowed upon him by Coleridge—*ὁ καλοκάγαθος ὁ φιλόκαλος*.^{*} The Attic phrase

^{*} Coleridge in his Will dated September, 1829, wrote as follows:—

‘Further to Mr. Gillman, as the most expressive way in which I can only mark my

phrase for a high-minded and accomplished gentleman marks a type of character which seems in some danger of decaying out of our midst with the degeneracy of the education and tone of thought which fostered it. In this 'practical' age many will look with supercilious compassion on what they may regard as his wasted life; and even his friends were inclined to the view humorously expressed in Mr. Rose's admirable Epistle to Frere:—

"That bound like bold Prometheus on a rock, O
Self-banished man, you boil in a *Scirocco*."

Before we lighted on this passage, the same image had occurred to us as a type of that example, which such a life presents, of the noble spirit of humanity which Æschylus has portrayed. It was not indeed Mr. Frere's lot to teach the grand lesson of endurance under suffering—though he also suffered with noble patience; but his retirement nurtured the Promethean fire of pure intellect, to which we must ever have recourse to animate the material forms of life, however cunningly an Epimetheus may have contrived them. We may sum up in Frere's own words the value of such a bequest as his works have left us:—
'Since *mind* can only be delineated by *language*, the highest perfection of mind requires to be represented by the higher and more artificial form of language, by verse rather than prose.' We thank his nephews for their pious perpetuation of his life and labours; and we cannot give higher praise to Sir Bartle Frere's 'Memoir' than by saying how deeply we have felt its uniform tone of sympathy with what we conceive to be the spirit and lesson of his uncle's life.

ART. III.—1. *Songs before Sunrise*. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. London, 1871.

2. *Poems*. By Dante Gabriel Rossetti. London, 1870.

3. *The Earthly Paradise*. By William Morris. 4 vols. London, 1871.

OF the many remarkable poetical appearances in the early part of the present century, there was none more remarkable in its character and its influence than the poetry of Keats.

my relation to him, and, in remembrance of a great and good man, revered by us both, I leave the manuscript volume lettered "Arist. Manuscript—Birds, Acharnians, Knights," presented to me by my dear friend and patron, the Rt. Hon. John Hookham Frere, who of all the men that I have had the means of knowing during my life, appears to me eminently to deserve to be characterized as *ὁ καλοκῆρατος ὁ φιλόκαλος*.

Differing

Differing both in thought and style from all his contemporaries, and still more from all his predecessors, his writings have, we think, done more to determine the subsequent course of English poetry than those of any other poet. Though his own death is said to have been hastened by the hostility of his critics, his immediate successors have not only monopolised the field of poetry and silenced opposition, but, as a last triumph of ascendancy, have turned criticism itself into their tool. Keats was the first purely literary English poet who had appeared since Spenser, and, since Keats, English poetry has had an exclusively literary anark.

Till the extraordinary epoch to which we have referred, the character of our poetry, like that of every nation which has had vigorous institutions and a great history, was distinctively national. There is scarcely a prominent feature in our religion, our politics, or our landscape, which is not illustrated in our verse. Our old drama was as indigenous as that of Attica. Almost every one of our great poets is indebted to his country for some inspiring theme. At the very threshold of our literature we find the unfaded portraits of the Canterbury Pilgrims. The studious Spenser sums up his flattering allegory in the person of his Queen. Even Milton, whose imagination in the 'Paradise Lost' transcends the bounds of space and time, has filled 'L'Allegro,' 'Il Penseroso,' and 'Comus,' with the most enchanting descriptions of English country scenery. Our party politics are represented in verse by Dryden and Butler; Pope is the satirist of courtly manners, as Goldsmith is the pathetic painter of peasant life; while, as if in appropriate conclusion to the course of genuine English poetry, the verse of Crabbe is filled with portraits not less vigorous, if less picturesque, than those of Chaucer himself.

The style of our poets till the beginning of this century was generally as idiomatic as their subjects were national. By far the greater number of them treated the language as an inheritance; and, as each generation valued and improved the work of its predecessor, a national rhetoric was gradually formed, which, always noble and impressive, was, when fully developed, singularly well adapted to express either dignity, humour, or pathos. Above all other metres, the heroic couplet, to those who have watched its progress from its great inventor, Chaucer, through writers of such various genius as Hall, Dryden, Pope, Goldsmith, and Byron, must appear a measure scarcely less qualified than the ancient hexameter to catch the moods of the people among whom it originated.

It is scarcely necessary to dwell upon the great expansion of English poetry in the atmosphere of the Revolutionary era.

Dwarfed

Dwarfed by the magnitude of interests which seemed to embrace mankind, the nation ceased to be any longer the limit or even the sphere of the poet's inspiration. The active imagination of Byron and Scott opened a new world of adventure or romance; the calm spirit of Wordsworth was enlarged by the contemplation of the ancient examples of moral and political simplicity; the verse of Shelley, above all, caught the modern Republican enthusiasm for liberty and the future of the human race. But, amidst all this activity and high-wrought expectation, the poems of Keats sound to the reader of a later generation as the music of the nightingale sounded in his own ears:—

‘Forlorn! The very word is like a bell,
To toll me back again to my sole self!’

As far as we know, there is not in the poems of Keats a single allusion to passing events; there is certainly nothing to show that he was interested in them. While the thoughts of his contemporaries are full of energy or hope, his verse is marked by a languid melancholy. While they are all directly or indirectly inspired by the feelings of their time, he seeks his inspiration in the literature of the past. Too soft and sensuous by nature to be exhilarated by the conflict of modern opinions, he found at once food for his love of beauty, and an opiate for his despondency, in the remote tales of Greek mythology.

We have said before that the spirit of Keats manifests itself more or less in the works of almost every poet who has succeeded him. It was natural enough that a period of disappointment should follow a period of exaggerated hope when it appeared that political liberty did not produce personal regeneration, and that the progress of mankind was rather towards a commercial than a moral millennium. The revolutionary element which had kindled the passion of the poets was the speculation of Condorcet, not the science of Adam Smith. In the post-revolutionary poetry of England there is to be found little of that ardour which marks the work of the previous generation. It is true that Mr. Tennyson, in ‘Locksley Hall,’ looks forward to a ‘Parliament of nations, the Federation of the world;’ but in his poem the misery of the individual is far more prominently represented than the happiness of the race, and the net result is less the confidence of faith than the resignation of despair. But though ‘the steamship and the railway’ are scarcely themes to inspire poetical enthusiasm, ‘the *thoughts* that shake mankind’ have doubtless survived the first great period of vigorous action which they helped to produce, and the imagination which has cherished them, disappointed of realising its aspirations in the world of man,
consoles

consoles itself by calling up the spirits it desires from the 'vasty deep' of books. Familiarity and sympathy with old forms of recorded thought prompt men to try to recover or adapt them. The classical writers have always exercised the greatest influence over the intellectual leaders of the revolution, and the robust freedom of mediæval fancy, perhaps because it is so unlike the pedantry of modern liberalism, has a strong fascination for it. Hence those curious anachronisms and incongruities to which the practice of our poets has long familiarised us. The chivalrous romance is revived in the garb of moral or theological allegory; the feeling of the Greek drama is restored in its modern copies with such exactness, that the reader is as puzzled as Christopher Sly, and doubts if the history of Christianity and the doctrines to which he has been accustomed can be anything but a dream. Gradual advances are also made towards the arts of painting and music. Thus dissevered from the thought of the large majority of living men, the pursuit of poetry tends to become a kind of intellectual opium-eating. It would, indeed, be strange if men of an active mind could continue to live in the midst of a stirring society, without in some degree participating in its interests, and we not unfrequently find the poet glancing from his literary seclusion upon the movements of national life. But, if he approaches a subject of general interest, he never confronts it directly, like Dryden or Pope, but views it through some literary medium. Thus, when Mr. Tennyson wishes to give a reflection of society, he reconnoitres it with a telescope, as in 'The Princess,' or lifts his theme upon the stilts of a classical style, as in 'Aylmer's Field.'

The great poetical revolution which we have sketched would not, however, have been complete without a corresponding change in our versification. Of the old poetical idiom, elaborated with such pains, and by so many poets, scarcely a trace survives. Byron, alone among the great poets of the last generation, saw how the previous practice of English verse-writers could be expanded without being overthrown, and, whether he uses the heroic couplet or the Spenser stanza, his style, however elevated, is plain and robust. Wordsworth, in his well-known 'Preface,' ostentatiously undervalues metre. Shelley, whose mind, as he himself says, was 'nourished on musical thoughts,' found means to express them in an ethereal language peculiarly his own. Keats, on the other hand, enchanted with his study of the Elizabethan poets, revived in his 'Endymion' the over-luxuriant sweetness of Marlowe's 'Sestiad.' This strange example of literary reaction has since been sanctioned by universal practice. The selection of classical subjects has led to a reproduction of the classical style,

style, so laboriously exact that it is considered a mark of greater skill to translate a plain thought into some involved phrase resembling the Greek, than to express it in a line of forcible English. The heroic couplet has been discarded, and has been replaced either by blank verse scientifically precise, and not unlike the iambic in its pauses, or by a revival of the decasyllabic metre, as it was first used by Chaucer, but with even more than its rudimentary incoherence.

Such, as it appears to us, is the double process that has long been separating the English poets from the thought and language of their country. The phase of literary poetry has, we think, received its fullest expression in the school of writers whose works we now propose to examine. We call them a school, because, though differing from each other in their choice of subjects and in their style, a common antipathy to society has produced in them a certain community of perception, and even occasional resemblances of language. An atmosphere of what is called materialistic feeling pervades the poetry of all three. Atheism, which is quietly avowed by one, is passionately professed by another, not as the supplanter of superstition, but as the rival of Christianity. Love is a favourite theme in their works, but the word has an esoteric signification; the objects of their devotion resemble not so much the sainted lady of Dante, or the honoured mistress of Lovelace, as the models of the painter's studio. Finally, the inspiration of all three has a literary source, for while two professedly revive the practice of ancient masters, the third, though dealing with contemporary interests, expresses himself in a borrowed style, which gives his verse all the ring of ancient rhetoric.

Mr. Swinburne is already known as the author of several works, notably '*Atalanta in Calydon*,' and '*Poems and Ballads*.' The former is a reproduction of Greek drama, with ingenious imitations of the original language, and an extraordinary variety of melodious and flowing metres. The latter is even more remarkable for the unprecedented dexterity of its versification. This volume contains many poems marked by an uncleanness of fancy, not the less pernicious because it is exercised on such remote themes as a love-fragment of Sappho, an extinct type of Roman lust, and the statue of the Hermaphrodite in the Louvre. But there are besides a number of pieces framed upon mediæval types, in which the feeling of the originals is caught with a precision that reveals an imitative faculty of the highest order. In his latest work, entitled '*Songs before Sunrise*,' the author takes a serious farewell of the remote themes which had once attracted

attracted him, and announces himself as the poetical apostle of the Universal Republic.

While we are quite prepared to congratulate Mr. Swinburne upon the more manly tone he has adopted, we cannot say that we think he has at present shown the qualities of a great political poet. In the first place, he scarcely appears to us fortunate in his theme. That the cause of the Revolution could stimulate poetical fancy to high enthusiasm is sufficiently proved by the poetry of Shelley. But the themes that fired the enthusiasm of that unique genius were the downfall of dynasties, the overthrow of superstition, the regeneration of the human race. Such was the direction which the spirit of destruction at first took, and such are the objects over which the fancy of Mr. Swinburne still broods, but such is no longer the life of the Revolutionary cause. It is not now the destruction of empires, with which the most advanced apostles of Revolution are really concerned, but the organisation of labour against capital, and the confiscation of property. This may be a more practical scheme than that of the old French philosophers, yet it would scarcely have roused the enthusiasm of Shelley. All that is left of the old republican faith is its phraseology. Liberty, fraternity, equality, are as much as ever the party catchwords; the months are still called by their Revolutionary names; the Bible is still perverted and parodied according to the old traditions, except that, while Camille Desmoulins spoke of 'le bon sansculotte Jesus,' the modern Communist speaks of Marat as a Messiah.

Were the qualifications for a political poet nothing but the ability to decorate a party dialect, no more fitting representative than Mr. Swinburne could be found. To an unequalled command of metre he adds a faultless instinct as to the capacity of a phrase, or even of an idea, for the purposes of metrical expression, and an equal skill in transplanting, without any appearance of effort, the old flowers of rhetoric into his own style. These are great gifts, but they cannot cover the absence of that strong expression of genuine conviction which is demanded by the subject which Mr. Swinburne attempts. We cannot estimate his qualities better than by comparing him with the poet whom above all others he admires. It is clearly his belief that he has received his poetical torch from the hand of Shelley, as Shelley from the hand of Milton, yet we think his genius has scarcely anything in common with either of these poets. The mind of Shelley, to use his own words once more, was 'nourished on musical thoughts,' which he instinctively clothed in appropriate language. Mr. Swinburne's mind has been nourished on musical metres, to which he adapts thoughts and words as they appear

appear conformable. Shelley's atheism is rarely thrust into prominence; his leading thought is always the golden future of mankind, and his assaults are directed against what he considered superstition as the hindrance to the ultimate happiness of the race. Yet, whenever he attacks Christianity, his style is marked by an almost appalling plainness, which is too repulsive for quotation. But if any one who is curious on the subject will compare Shelley's lines, beginning—

'O that the free would stamp the impious name'—

with those of Mr. Swinburne's—

'Thou madest man in the garden; thou temptedst man and he fell'—

he will be struck with the difference between the two poets. There is something frightful to the ears of Christians in the energy of Shelley's invective, but there can be no doubt of the earnest conviction of the writer. Mr. Swinburne's words are in themselves more horrible than Shelley's; but the expression of the passage is too fluent for strong feeling; we detect also that the rhetoric is borrowed partly from the Hebrew prophets, partly from the English Litany. We have a shrewd suspicion that Mr. Swinburne formed his style before he elaborated his opinions. Nor is this the only deduction to be made from the force of the passage; for we have already been told—

'God, if a God there be, is the spirit of men, which is Man.'

What, then, is the meaning of all this vapouring against a Being who is believed to be a nonentity? It is simply an invective against the *idea* of God, or, to speak more plainly, against the primary instincts of the society that holds the insulted belief. Such trivial tricks of rhetoric betray a want of common sense beyond what can be attributed to Shelley. They fail even to excite the feeling that was intended; for, instead of being astounded at the poet's blasphemous daring, the reader is disgusted at his shameless indecency. Mr. Swinburne might have remembered that Shelley was wise enough to suppress the publication of 'Queen Mab.'

Shelley perceived that atheism, being mere negation, was incapable of being exalted into a creed; but Mr. Swinburne, caught with the abstract idea, is determined to embellish it, and, not content with invectives against Christianity, parades, by way of contrast, a worship of his own. Hertha, an embodiment of Heraclitus's doctrine of the identity of contraries; Isis, or the Earth, 'the ghost of God, the mother uncreated;' and a certain 'Mater Triumphalis' (Mr. Swinburne's deities are always femi-

nine), such are the empty abstractions before which he literally prostrates himself with an air of religious fervour. These theatrical postures are so strangely blended with expressions of passionate conviction, that in remarking on the attacks which, for the sake of his goddesses, as it appears, Mr. Swinburne makes on the Christian religion, we are in doubt whether to blame him most for his want of decency or want of sense.

In the more purely political poems, the same stage effects are repeated, with the same effort to compensate for deficiencies of feeling by exuberance of language. Though the different odes in the volume are apparently far more definite in their scope than the visionary flights of Shelley, the thought expressed in them is really much more indistinct. It appears to us that, with a few alterations, the 'Ode on the Cretan Revolt' might serve equally well for one on the Liberation of Italy, or for a future uprising in Ireland. There is, indeed, no lack of perfervid protestation. The different nations are appealed to in amorous language, but the constant intrusion of the poet's personal concern into his poems seems to us less passionate than impertinent. Take, for instance, these lines upon Italy:—

'O sweetest, fairest, first,
O flower, when times were worst,
Thou hadst no strife wherein we had no share!
Have not our hearts held close,
Kept fast the whole world's rose?
Have we not worn thee at heart whom none would wear?'

Were this the composition of an Italian patriot, we should certainly blame his effeminate taste in comparing his country to a flower, but we should accept the feeling of the passage as genuine. Coming, however, from an Englishman, a mere well-wisher of Italian unity, the words are sheer nonsense.

We are, therefore, of opinion, on the whole, that Mr. Swinburne has chosen his themes not so much under the influence of political enthusiasm as from a keen literary perception of the advantages they offered to his peculiar rhetoric. And, viewing him as a master of metre alone, it is impossible to admire too much the taste that has led him to perceive, and the tact with which he has applied, the poetical resources of the religion which he so grossly assails. The solemn supplications of the English Litany are transferred to the nations of Europe in the appeal to their mother Earth. Imagery, borrowed from the Crucifixion, the Burial, the Resurrection, is applied to the revival of Italy, while France is represented under the character of the repentant Magdalen. No praise, we think, can be too high for the metrical faculty that has discovered a musical modulation in the simple words—

'Therefore

'Therefore thy sins, which are many, are forgiven thee,
Because thou hast loved much.'

Of the arts of rhetoric, on the other hand, which extend beyond artifices of style, Mr. Swinburne knows little. He describes himself not inaptly, when he says—

'I have no spirit of skill with equal fingers,
At sign to sharpen or to slacken strings.'

His verse is always pitched in the highest key. With the use of contrast and relief he is unacquainted, and of exaggeration he knows enough only to abuse it. Exaggeration is, doubtless, a legitimate resource of poetry. Thus it is flattery, but poetical flattery, when Virgil, at the opening of the '*Georgics*,' raises Augustus by anticipation among the stars. Yet, even when applied to the great and famous, there is danger of such complimentary poetry passing into the ridiculous; and the keen-witted Sylla paid a poet who had composed an ode in his honour not to recite it. Far more perilous is it when it is employed to exalt persons of little distinction, or is exchanged between members of a mutual admiration society. In a poem, called '*Blessed among Women*,' Mr. Swinburne addresses the Signora Cairoli as the superior of the Virgin Mary. Her claims to this position rest on the fact that four of her sons perished in the revolutionary crusade against Rome:—

'Four times art thou blest,
On whose most holy breast
Four times a godlike soldier-saviour hung;
And thence a four-fold Christ,
Given to be sacrificed,
To the same cross as the same bosom clung.'

The poem is in a perfectly serious strain; and as Mr. Swinburne seems to have no suspicion that this passage is offensively profane, it is, perhaps, no wonder that he does not see it is ridiculous.

His poems do not aim at terseness, and many of them run to an inexcusable length through their iteration and diffuseness. So ignorant is he of the value of conciseness, that he fails to perceive that the point of Byron's inscription, '*Cor Cordium*,' on the tomb of Shelley lies in its brevity, and expands it into a sonnet, in which the following interjections occur in the space of nine lines:—

'O heart of hearts, the chalice of love's fire!
O wonderful and perfect heart!
O heavenly heart!
O heart whose beating blood was running song!'

We mean no disrespect to Mr. Swinburne's reverence for Shelley, but it is impossible to help thinking of Bottom as Pyramus:—

'O grim-looking night! O night with hue so black!
O night who ever art when day is not!
O night, O night! alack! alack! alack!'

We select one more passage, as a specimen at once of run-away rhetoric and of the author's favourite practice of combining sonorous words in a preconceived measure, so as to subordinate, if not to sacrifice, sense to tune. Speaking of great republican examples, they were, he says—

'Undisbranched of the storms that disroot us,
Of the lures that enthrall unenticed,
The names that exalt and transmute us,
The blood-red splendour of Brutus,
The snow-bright splendour of Christ!'

We are inclined to think this the most harmonious dance of words upon the brink of nonsense with which we are acquainted.

These extracts show, we think, that a poet may have at his disposal a vast store of English words, and yet have no real command of English idiom; they no more represent the genuine language of English poetry than Euphuus the language of English prose. Yet there are passages in Mr. Swinburne's volume where, freed from the trammels of artificial enthusiasm, and inspired by great themes of general interest, his verse rises into high natural eloquence. The following description of Greece will confirm our words:—

'There where our East looks always to thy West,
Our mornings to thine evenings, Greece to thee,
These lights that catch the mountains crest by crest,
Are they of stars or beacons that we see?
Taygetus takes here the winds abreast,
And there the sun resumes Thermopylæ;
The light is Athens where those remnants rest,
And Salamis the sea-wall of that sea;
The grass men tread upon
Is very Marathon,
The leaves are of that time-unstricken tree
That storm nor sun can fret,
Nor wind, since she that set
Made it her sign to men whose shield was she:
Here, as dead Time his deathless things,
Eurotas and Cephissus keep their sleepless springs.'

There are few finer passages than this in English lyric poetry; in contemporary poetry we doubt if it has an equal. It is great,

great, because it possesses the native qualities of our verse, which Mr. Swinburne's style generally lacks, genuine feeling, manly self-restraint, direct simplicity, and idiomatic vigour. A few sustained lyrics of this stamp would do more to establish an enduring reputation than volumes of fluent invective against religion or glittering rhapsodies on the Universal Republic.

The passions of modern life, which appear to Mr. Swinburne so full of sound and fury, die completely away, or at most make themselves but faintly audible, in the poems of Mr. Rossetti. The latter describes himself as a poet of the order that 'haunt—
'The vale of magical dark mysteries.'

In one of his sonnets he speaks approvingly of the religious symbolism of ancient art, and advises the moderns to retrace their footsteps to the old starting-point. A similar impulse, we presume, leads him to attempt in poetry a revival of the mystical style of Dante's '*Vita Nuova*.' Such, at least, appears to be the intention of his sonnets, which, we think, contain all that is most characteristic of his work.

The objections to such a scheme are not far to seek, and lose none of their force after an examination of Mr. Rossetti's poems. The period for which Dante wrote was theological, learned, and enigmatical. Our own day is scientific and matter-of-fact to excess. The complete body of physical and metaphysical philosophy which Dante compiled throws light upon the otherwise dark enigmas of his style. In the riddles of the modern mystic everything is of private interpretation, and depends upon the kind of communication established between the author and the reader. Lastly, in the '*Vita Nuova*' Dante gives us a detailed history of his connection with Beatrice, and explains the occasion and the meaning of each sonnet in turn. Mr. Rossetti affords us no clue to the collection of sonnets which he terms 'contributions towards a work to be entitled "*The House of Life*." We fail to find in it any sign of unity or arrangement. We see that some of the sonnets express the feelings of a lover in happy possession of his mistress, and others his despair at the loss of her; others, again, are in a vein of philosophical reflection; but how the philosophical sonnets are connected with the love sonnets, or the love sonnets with each other, there is nothing to declare. The result of all this is that, whether or not the reader of Dante fathoms the depth of the poet's meaning, he finds enough to interest him strongly in an orderly and beautiful work; while the reader of Mr. Rossetti has to content himself with guessing at mysteries, which often turn out to be nothing but word puzzles or literary conceits.

We propose to set the work of the master and disciple side by side, that our readers may judge of the difference in quality. The following is a translation of the last sonnet in the '*Vita Nuova*,' describing Dante's sigh passing into heaven to Beatrice :—

'Beyond the sphere that has the largest sweep passes the sigh that issues from my heart : the new apprehension that Love in grief leads him draws him heavenwards. When he arrives where he desires, he sees a lady who receives honour and shines so brightly that, through the midst of her splendour, the pilgrim spirit beholds her. He sees her in such wise that when he reports her to me I do not understand him, so subtly does he speak to the sorrowing heart that makes him speak. I know that he speaks of that gentle one, because he often names Beatrice, so that I understand him well, dear ladies mine.'

The drift of this is plain enough, and the niceties of the thought can be easily understood by the light of Dante's own commentary. Here, on the other hand, is one of Mr. Rossetti's most finished sonnets on what appears to be a parallel occasion :—

'I sat with Love beside a woodside well,
 Leaning across the water, I and he ;
 Nor ever did he speak, nor looked at me,
 But touched his lute wherein was audible
 The certain secret thing he had to tell :
 Only our mirrored eyes met silently
 In the low wave ; and that sound came to be
 The passionate voice I knew ; and my tears fell.
 And at their fall, his eyes beneath grew hers ;
 And with his foot and with his wing feathers
 He swept the spring that watered my heart's drouth.
 Then the dark ripples spread to waving hair,
 And, as I stooped, her own lips rising there
 Bubbled with brimming kisses at my mouth.'

Both these poems make pictures, but Dante's is full of a deep and tender meaning. Mr. Rossetti's is a picture, and no more : or if there is a meaning to the gross image in the concluding line, it is of a kind that we would sooner miss.

This difference is continued throughout the sonnets of the two poets : Dante being always simple and tender, Mr. Rossetti rarely anything more than picturesque. Thus both of them describe abstract passions by means of persons and images. Dante, for instance, speaks of Love 'driving from his breast the exile sighs that went out wailing.' Mr. Rossetti's abstract characters are also numerous—Love, Sleep, Death, and the like—but they are much more finely dressed than Dante's : they live in groves, wear aureoles, and carry gonfalons. So laboriously picturesque is
 he

he that he sometimes spoils a symbol with a really felicitous meaning by overloading it. It is poetical to speak of sleep as a fallow-field; but Mr. Rossetti, wishing to connect the idea of sleep with love, writes 'the love-sown fallow-field of sleep,' and so destroys the beauty of the metaphor. Death may appear to Mr. Rossetti as a child, but why need he go on to speak of 'Death's new-born milky eyes'? or what is the point of saying of Song that his hair—

'Blew like a flame, and blossomed like a wreath'?

To picturesque symbolism of this sort, however, we have no objection, except in so far as it pretends to be profound. But there is another kind of symbolism which Mr. Rossetti affects, and for which no terms of condemnation can be too strong. We allude to certain sonnets, in which he endeavours to attach a spiritual meaning to the animal passions. The fourth and fifth sonnets describe, with a revolting picturesqueness, the sexual relation, which, with a profanity the more gross because it appears to be unconscious, he speaks of in the second sonnet under the metaphor of the sacramental bread and wine. We have no hesitation in stigmatising such a deification of the animal instincts as emasculate obscenity. Mysteries of this sort are intelligible enough, but they belong to the worship of no deity but Priapus. There are, indeed, no other passages in the sonnets so objectionable as those which we have noticed; but the whole spirit of Mr. Rossetti's love poetry is of the earth, earthy. Love, as he represents it, appears not as romantic passion, or even as natural ardour, but as pious sensuality. If the lover of his verse wishes to praise his mistress, he describes her as one—

'Whose speech truth knows not from her thought,
Nor love her body from her soul.'

Her 'brows, hands, lips, heart, mind, voice, kisses, and words' are so many terrestrial revelations of the heavenly Deity; and when death deprives him of her company, the force of love, as we have seen, calls up her image from a spring so vividly that her 'lips bubble with brimming kisses at his mouth.' It can, of course, be urged that, as what is obscure may be profound, love poetry of this sort is an expression of refined passion: for ourselves, we confess that the religious tone in the amatory sonnets reminds us forcibly of the language of the Agapemone.

The character of Mr. Rossetti's thought is reflected in his style. The construction of his verse is generally musical, and his language is sometimes happily epigrammatic, as in the description of the light-of-love ladies,—

'Who

'Who kissed Love's wings that brought him yesterday,
And thank his wings to-day that he is flown.'

Great pains have evidently been taken to give every thought an uncommon aspect, and to elaborate the language in which it is expressed. The value of the thought, however, often seems out of all proportion to the labour spent upon it, as in the following sonnet called 'A Day of Love':—

'While Love's spell
From his predominant presence doth compel
All alien hours, an outworn populace,
The hours of Love fill full the echoing space
With sweet confederate music favourable.'

Here we suppose if Mr. Rossetti, like Dante, were to translate himself, he would say he wished to express that the time was full of love; that he therefore represented Love expelling the memory of past hours from the present moment, the perfect delight of which he described by the image of music. But we think it clear that a feeling so simple cannot be really intensified by so much elaboration and such remote imagery.

The practice of looking at everything in an uncommon way extends itself to the commonest objects. A love-letter is thus addressed:—

'Warmed by her hand and shadowed by her hair,
As closed she leaned and poured her heart through thee,
Whereof the articulate throbs accompany
The smooth black stream that makes thy whiteness fair,
Sweet fluttering sheet!'

Passing over the grammatical looseness of these lines, and making allowance for a lover's enthusiasm, we must say we have never known ink and paper apostrophised in terms of such elaborate and Oriental respect.

Obscurity of thought may sometimes be condoned in a mystical poet, but wherever his thought is clear in intention he has no excuse for not presenting it in the clearest language, especially when, like Mr. Rossetti, he opens his volume with the notice that nothing is included which is believed to be incomplete. What, then, are we to say of lines like these?—

'Because our talk was of the cloud-control
And moon-track of the journeying face of Fate.
Her tremulous kisses faltered at love's gate,
And her eyes dreamed against a distant goal.'

When translated into English prose we suppose this means,
'Our talk of the uncertainty of events made her kisses falter on
her

her lips, while her eyes appeared to contemplate some distant goal.' We see in fragments the metaphor by which the thought is conveyed, but to extract any clear image from the words in the first two lines is, we venture to say, a sheer impossibility. In the next sonnet, called 'Parted Love,' we read—

'What shall be said of this embattled day,
And armed occupation of this night,
By all thy foes beleaguered,—now when sight
Nor sound denotes the loved one far away?
Of these thy vanquished hours what shalt thou say,—
As every sense to which she dealt delight
Now labours lonely o'er the stark noon-height
To reach the sunset's desolate disarray?'

How can we sympathise with a lonely lover, however weary of the time, who cannot speak more plainly than this?

We have commented severely upon these sonnets because their defects appear to us considerably to exceed their merits. It would be unjust, however, to Mr. Rossetti to deny that his poetical qualities—and they are not mean—sometimes combine to produce a really happy result. The following sonnet is entitled 'The Portrait:—'

'O Lord of all compassionate control,
O Love, let this my lady's picture glow
Under my hand to praise thy name, and show
Even of her inner self the perfect whole;
That he who seeks her beauty's furthest goal,
Beyond the light that the sweet glances throw,
And reffluent wave of the sweet smile, may know
The very sky and sealine of her soul.
Lo! it is done. Above the long lithe throat
The mouth's mould testifies of voice and kiss,
The shadowed eyes remember and foresee.
Her face is made her shrine. Let all men note
That in all years (O Love, thy gift is this!)
They that would look on her must come to me.'

If 'Lord of all compassionate control' is not one of the author's many affectations, it is, at any rate, not idiomatic English. 'Long lithe throat' has rather too much of the jargon of the studio. But with these exceptions the sonnet seems to us as good as it can be. Appropriate symbolism is united to ingenious fancy, and expressed in language of natural feeling. It is a singular comment on the general tone of Mr. Rossetti's love poems, that as the expression in the portrait is appropriately made a revelation of the lady's soul, so the bodily traits of the lady herself are elsewhere exalted as revelations of the

the supreme and invisible Love. But in the former case the symbolism represents the glow of natural feeling; in the latter it is an unnatural conceit.

Mr. Rossetti's volume also contains several ballads, which are mostly exercises on remote subjects in a semi-antique style, generally ingenious and complete. One in particular, called 'Sister Helen,' deserves the praise due to poems of this class as being forcibly imagined and very dramatically contrived. The effect of the others is a little spoiled by their tiresome and unmeaning burdens.

We purpose to close our remarks on Mr. Rossetti's verse with some reflections on a poem which, we think, reveals characteristically the incapacity of the literary poet to deal with contemporary themes in an effective and straightforward manner. 'Jenny' is a poem on the subject of unfortunate women. A man is supposed to have accompanied a girl of this description to her house, where she falls asleep with her head on his knee, while he moralises on her condition. The majority of poets have, as we think wisely, avoided subjects of this sort. But assuming that success might justify its treatment, one of the first elements of success is that the piece should be brief and forcible. 'Jenny' is nearly 400 lines long. The metre at the opening reminds us of one which Mr. Browning uses with characteristic force, but which in Mr. Rossetti's hands soon degenerates into feeble octosyllabic verse. The thought throughout is pretentious but commonplace. The moralist, beginning with something like a rhapsody on the appearance of the girl as she lies asleep, wonders what she is thinking about; he then reflects that her sleep exactly resembles the sleep of a pure woman; her face he feels might serve a painter as the model of a Madonna. We are thus imperceptibly edged on into the author's favourite regions of abstraction:—

'Yet, Jenny, looking long at you
The woman almost fades from view.
A cipher of man's changeless sum
Of lust past, present, and to come
Is left. A riddle that one shrinks
To challenge from the scornful sphinx.'

Exactly. So this profound philosopher, whose somewhat particular reflections on the charms of the sleeper have brought him at last face to face with the mystery of evil, coolly remarks,—

'Come, come what good in thoughts like this?'

packs some gold into the girl's hair, and takes his leave. What good indeed? But why in that case, and if Mr. Rossetti had no power

power to deal otherwise with so painful a theme could he not have spared us an useless display of affected sentiment and impotent philosophy?

The style of the poem is as bad as the matter. Descriptions repulsively realistic are mixed up with imagery like that in Solomon's Song; the most familiar objects are described by the most unusual paraphrases; a London schoolboy, for instance, being called 'a wise unchildish elf,' while the similes are painfully far-fetched. The heart of the woman is said to be—

'Like a rose shut in a book
In which pure women may not look,
For its base pages claim control
To crush the flower within the soul;
Where through each dead rose-leaf that clings,
Pale as transparent psyche wings,
To the vile text, are traced such things
As might make lady's cheek indeed
More than a living rose to read;
So nought save foolish foulness may
Watch with hard eyes the sure decay;
And so the life-blood of this rose,
Puddled with shameful knowledge, flows
Through leaves no chaste hand may unclose.'

Affectation and obscurity make the application of this difficult enough. It will not, however, escape notice that the simile is radically false, for whereas the point is that the woman's heart is alive in the midst of corruption, the rose in the book, to which the heart is compared, is dried and dead.

Without in any way affecting the character of a mystic, Mr. Morris withdraws himself, perhaps, even farther than Mr. Rossetti from all sympathy with the life and interests of his time:—

'Of Heaven and Hell I have no power to sing,
I cannot ease the burden of your fears,
Or make quick-coming death a little thing,
Or bring again the pleasures of past years,
Nor for my words shall ye forget your tears,
Or hope again for aught that I can say,
The idle singer of an empty day.

But rather, when awaery of your mirth
From full hearts still unsatisfied ye sigh,
And feeling kindly unto all the earth,
Grudge every minute as it passes by,
Made the more mindful that the sweet days die,
Remember me a little then I pray,
The idle singer of an empty day.

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The heavy trouble, the bewildering care,
 That weigh us down who live and earn our bread,
 These idle verses have no power to bear;
 So let me sing of names remembered,
 Because they, living not, can ne'er be dead,
 Or long time take their memories away
 From us poor singers of an empty day.'

Such is Mr. Morris's apology for taking us back to a kind of mediæval legend for the scheme of his 'Earthly Paradise.' 'Certain gentlemen and mariners of Norway having considered all that they had heard of the 'Earthly Paradise' set sail to find it, and, after many troubles, and the lapse of many years, came old men to some western land of which they had never before heard: there they died when they had dwelt there certain years much honoured of the strange people.' The narrative of their wanderings is told with much grace and pathos. A proposal by a priest of the strange people that feasts should be instituted, for the wanderers to hear some of the tales of their Greek ancestors, connects the stories of the poem with the introduction. Mr. Morris ascribes his inspiration to Chaucer, but we think that the design of 'The Earthly Paradise' bears much more resemblance to the 'Decameron' than to 'The Canterbury Tales.' The characters are far more like the colourless ladies and gentlemen who left Florence during the plague, and serve so conveniently as narrators and audience of the Tales in the 'Decameron,' than Chaucer's vivacious company of pilgrims. At the end of each of Boccaccio's stories, his ladies 'praise the tale,' or 'laugh very pleasantly,' or 'feel their cheeks suffused with blushes.' In like manner Mr. Morris's wanderers 'watch the shades of their dead hopes pass by,' sit 'silent, soft-hearted, and compassionate,' or are 'wrapped up in soft self pity.' We are never interested in their actions, as in the quarrel between the Frere and the Sompnoure; indeed it is clear that the racy incidents of real life would be out of place among his legendary shadows. The symmetrical division of the Tales by periods of time is after the manner of the 'Decameron;' but the institution of monthly feasts for the mere purpose of telling stories is a somewhat clumsy contrivance for connecting the tales with the introduction, and for giving the poet an excuse for a graceful prelude to every month of the year. In spite, however, of small blemishes, there is a beauty and completeness in the design of the 'Earthly Paradise,' which gives it a fine distinction among the crowd of chaotic fragments that darken modern literature.

Of the manner in which Mr. Morris has executed his task we cannot

cannot speak with unmixed praise. In the first place it is clear that he has expended his whole skill upon investing his poems with an antique air. The closeness with which he reproduces the effect of the old romance style in his loosely constructed verse is often surprising as a poetical *tour de force*. A passage in the 'Lovers of Gudrun,' where Guest the seer watches the sons of Olaf bathing, strikes us as particularly noticeable, but there are many parts of his tales, and especially the openings, where the ancient simplicity has been imitated with great fidelity. In his description of nature, also, the out-of-door freshness and *naïveté* of the romances has been very happily caught.

His command of the ancient style has, however, been acquired at the cost of other qualities far more essential to real success in narrative. In delineation of character, vivacity of incident, and energy of versification, Mr. Morris shows himself either negligent or incapable. His poetical method may be contrasted not unfairly with that of Ariosto. Like that great poet, he professedly appears 'in raiment clad of stories oft besung.' Ariosto's style, however, is extremely idiomatic, and generally ironical. Yet, though no revivalist, and while looking on the marvels of Turpin's Chronicle with the eye of a humourist, he had a poet's appreciation of all that was noble in the idea of chivalry. Mr. Morris, on the other hand, while trying above all things to tell his stories in the language of romance, often misses the romantic spirit; indeed, so far is he from feeling it, that he is for ever breathing into his Neo-Gothic verse the expression of that decrepit love-longing, which is the peculiar product of modern poetry. There is nothing heroic about his heroes. They perform great deeds, it is true, because the old stories so represent them; but the only adventures in which Mr. Morris shows any interest are their love affairs. Thus when Perseus falls in with Andromeda, several pages are taken up with a recital of all that they felt and said, but when the sea-monster appears, he is despatched in as many lines. Perseus is armed with the Gorgon's head, a weapon of such tremendous power, that he ought to have felt it should be used only on great occasions; yet he employs it on the least provocation, and against the most ignoble foes, merely, as it appears, that Mr. Morris may have the pleasure of conducting him back as quickly as possible to the embraces of Andromeda. Ruggiero, in the 'Orlando Furioso,' has a similar enchanted shield, but he keeps it carefully under cover, and when on one occasion he gains the victory, by the accidental removal of the case, he flings the shield into a well. Even the lovers in Mr. Morris's stories do not command our respect. In the 'Lovers of Gudrun,' perhaps the best story of the collection, our sympathy

is claimed for Kiartan, who is deprived of his mistress by the treachery of his friend. In the old story we should probably feel compassion for such a man, for, though the knights of romance are by no means immaculate, their infidelities are generally lightly passed over in the *naïve* simplicity of the narrative. But how can we waste our sympathy on Mr. Morris's soft-hearted lover, who loiters in Norway, scarcely sending a meagre message to Gudrun, while he amuses himself with the king's sister Ingibiorg, who

‘ More than well

Began to love him, and he let her love,
Saying withal that nought at all might move
His heart from Gudrun; and for very sooth
He might have held that word; and yet for ruth
And a soft pleasure that he might not name,
All unrebuked he let her soft eyes claim
Kindness from his?’

More tiresome still is Acontius. This youth having fallen in love with a lady whom he has just seen ‘through half-shut eyes,’ learns to his horror that she is to be sacrificed to Diana. Yet though he afterwards sees her twice, he has never the heart to speak to her, much less to effect her escape. It is characteristic of Mr. Morris, that after a thousand lines filled with languishing and lamentation, without one act of courage or ingenuity on his part, this most detestable of lovers, through the intervention of Venus, is rewarded by the hand of the beautiful Cydippe.

The heroines of the tales, on the other hand, are as forward as the heroes are languid. We have no objection to their falling in love at first sight—though the occasional appearance of some shrewish Katharine would certainly be a relief—but it appears to us that their unconcealed complaisance would have disenchanted any lovers more particular than Mr. Morris's. Even Aslaug, fostered in the rudest retirement, on the appearance of a ship off her coast, speculates whether ‘the great lord’ to whom it belongs will fall in love with her. Mr. Morris, in fact, seems to think that shame and reserve are qualities incompatible with simplicity. Yet he might remember that Homer's Nausicaa, on approaching her father's town with Ulysses in her waggon, bids him leave her, lest she should provoke comment by appearing in the company of a stranger.

Again, the author has the very slenderest appreciation of the value of incident. This is not the fault of his originals. Both the Greek and the Norse legends have their full complement of the marvellous, but for the marvellous Mr. Morris cares nothing. We confess that we approached these stories with delighted expectation.

expectation. The reappearance of the dragon in poetry, and in the face of a sceptical age, is an event which all readers of poetry should welcome. We recalled the spirit-stirring combat between Ruggiero and the Ork, and the magnificent description of the dragon in the first book of the 'Faery Queen.' But Mr. Morris cannot 'see' a dragon, much less can his dragons fight. When the Chimæra appears, the messenger who reports it to King Jobates confesses to having been so frightened as to be unable to say what it was like. When Mr. Morris himself has to describe the sea-beast killed by Perseus, this is all he has to say of him :—

'He beholding Jove's son drawing near
A huge black fold against him did uprear,
Maned with a hairy tuft, as some old tree
Hung round with moss *in lands where vapours be!*'

It excites neither surprise nor admiration that this most feeble and incapable monster should succumb beneath one whisk of the hero's magic sword.

Lastly, the natural languor of Mr. Morris's style makes his verse at once diffuse and tedious. An incurable habit of gossiping causes him to loiter in his narratives, when he should be swift and stirring. If one of his heroes, say the man born to be a King, sets out on a journey of life and death, we are told all that he thought about, whether the apples that he saw were ripe, and how many old women he passed, going to market. If a princess has occasion to look out of a window, Mr. Morris peeps to see what sort of a carpet she is standing on; and when he has married a pair of lovers in the middle of a story, he pauses to breathe a tearful blessing after them, telling them to make the most of their time, as they will probably some day grow tired of each other's company, and at any rate they will have to die.

This tendency to diffuseness is encouraged by the metre of the poems. The heroic couplet, properly so called with all its proved capacities, is set aside in favour of the elementary style of Chaucer, who, if he were now alive, would be the first to own that the noble metre which he invented had received its last development from later hands. But Mr. Morris is far more diffuse than Chaucer himself. The latter, though he does not observe the couplet, rarely makes a break in the middle of a line, so that his rhymes are clearly marked. Mr. Morris, on the other hand, writes by sentences, and, as his chief aim is to give each sentence an archaic turn, his verse resembles old prose with incidental rhymes. In this way his rhymes become useless not only as points of rhetoric, but as points of limitation. We select a passage at random to illustrate our meaning.

'So

'So Bodli nothing loth went every day
 When so they would to make the lovers gay,
 When so they would to get him gone, that these
 Even with such yearning looks their souls might please
 As must be spoken, but sound folly still
 To aught but twain, because no tongue hath skill
 To tell their meaning. Kinder, Kiartan deemed,
 Grew Bodli day by day, and ever seemed
 Well nigh as happy as the happy twain,
 And unto Bodli life seemed nought but gain,
 And fair the days were.'

The octosyllabic metre, with its inherent facility, does not become vigorous in the hands of Mr. Morris, nor can we approve of his revival of the seven-line stanza, after its long supersession by the Spenserian stanza. It is in this measure, however, we think, that Mr. Morris writes best; indeed, when obliged to consider the ways and means of metre, he shows that he can be concise and forcible enough. The following stanza describes the feelings of Atalanta at her first interview with Milanion before the race:—

'What mean these longings, vague, without a name,
 And this vain pity never felt before,
 This sudden languor, this contempt of fame,
 This tender sorrow for the time past o'er,
 These doubts that grow each minute more and more?
 Why does she tremble as the time draws near,
 And weak defeat and woeful victory fear?'

In the graceful epilogue to 'The Earthly Paradise,' Mr. Morris sends forth his book to find the spirit of Chaucer, who, he says, will understand and sympathise with his attempt

'to lay
 The ghosts that crowd about life's empty day.'

We confess we do not think that Chaucer, however gratified he might be with Mr. Morris' preference and real appreciation, would at all sanction his method of laying ghosts. Of all poets Chaucer shows the most vigorous enjoyment of the activity and incident of life, from which his fastidious scholar so delicately withdraws himself. With his quick perception of character and his genial humour, we believe that the father of our poetry would never have found the present a mere "empty day." Such a phrase might characterise the society that existed at Rome under the latter empire, where all the springs of political and social life were dried. But a nation like England, whose historical fame is still recent, and whose liberties are not extinct, does not subside

at once into such a state of torpor as the expression indicates. It is true that the picturesqueness of life that marked the period of Chaucer, has almost entirely disappeared; it is true also that other arts like those of journalism and novel-writing have done much to supersede poetry in the representation of national manners; yet after all deductions, enough remains of passion in politics, and individuality in character to give opportunities to the poet who knows how to seize them. That the opportunities have not been seized argues, we think, less the emptiness of the day, than the incapacity of the poets.

The failure of the literary poets to appreciate the active life of their time, as well as the affectations of thought and language that are such blemishes in their poetry are due we think, to two main causes, the exaggerated estimate which the poets have formed of their function, and the arbitrary standard of diction which they affect. Throughout this century there has been a growing disposition among the poets to separate themselves into an exclusive clique, whose sympathies and perceptions are supposed to be quite distinct from those of the vulgar. This aristocratic feeling was first exhibited by one, who would certainly be the first to condemn the practice of those who now push his principles to absurd extremes. 'The poet,' says Wordsworth, 'is a man endowed with more lively sensibility, more enthusiasm, and tenderness, who has a greater knowledge of human nature, and a more comprehensive soul, than are supposed to be common among mankind—a man pleased with his own passions and volitions, who rejoices more than other men in the spirit of life that is in him,' &c. &c. The outcome of the preface which contain these words is, that the purpose of this highly gifted being is the expression of truth, the poet being in fact above all things an inspired philosopher. Wordsworth's definition, so far from being exhaustive, is we think extremely particular. It altogether subordinates the qualities of the poet, as a master of language, to his qualities as a man. The description would serve but as a very faint likeness of writers like Juvenal, Dryden, or even Byron, while on the other hand it is, especially in the latter words, a very exact portrait of a poet of the Lake School. A more aristocratic definition could not have been framed, for, in spite of Wordsworth's subsequent appeal to the judgment of the people, it is clear that a poet who rated his own powers so highly, would never consent to be bound by a popular decision, except when it was in his favour. And so it has turned out. The poet now exhibits a morbid sensitiveness to anything like a questioning examination of his utterances.

‘Vex not thou the poet’s mind,
For thou canst not fathom it.’

says Mr. Tennyson. Strange as it seems, the gifts of the *sacer vates*, ‘the sacred madness of the bard,’ genuine enough in the early stages of society, when the atmosphere is charged with an electric credulity, are now reasserted in the face of a sceptical civilisation. Yet, as if to furnish another example of the tendency of an advanced age to develop both extremes of faith and unbelief, it is certain that the cultivated society of the present day is disposed to allow the most despotic pretensions of the poet. The critics above all, who on the appearance of new ideas among the poets greeted them with a savage roaring, have been reduced to a state of lamb-like meekness. Nay, more, those who were once judges, who were so suddenly converted into enemies, have with equal rapidity been transformed into partisans. The critic’s function is now no longer to decide, but to interpret or to flatter, and there is no poet of mark, who has not a crowd of devotees skilful as commentators in explaining his meaning, and ready as courtiers to give his poems the preference over all that are past, present, and probably to come. In this way not only are the decisions of common sense endangered, but even the distinctions between right and wrong run a risk of being confounded. If a poet is hopelessly obscure, he is of course proportionately profound. This signifies little; but it is a very different matter that when he blasphemes religion, he should have sober-minded admirers who can scarcely find it in their hearts to blame his excessive zeal in the cause of progress; or that his outrages upon decency, however cold-blooded and systematic, should be excused as the passing intemperance of youthful ardour.

We believe that the faith in modern poets as superior beings is based upon the extraordinary difference between their language and that in general use. Language has prodigious influence over the mind in every stage of society, and in the disguise of new and ingenious words, the baldest platitude may be received with honour, and a fallacy a thousand times exploded may reappear with small danger of immediate detection. The oracle at Delphi owed much of its influence to the remoteness and ambiguity of its answers; and in the same way the ‘bard’ sees his advantage in saying a thing, not only as it has never been said before, but as no one else would have been likely to think of saying it. Wordsworth, it is true, rested his whole estimate of the poet on his superiority as a man, and considered diction and metre of such merely secondary importance, that he proposed to divest poetry of all ornament by modelling his style as nearly as possible on the simple language in use in the rural districts. But, as if to show how completely

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he was at fault in assigning this subordinate position to language, the practice of almost every one of his distinguished successors has been to elaborate a 'poetic diction' far more unlike nature than that which he himself attacked. The whole range of Mr. Tennyson's poems shows a progressive series of ingenious experiments on language. Every work of Mr. Swinburne's is a succession of daring explorations in metre. Yet neither the language of the one poet, nor the versification of the other is a true reflection of the actions or passions of the men among whom they live. To alter the accentuation of words in common use,* to speak of 'rich enow' instead of 'rich enough,' to call a merchant bark 'a dromond,' these are examples of 'poetic diction' much more glaring than stray lines of classical pedantry, such as,

'Golden Phoebus lifts his reddening fires,'

for which Wordsworth ridicules Gray. Yet licences of this kind are frequent in Mr. Rossetti's poems, and go far to make up the entire style of Mr. Morris. It is the aim of the literary school on all occasions to display instead of concealing their art; nor can we better characterise their manner than by employing the words in which Wordsworth condemns the pedantic imitators of the classics in the eighteenth century. 'These are poets who think that they are conferring honour on themselves and their art, in proportion as they separate themselves from the sympathies of men, and indulge in arbitrary and capricious habits of expression, in order to furnish food for fickle tastes and fickle appetites of their own creation.'†

That there is, however, such a thing as 'poetical diction,' distinguishable from the language of prose, we ourselves have no doubt; indeed it is our opinion that it is this which is the essential characteristic of the poet. We take it to be the general function of a poet to find expression for the thoughts and actions of the men among whom he lives, and this he must do by so economising and elevating the idioms of speech in ordinary use, that the reader may at once seem himself to have experienced what is described, and acknowledge that it has been described in the best possible way. Examples of such phraseology are to be

* What are we to say to Mr. Rossetti's new pronunciation of 'Haymarkét'?—

'Everywhere, be it dry or wet,
And market-night in the Haymarket.'

† In his recently published poem, 'The Last Tournament,' Mr. Tennyson still continues to indulge in archaic and curiously formed words. Such expressions as 'a carcanet of ruby,' 'white samit,' 'Lancelot's languorous mood,' 'swine enow,' 'wan enow,' 'ruby-circled neck,' 'glossy-throated grace,' are samples of his favourite poetic diction.

found in the writings of Pope, Dryden, and Byron. Pope's character of Atticus is a splendid instance of poetic diction, yet so carefully is the art concealed, so closely does it resemble the language in which men usually communicate their thoughts, that it seems at first sight scarcely more than a spontaneous effort of nature. It is only when we perceive the perfect precision of each word, the nice balance of phrases, and the happy turns of natural rhetoric, which are brought out by the pauses of metre, that we understand why such a consummate masterpiece of language could never have been achieved in prose. To produce such a result required, not only a comprehensive knowledge of the world, but a careful study of English poetical diction in the various stages where it had been taken up by successive masters. The literary poet, on the other hand, aims first of all at being strikingly original; his purpose is to produce a perfectly novel effect of language. He seems to believe that he has the same control over language as the sculptor over marble. Yet even the sculptor is to some extent at the mercy of his material, and must abandon his work if the marble has a fault. Far less liberty has the poet. For language is not like marble the lifeless product of Nature, but a living stream that rises in man, and is altered and augmented by all the fluctuations of human genius. Its bed is the life of a nation, and though its course may be partially guided by the ingenuity of individuals, it is the national character which works out the main channel, and bears on the surface the colours of the religion, the history, and the manners of the people. He who would employ the copious volume of its waters, must obediently keep pace with the stages of its flow. He who, desiring the fresh clearness of the early stream, retraces his steps to divert the water at the source, will soon find his artificial runnels shallow and dry. He, on the other hand, who with bolder genius opposes the full body of the stream, and seeks to bend it into a bed of his own making, may, perhaps, excite astonishment for a moment by the grandeur of his experiments and his apparent triumph over the elements. But the laws of Nature will re-assert themselves; the river of language will make its own way; and though his work may remain as a prodigy of art, it will have given no lasting aid towards guiding and distributing the bounty of the waters.

ART. IV.—*The Works of George Berkeley, D.D., formerly Bishop of Cloyne: including many of his Writings hitherto unpublished. With Prefaces, Annotations, his Life and Letters, and an Account of his Philosophy.* By Alexander Campbell Fraser, M.A., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh. 4 vols. 8vo. Oxford, 1871.

EARLY in last year the Clarendon Press of the University of Oxford issued, almost simultaneously, two important works—the ‘Dialogues of Plato,’ translated by the Master of Balliol, and ‘The Writings of Bishop Berkeley,’ collected and edited by Professor Fraser. These two works bear a striking resemblance to each other in external appearance, each consisting of four handsome volumes of the same hue and size; and in one point, at all events, they have a certain internal similarity, for each is severally designed to bring to the better knowledge of the world a philosopher much spoken of and much misapprehended. In the case of Berkeley, his editor has been enabled to throw light on his modes of thought by the publication, for the first time, of a set of papers, containing his memoranda and diaries, which were known to be in the possession of Archdeacon Rose; and a good deal has been gained by the bringing together of all Berkeley’s works, with a careful collation of the different editions. In some cases the alterations which Berkeley introduced, or the omissions which he caused to be made, in subsequent editions of his treatises, are very significant of a change in his philosophical opinions. Professor Fraser has been long known as an authority in the mysteries of the Berkeleian philosophy; and the explanations which he has now afforded in the Introductions, Notes, and Dissertations, which these volumes contain, fully justify the expectation which had been formed of them. It is highly creditable to the delegates of the Clarendon Press to have proposed this edition of Berkeley’s works, and it is difficult to conceive their idea better carried out than it has been by Professor Fraser. To his considerable learning in the history of philosophy, and his intimate knowledge of this particular chapter in it, he has added an unwearied diligence in the collection of all possible indications and hints connected with the subject. And he has stated all the results of his investigations in clear and pleasant style without prolixity. An evident sympathy for Berkeley’s philosophy tinges his mode of treatment, but without such a sympathy it would have been almost impossible for any one to go through with the labour necessary for the production of these volumes. And, considering his sympathy,
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he is wonderfully impartial, and leaves the reader in a position to judge for himself of the merits of Berkeley's thought.

The life of Bishop Berkeley is very interesting in itself, and an acquaintance with it is a considerable help towards estimating the character of his philosophy. Professor Fraser justly complains of the slightness and meagreness of previously existing biographies, and of the difficulty, at this distance, of supplying the missing details. Yet, on the whole, when we have gone through the 'Life and Letters' now furnished, especially with the addition of Berkeley's private *Commonplace Book* and his *Diary in Italy*, we feel that we have got very near the man, and, for practical purposes, know enough about him. The butterfly-down indeed is gone. The grace and charm of colloquial manner, which Berkeley must have had in so high a degree, is lost. But it is the universal fate of mortals that their colloquial individuality dies with them. From this fate only two have been exempt—Socrates and Dr. Johnson—of each of whom it might be said, *καὶ νῦν ὑπὸ γαλας πάνφυτος ἀνασσει*, 'after death he reigns in fulness of life.' Berkeley's wife, who had seen something of the world, spoke of him as 'the greatest wit of the age.' But now not a *mot* of him remains. His letters are, on the whole, little representative of him. Most of those which remain are taken up with business, and are addressed to his friend and agent Tom Prior, for whom he had much regard, but whom he hardly treats as an equal. Other letters are, for the most part, somewhat stiff and jejune. We can only infer the excellence of Berkeley's conversation from its known effects, from the eagerness with which his society was sought out by those who had the pick of London, and from the way in which he not only fascinated people for the moment, but also deeply impressed them.

Berkeley was one of the darlings of the human race; one of those who cannot fail to be prosperous, because they make all men anxious to serve and help them. The spell which he exercised over the regards and likings of other men was one of the most remarkable features of his history and character. So far as, by conjecture, we can analyse the secret of this spell, it consisted in the half Irish sweetness and pleasantness of his nature, combined with a rare freedom from all irregularities of temper, from all pride, peevishness, and self-assertion, from all cantankerous dispositions of whatever kind; combined, in short, with real goodness, and also with that which is so great a charm in society—a rich flow of unpedantic ideas.

Gifted with the power of attracting the love of others, Berkeley lived like a lily of the field, or as a bird of the air, only very rarely

rarely having occasion to take thought for the morrow. And the life which he led was, until his health began to decline, full of sunshine and prosperity, and rich in that sort of happiness which he most desired and appreciated. Often characterised by noble and even chivalrous aims for the good of mankind, it was yet not a life of self-sacrifice. For these aims were envisaged under the form of the ideally beautiful, and were chosen for their own sake. Berkeley's ethical system has been described as a 'theological utilitarianism;' we find him in his early *Commonplace Book* identifying pleasure with the *summum bonum*, and his whole life is an exemplification of the Platonic doctrine that we should learn to take pleasure in good things. To his happily balanced nature good always presented itself under the form of pleasure.

Berkeley belonged to an English Cavalier family, connected with the noble house of Berkeley of Stratton, which settled in Ireland in the time of Charles II. Berkeley was born in 1685, probably at Dysert, in the picturesque valley of the Nore, county Kilkenny. His primary education must have been efficiently conducted, for the first remaining record of him shows that at the precocious age of eleven years he was admitted into the highest class but one of the Duke of Ormond's school at Kilkenny, which has been called 'the Eton of Ireland,' and which had been attended by Swift some fifteen years previously. In the year 1700 Berkeley entered Trinity College, Dublin, and traditions point to his having been considered eccentric in those days, when his juvenile enthusiasm was untempered by his subsequent experience and the polish of the world. He appears to have passed through the ordinary curriculum of studies with distinction and applause, and in 1707 he was admitted a Fellow. Trinity College, Dublin, at the commencement of the eighteenth century, seems to have been full of a good deal of intellectual activity; and in 1705 Berkeley and his friends formed a Society to promote their investigations in the New Philosophy of Boyle, Newton, and Locke. The rules of this Society are preserved for us in Berkeley's *Commonplace Book*, now for the first time published by Professor Fraser, which is one of the most interesting records of the formation of a philosopher's mind ever given to the world. The *Commonplace Book* represents Berkeley's studies and thoughts, and probably also many of the questions discussed in the society of his academical friends; it contains his tentative jottings in philosophy, 'apparently from about his eighteenth till about his twenty-second year,' and it was, in short, his private preparation for those works which he, ere long, in rapid succession produced.

In

In the *Commonplace Book*, we find him brooding over a particular set of reflections, till they have almost grown into a system, and at the same time schooling himself to anticipate and disarm opposition. He is big with a great secret, which it is his mission to impart to the world. In reference to this feeling, that a mission had been entrusted to him, he writes: 'I was distrustful at eight years old, and consequently by nature disposed for these new doctrines.' In 1707, he began to feel his way to authorship, by the anonymous publication of two tracts, in Latin, on mathematical subjects. In 1709, he stepped forth under his own name with an instalment of his secret, in the shape of the celebrated 'Essay towards a New Theory of Vision.' But this clever and striking book was only partly original in its scope, and one of the points to be remarked about it is that it did not reveal the central thought which at the time, as we learn from the *Commonplace Book*, had possession of Berkeley's mind. It was but an outwork of the attack which he had been silently preparing on the scholastic notions of Matter, Space, and Time. In the following year (1710) he unmasked his batteries, by bringing out his 'Treatise concerning the Principles of Human Knowledge, Part I.' Of this work, 'Part II.' never appeared. We can only conjecture what the unfinished design was. 'Part I.' was dropped out from the title-page of succeeding editions, and in 1713 Berkeley published the conclusions arrived at in his 'Principles,' in a more popular form, under the title of 'Three Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous. The design of which is plainly to demonstrate the reality and perfection of Human Knowledge, the Incorporeal Nature of the Soul, and the immediate providence of a Deity; in opposition to Sceptics and Atheists. Also to open a Method for rendering the Sciences more easy, useful, and compendious.' How far Berkeley's arguments succeeded in realising the programme contained in this title-page may be briefly considered hereafter. The three works mentioned complete the first and indeed the chief period in his philosophical achievements. They were brought out between his twenty-fourth and twenty-ninth year. He had been precocious as a schoolboy, and he now undoubtedly showed himself precocious as a thinker. In the biographies of philosophers, he is most resembled in this respect by Hume, whose greatest work of speculation appeared when he was twenty-seven. Spinoza had his system ready at the age of thirty-five, Descartes at the age of forty, Locke and Kant not till they were each nearly sixty years old. Connected with this point there is another characteristic of Berkeley's mind, besides its precocious development, which is worthy of notice, and that is the intensity and impetuosity with which he seems

to have followed up the object in which for the time he was interested. It seems also as if, after a period of strenuous exertion in a particular direction, he was capable of becoming suddenly weary of the object of his pursuit, and of turning from it to pursue other objects with fresh and equally exclusive ardour. Thus, throughout his life philosophical research was only intermittent. After publishing his 'Dialogues,' his mind appears to have been satiated with speculation and argument on Matter, Space, Time, and God; and to all appearance he dropped the subject. He did not take it up again till seven years had elapsed, when (1720) being stimulated by the proposal of 'the Nature of Motion' as the subject for a prize-essay, by the Academy of Sciences in Paris, he set to work again from his former point of view, and composed in Latin his treatise 'De Motu,' which added an important chapter to the earlier portions of his system, in the shape of a spiritual theory of the nature of causation.

In the meanwhile (1713) he left his cloister and went out, like Dr. Faust, to see the world. His Mephistopheles, so to speak, was no other than Swift, that great, brilliant, terrible, unhappy genius, of whom Thackeray doubts whether most of us could have borne to know him: 'If you had been his inferior in parts,' says Thackeray, perhaps too bitterly, 'and his equal in mere social station, he would have bullied, scorned, and insulted you; if undeterred by his great reputation, you had met him like a man, he would have quailed before you, and not had the pluck to reply, and gone home, and years after written a foul epigram about you. If you had been a lord with a blue riband, who flattered his vanity, or could help his ambition, he would have been the most delightful company in the world.' But Swift was always good to Berkeley. He now received him in London, presented him at court, 'mentioned him to all the ministers,' 'gave them some of his writings,' spoke of him as 'a very ingenious man and a great philosopher,' and seemed to find much pleasure in his society. Berkeley is several times mentioned in the 'Journal to Stella'; on one occasion he dines with Swift and Dr. Arbuthnot, on another with Swift and Parnell 'in an ale-house.' During the spring and summer of 1713 he remained in London, enjoying, from time to time, the society of Addison, Pope, Gay, Steele, and other wits and men of letters of the reign of Anne. Between March and August he contributed fourteen essays to Steele's new paper called the 'Guardian.' These essays are collected by Professor Fraser among Berkeley's Miscellaneous Writings. They are against the Free-thinkers, and are chiefly directed against Collins, who had just published his 'Discourse of Free-thinking,' and who was reported, though it looks like

an idle rumour, to have announced himself the discoverer of a demonstration against the existence of God. On the whole, they appear hardly worthy of Berkeley's powers; they have a very slight connection with his philosophical views; the satire in them is far from being brilliant; and they consist rather of a narrow polemic against ideal and imaginary sceptics than a real answer to the Deists of the early part of the eighteenth century. Berkeley had come to London as a clergyman, having received holy orders in 1709. And he was not the less welcome to the Tory ministry of the day, for being known to have preached in 1711, and afterwards published a 'Discourse on Passive Obedience,' and on the duty of not resisting the supreme civil power. It would be a mistake to suppose that this 'Discourse' consists of a vindication of the 'divine right' of kings. Rather it advocates submission to the government—of whatever kind it be. It is a protest against lawlessness, and may have been suggested by the temper of the public mind in Ireland. As coming from a philosopher, it bears comparison with the doctrine of Socrates, which had also reference to the restlessness of the Athenians, and their extreme tendency to assert individual rights—that the whole of virtue is summed up in obedience to the laws. But Berkeley's 'Discourse' has only a biographical interest; it is not conceived with sufficient philosophical breadth, or from the point of view of sufficient political experience, to be available as an argument now. It was brought up against him, as evincing supposed Jacobite tendencies, in the reign of the first George, and it was only by the production of the 'Discourse itself' that Berkeley's friends were enabled to show its harmless character, and thus to prevent its being made an obstacle to his promotion.

In November, 1713, by the recommendation of Swift, Berkeley received the appointment of chaplain and secretary to the brilliant and eccentric Earl of Peterborough, who was just then starting as ambassador-extraordinary to Victor Amadeus, King of Sicily. Lord Peterborough, who, in earlier life, had been the intimate friend of Locke, was probably nothing loth to attach to his suite the rising philosopher of the day. And Berkeley was perhaps far from unwilling to be brought into personal relations with one of the most striking and remarkable of public characters—famed for war, diplomacy, scholarship, and wit; restless and full of contradictions; a man of the world and an enemy to religion, 'who nevertheless was said to have written sermons to rival Christian preachers.' In conformity with the statutes of Trinity College, Dublin, Berkeley obtained a Royal dispensation 'to travel and remain abroad during the space of

two years, for the recovery of his health and his improvement in learning,' and this dispensation was afterwards twice renewed, so that he was at this time for more than eight years a wanderer from Ireland and the academic shades. It so turned out, however, that, except for one month, during which he halted with Lord Peterborough at Paris, he saw hardly anything of his chief. Berkeley, by his own choice, travelled with some of the suite through Savoy and over the Alps, to meet at Genoa the ambassador, who had gone by sea. And then the suite were all left at Leghorn, while Lord Peterborough, from some diplomatic motive, went on alone and incognito to Sicily, where he stayed three months, at the end of which time the death of the Queen on the 1st August, 1714, suddenly changed the whole aspect of things in England. The Tory ministry was dissolved, and Peterborough was recalled; and Berkeley immediately returned to London.

The earliest of Berkeley's letters, which have been preserved, are dated from Paris, Turin, and Leghorn, during this period of ten months, when he was Lord Peterborough's chaplain. Three are addressed to his friend Tom Prior, and one to Pope. He tells Pope that, 'as a poet, he ought to come for inspiration to Italy; and he adds that 'to enable a man to describe rocks and precipices, it is absolutely necessary that he pass the Alps.' In this remark there is no trace of the modern feeling for the sublimity of mountains. He seems to mean that a poet should study the horrible, and he speaks in the spirit of the 'Alpinas, ah! dura, nives,' of Virgil, though for other and gentler kinds of scenery Berkeley had, like Virgil, a keen sensibility. He seems to have regarded his ride through Savoy in mid-winter as a great and perilous exploit, which he would advise no one to imitate. He tells Prior that 'Savoy was a perpetual chain of rocks and mountains, almost impassable for ice and snow. And yet I rode post through it, and came off with only four falls; from which I received no other damage than the breaking my sword, my watch, and my snuff-box.' On New Year's Day he was carried in a hand-chair over Mont Cenis, and seems to have been far too much occupied with the fear that his porters might slip with him, to give any appreciative attention to the grandeur of the spectacle through which he passed. He received benefit, however, to his health from the hardships he endured. He says: 'I am now hardened against wind and weather, earth and sea, frost and snow; can gallop all day long, and sleep but three or four hours at night.' When he got back to London, he seems to have been ill again, for Arbuthnot wrote to Swift: 'Poor philosopher Berkeley has now the *idea* of health, which was very hard

hard to produce in him; for he had an *idea* of a strange fever upon him, so strong that it was very hard to destroy it by introducing a contrary one.'

Berkeley had now tasted foreign travel, and he soon returned to it, having been almost immediately appointed to accompany Mr. Ashe, son of the Bishop of Clogher, on a continental tour. One of the first things reported of this journey is that Berkeley, while with his pupil at Paris (1715), was the 'occasional cause' of the death of Father Malebranche, to whom he had gone to pay his respects, by drawing that aged philosopher into a controversy on some point of difference between their respective systems, at a time when he was suffering from an inflammation of the lungs. The story, however, of this meeting between the two metaphysicians, and of its tragical end, rests solely on the authority of Berkeley's early and not very careful biographers, and is not confirmed or alluded to by the biographers of Malebranche. We hear nothing more of Berkeley, even by report, except that 'he travelled over most parts of Europe,' till we come on his Diary in Italy, from January to June, 1717, in which he lives again in full vitality before our eyes. This document, forming part of Archdeacon Rose's collection of the Berkeley papers, is contained in four small volumes, which were evidently Berkeley's travelling companions. Notes of the works of art, libraries, and palaces of Rome; of posting stages, distances, different kinds of crops (jotted in pencil, apparently in the carriage as the travellers passed along); of towns and villages through the south of Italy, with their populations; of commercial and other statistics; of monasteries, and different orders of monks; of Catholic ceremonies, miracles, and beliefs; above all, of cases of the bite of the Tarantula, and of the treatment of the Tarantati—fill up these interesting pages. They suggest to us that with Berkeley the period of metaphysical speculation had been succeeded by a period in which external observation was paramount. Art, nature, and the life of men were now to him, for the time, more important than theories of perception and existence. Like Goethe during his Italian journeys, he was now undergoing in mature life an extended process of culture. To receive, to take in impressions, was the chief work of each day. But the Diary also bears witness to an extensive reading, though at the same time to an absence of that profound scholarship which would have enabled a Bentley or a Niebuhr to take a very different advantage of the opportunities afforded. Berkeley shows an intelligent curiosity in libraries and MSS., but no discovery appears to have resulted from it. He was an *amateur* traveller without a speciality, and his remarks remind us of the great

great progress which has been made since his time in special branches of knowledge, such as the history and criticism of art, palæography, and the like.

The Diary is but a glimpse, and yet, like a flash of lightning, it shows a great deal. After it the darkness returns, and we have to fancy Berkeley still travelling on with his pupil, in the same healthy and happy spirit, till we find him at Lyons, in 1720, writing his treatise '*De Motu*,' which has been mentioned above; and at the end of the same year he is again in London.

On his return home after a five years' absence, and on scrutinising his country with those eyes of comparison and criticism which are apt to be engendered by long sojournings among foreign peoples, Berkeley had the pain of finding England involved in the consternation and panic which followed the sudden collapse of the South Sea speculation. Several of his friends, and, amongst them, the poet Gay, had been involved in ruin. Berkeley threw himself into the situation with his wonted intensity, and, feeling much and imagining more, he probably exaggerated the extent and importance of the calamity and the corruption of national morality which was implied. As Professor Fraser remarks, 'We know more about these things now: commercial speculation was then a novelty in the nation.' Berkeley was moved to give utterance to the thoughts which arose within him, and he did so in an anonymous pamphlet entitled '*An Essay towards Preventing the Ruin of Great Britain*.' This earnest production was like the warning of a Hebrew prophet; it was a despairing call for the regeneration of his country, and might in some respects be compared with Fichte's '*Addresses to the German People*' after the battle of Jena. 'We are undone,' is the spirit of his language, 'and lost to all sense of our true interest. If we are to be saved at all, it must be by the persons who compose society becoming individually industrious, frugal, public-spirited, and religious. This, and not any royal road, is the way to safety, if there is any way at all.' There is much that is economically valuable in Berkeley's general reasonings on this topic, as, for instance, in the remark (trite enough now) that 'Money is so far useful to the public as it promoteth industry, and credit having the same effect is of the same value with money; but money or credit circulating through a nation from hand to hand, without producing labour and industry in the inhabitants, is direct gaming.' And he anticipates some ideas of the present century in calling for improvement in our trades and manufactures by means of premiums to be offered by the State to ingenious artists. We, however, put it differently, and talk of the encouragement of technical education.

tion. His recommendation of sumptuary laws to regulate the dress of ladies, and of laws for the repression of masquerades, will less bear the scrutiny of modern opinion. And we see now that Berkeley had too little faith in the moral energies of England and in the powers of developing towards the good which were latent in her. And yet his powerful and eloquent 'Essay' may still be read with instruction, and may suggest many thoughts.

After relieving his mind by its publication, Berkeley remained in London during the spring and summer of 1721. 'His travels had added to his social charms, and he found ready admission to the best society.' There are traces remaining to show how much at this time Pope valued his companionship. In August he was recommended by Lord Burlington to the Duke of Grafton, who had just been appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Berkeley went in the Duke's suite as one of his chaplains, and in this capacity returned once more to Dublin. In a stray letter of this period, which has been preserved, Berkeley good-naturedly records that he has to sup and often dine with the steward, and that the Duke keeps him at a great distance. 'But,' he adds, 'a good Deanery will easily make amends for lessening my quality.' And in the following February (1722) he was nominated Dean of Dromore. This preferment appears to have been a lucrative sinecure, equal in value to about fourteen hundred pounds a year in the present day, and not implying residence or any duty. Berkeley held it in addition to a Senior Fellowship in Trinity College, the office of Senior Proctor, and that of Hebrew Lecturer; which college offices together gave him the equivalent to between four and five hundred pounds a year at the present rate of reckoning. There were pleasant and easy times for successful aspirants in the Irish Church during the last century.

But Berkeley's fortunes culminated in 1723 in a curious and romantic way. It seems that when he was in London in 1713, Swift had carried him one day incidentally to dine at the house of Mrs. Vanhomrig. Berkeley himself declared that this was 'the first and last time in his life in which he ever saw' the celebrated Vanessa. But the nameless charm of his manner and disposition seem in this one interview to have made a lasting impression on the unfortunate young lady. On the death of her mother in 1717, she had settled on her property, Marley Abbey, ten miles from Dublin, to be near Swift, to whom her whole heart was given. But Swift had in the mean time been privately married to Stella, and Vanessa found herself constantly repulsed. In 1720 she brought matters to a crisis, and obtained Stella's
avowal

avowal of her relationship to Swift. A violent rupture took place, and Vanessa immediately revoked a will made in favour of Swift, and settled the whole of her estate, in value about 8000*l.*, to be divided between Berkeley and a Mr. Marshal, afterwards one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas in Ireland. She died of a broken heart in 1723. Thus did the ravens provide for Berkeley, or, rather, thus did he lay mankind (and womankind too) under contribution, without asking or wishing for anything, by the mere magic of his presence.

In April, 1724, he was nominated by the Duke of Grafton to the livings of Ardtrea and Arboe, and almost simultaneously, in lieu thereof, to one of the best preferments in Ireland, the important Deanery of Derry, worth, even in those days, eleven hundred pounds a year. It was considered an ecclesiastical position in which much might be done, as it was 'a great frontier against Dissenters,' and contained five cures, besides the Isle of Inch, where there were a hundred families, without the power of getting to any church except by crossing the sea. In fact, it opened scope for a sort of missionary enterprise; but Berkeley's mind was by this time set on missionary enterprise of a different and more grandiose character, and there is no trace of his ever visiting the Deanery of Derry. He resigned all his offices in Trinity College, but his heart was on wing to quit Ireland and the Old World altogether.

His new plans and his feelings about them are excellently set forth in a letter from Swift, recommending him to Lord Carteret, who had just succeeded the Duke of Grafton as Lord-Lieutenant (September, 1724). This letter shows, in most favourable light, the good side of Swift's character. We must not forget that only the year before Berkeley had supplanted him in a large legacy, and though this was brought about unwittingly and without the employment of any arts, still, if Swift's nature had been composed of such almost unmixed malignity as some would have us believe, he would hardly have failed to have resented the occurrence. But now, so far from showing the slightest vestige of bitterness towards Berkeley, he writes of him in the most handsome, appreciative, and sympathetic way. He gives an admirable summary of Berkeley's previous career, and touches off his scheme 'of a life academico-philosophical in a College founded for Indian scholars and missionaries' in a few half bantering, but really approving sentences, just in the style that would be most telling with a statesman and man of the world. He says of Berkeley—'He is an absolute philosopher with regard to money, titles, and power; and for three years past has been struck with a notion of founding a University at Bermudas,

Bermudas, by a charter from the Crown. He has seduced several of the hopefulest young clergymen and others here, many of them well provided for, and all in the fairest way for preferment; but in England his conquests are greater, and I doubt will spread very far this winter.' 'He most exorbitantly proposes a whole hundred pounds a year for himself, fifty pounds for a Fellow, and ten for a Student. His heart will break if his Deanery be not taken from him, and left at your Excellency's disposal. I discouraged him by the coldness of courts and ministers, who will interpret all this as impossible and a vision; but nothing will do. And I therefore humbly entreat your Excellency either to use such persuasions as will keep one of the first men in the kingdom for learning and virtue quiet at home, or assist him by your credit to compass his romantic design; which, however, is very noble and generous, and directly proper for a great person of your excellent education to encourage.' Nothing could show more clearly than this letter of Swift's the remarkable faculty which Berkeley possessed of drawing out the good that was in those with whom he came in contact.

Of the first origin of the wonderful scheme for a College in the Bermudas we can only form conjectures. Swift says that it had been in Berkeley's mind 'for three years,' and Professor Fraser points out that this takes us back to the time of the sufferings from the South Sea disaster, and of the 'Essay towards Preventing the Ruin of Great Britain,' and he thinks that Berkeley's first impulse towards America may have arisen out of despair at the state of things at home. But of this there is no further evidence. The idea which had grown up in Berkeley's mind bears the marks of being a positive rather than a negative idea. There is no trace in Berkeley's subsequent expressions of a repugnance to 'scholastic universities' or the state of the church at home. The desire which he felt was an enthusiastic longing to realise an ideal—it was not the wish to fly from present evils. It was rather the bright vision which produced the shadow, than the shadow which gave rise to the vision. Among the circumstances that may have conspired to put the plan into his head was the fact that a General Codrington, who died in 1710, had left his estates in Barbadoes to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, to found a college there. Again, America was in those days what India (of which Hegel says, 'Es ist immer das Land der Sehnsucht gewesen') is now; it was a great centre of attraction for benevolent enterprise and romantic philanthropy. Above all, a halo of the brightest romance had been thrown over the Bermudas, or 'Summer Islands,' as they were called after Sir George Somers, who was wrecked there in 1609. 'He and
his

his comrades were unexpectedly charmed by their place of refuge. Bermuda, became famed for its delightful climate, and was a resort of Royalists and Roundheads during the troubles of the times. The poet Waller, after his condemnation by Parliament, is said to have passed some months in 1643 in Bermuda, which, in his 'Battle of the Summer Islands,' he has described with enthusiasm as enjoying perpetual spring, and offering the most beautiful residence in the world. And Andrew Marvell, in his poem 'Bermudas,' celebrates the

"isle so long unknown
And yet far kinder than our own,
Safe from the storms, and prelates' rage."

Such were the sort of elements out of which Berkeley's vision shaped itself. Noble and benevolent purposes were mixed up with other ideas, but they seem to us rather as the woof than as the warp of the texture. The picture—the picture was the thing;—the picture of deep peace, of a serene life, simple and yet deeply intellectual, frugal without the sense of a single want, sober yet unrestrained; a docile crowd of disciples in the foreground; applauding conscience within; approving Heaven above; and all round palm-trees and everlasting spring and the sparkling foam of the ocean. It was a good thought to propose to raise the tone and improve the cultivation of the clergy in America; it was a good thought to propose by means of education to prepare the way for the Gospel among the Red Indians. But what practical man could have seriously believed that the proper head-quarters for such operations would be a group of islands in the middle of the Atlantic, six hundred miles from the coast of America? It was all a poet's dream, hardly more substantial, though more exertions were used to realise it, than the dream entertained by Coleridge, Southey, and Lloyd, of establishing 'Pantisocracy' on the banks of the Susquehanna. The very name of the 'Summer Islands' had a good deal to do with the formation of this romance, just as the Susquehanna was chosen by Coleridge and his friends as the site of their ideal republic, for no other qualities but its sounding name.

But the most astonishing feature of the whole story is Berkeley's success in getting other people to see his proposals in the same light as himself. Swift was quite right in predicting that his conquests would spread far in England. He at first proposed to raise the necessary funds for the endowment of his College by subscription, and he actually received promises of more than 5000*l.* (a large sum in those days) for the purpose. But he was

not content with this mode of procedure. He got the ear of George I., and obtained his Majesty's approval for the grant of 20,000*l.* from the purchase money of the Island of St. Christopher, ceded to England by the treaty of Utrecht—being made as an endowment for the College in the Bermudas, provided that Parliament would sanction it. Berkeley had succeeded in getting the name of Sir Robert Walpole on his list for a subscription of 200*l.*, and this may probably be considered a greater feat than his getting 4000*l.* from Miss Vanhomrigh by his conversation during a single dinner. He now managed to see every member of both Houses, and to represent to them that the King was in favour of the grant and the Minister not opposing. The Bill came on in the Commons on the 11th May, 1726, and was carried with only two dissentient voices. Walpole said afterwards that he had no idea this would be the result,—he expected that the mere preamble of the Bill would ensure its being thrown out. But, as events proved, he was inwardly determined that 20,000*l.* of the public money should never go to 'St. Paul's College in Bermuda.' Berkeley occupied fully four years in the work of pushing his scheme in London and in getting preliminary arrangements made. 'Bermuda' became a by-word among the wits in London, and Bolingbroke wrote to Swift that he would willingly quit Europe for so delightful a spot—only not in a missionary capacity. He asked if Swift would not accompany him, that they might 'form a society more reasonable and more useful than Dean Berkeley's College.' The bulk of Berkeley's correspondence, as preserved to us, dates from this period. It is addressed to Tom Prior, but, with occasional brief references to Bermuda, it is almost entirely about the business which arose out of the Vanessa bequest, and which Prior was managing for him. One of the few Irishisms which fell from Berkeley's pen occurs in this correspondence; he says, 'Dear Tom, do this matter *cleanly and cleverly* without waiting for further advice.' The matter which was to be done 'cleanly and cleverly' was the procuring of a secret lodging in Dublin for Berkeley, who, from some motive which he does not appear to have revealed to his correspondent, wished to come over incognito to Ireland. What all this mystery was about can only be conjectured. Most probably it had some connection with the courtship which he must then have been carrying on, and of which he never said a word to his simple, affectionate henchman, till he announced the *dénouement* in the following terms:—'Dear Tom, To-morrow, with God's blessing, I set sail for Rhode Island, with my wife and a friend of hers, my Lady Handcock's daughter, who bears us company. I am married since I saw you to Miss Forster, daughter

daughter of the late Chief Justice, whose humour and turn of mind pleases me beyond anything that I know in her whole sex. Mr. James, Mr. Dalton, and Mr. Smibert go with us on this voyage. We are now altogether at Gravesend, and are engaged in one view.' Of this Miss Forster the 'Historical Register' for 1728, going rather into personal detail, records that she was 'an agreeable young lady,' and had a fortune of 4000*l*. There is a tradition that she was of the school of the Quietists and a student of Fénélon and Madame Guyon. One letter of hers to her son which has been preserved shows her to have been a sensible and high-minded woman.

Of Berkeley's other companions, James (afterwards Sir John), Dalton, and Miss Handcock, were all persons of good family and independent means; Smibert was an English painter, who had fallen under Berkeley's fascinations, and elected to try his fortunes in the new colony. The future fellows of St. Paul's College were to wait till the city of Bermuda should be in progress, for which city Berkeley, with the architectural taste acquired in Italy, had made elegant designs. The Government grant of 20,000*l*. was to be payable in two years' time, and Berkeley was to retain the Deanery of Derry for a year and a half after that period, with the option of then returning to it or of remaining as Principal of the Bermuda College. In the meanwhile he was bound for Rhode Island on the coast of America, where he was to buy land and establish a communication between that place and the Bermudas.

No part of Professor Fraser's biography is more pleasing than his account of Berkeley's life (for about three years) in Rhode Island. He has succeeded in reproducing the motley society of the place at that time; from various sources he has obtained descriptions and photographs, of which engravings are given, of Berkeley's haunts; and Lady Amberley, who with Lord Amberley visited Rhode Island in 1867, has contributed an interesting description of 'Whitehall,' the house which Berkeley built for himself there. Looking at this period as a whole, the curious thing is to observe how much Berkeley's zeal for the professed objects of his expedition appears to have evaporated, when he got to the place of action. We might have expected that so ardent an apostle as had started on this mission, four years before, regardless of his own worldly interests, would never have rested in Rhode Island till he had got some of the Indians under his influence, till he had travelled in America and made himself acquainted with the materials to be dealt with, till he had begun organising the plans which he had so much at heart.

But he did nothing of this kind. To sum up briefly the history of Berkeley's residence in Rhode Island, we might say that he bought some land and some slaves (three of whom are recorded as having been admitted to the church), that he built a house, had two children born to him, made himself very pleasant and amiable to his neighbours, formed a philosophical society in the town of Newport, but generally speaking lived a very recluse life, plunged deeply into study, and wrote a book. This book was entitled 'Alciphron, or the Minute Philosopher;' it consists of popular dialogues in defence of Christianity, against Mandeville, Shaftesbury, and Collins, and is full of references to the scenery of Rhode Island; it is the largest of all his works, and was finished just in time to be published immediately after his return to England. The real fact is that Berkeley was not qualified for the task which he had assigned to himself. He had not that enduring energy, that tendency to outward action, which is necessary for the missionary. His history in other matters shows that the intensity with which he took up particular ideas could not last beyond a certain time, and was then succeeded by a period of weariness. The struggle which for four years he had maintained to establish the preliminaries of his plan had exhausted him. When he got to Rhode Island, he was married, and he relaxed the strain and sunk into that which was most natural to him, a quiet life of philosophical study and writing. We cannot agree with Professor Fraser that the disappointment attending upon the non-fulfilment of his Bermuda plan affected his spirits and broke down his health. His letters to Tom Prior from Rhode Island do not at all indicate that his heart is set on Bermuda. He from time to time intimates that he means to stay till the King's pleasure be finally known, but he does so in a passive kind of way, as if he were bound to stick to his bargain, if the other side carried it out, but not with any strong wishes on the subject. On one occasion he writes:—

'I find it hath been reported in Ireland that we propose settling here (in Rhode Island). I must desire you to discountenance any such report. The truth is, if the King's bounty were paid in, and the charter could be removed hither, *I should like it better than Bermuda*: but if this were mentioned before the payment of said money, it may perhaps hinder it, and defeat all our designs.' Two years later he writes, 'I do assure you, *bonâ fide*, that I have not the least intention to stay here longer than I can get a clear answer from Government; for, upon all private accounts, I should like Derry better than New England.'—'To conclude, as I am here in order to execute a design addressed for by Parliament, and

and set on foot by his Majesty's royal charter, I think myself obliged to wait the event, whatever course is taken in Ireland about my Deanery.'

In the mean time Gibson, the Bishop of London, was working to get the payment of the Bermuda grant, or at all events a definite answer, out of Government. At last Walpole very characteristically told him, 'If you put this question to me as a minister, I must and can assure you that the money shall most undoubtedly be paid, as soon as suits with public convenience; but if you ask me as a friend, whether Dean Berkeley should continue in America, expecting the payment of 20,000*l.*, I advise him by all means to return home to Europe, and to give up his present expectations.' Berkeley naturally took this hint; he gave utterance to a very resigned and philosophical sigh in the introduction to '*Alciphron*,' which he was now just completing, and in the end of 1731 he returned with his family to London. Smibert, the artist, remained and successfully practised his profession in Boston, and James and Dalton appeared to have prolonged their travels in America. Berkeley's mind was soon taken up with other subjects. It is true that his energies from this time appear diminished, but there does not seem to be sufficient ground for attributing this to the results of mental disappointment in connection with his Bermuda scheme. His physical constitution, never very strong, had broken down, and at the age of forty-seven he was a prematurely old man. His visit to America was not without benefit to the cause of learning and religion which he had at heart. Very generously, on leaving Rhode Island, he assigned his farm of ninety-six acres there to Yale College, Newhaven, for the foundation of three Scholarships to be awarded by an examination in Greek and Latin. And these scholarships appear to have had a considerable influence in promoting classical study in America. The list of '*Berkeleyian Scholars of the House*' in Yale College, was published twenty years ago; there were two hundred names, and among them some of the most eminent in the history of America. Berkeley also benefited Yale College by the donation of a valuable collection of books, amounting to nearly a thousand volumes. He left a pleasing and revered image of his personal presence in the memories of the good people of Rhode Island; and he left too the stamp of his peculiar modes of thought on the metaphysical philosophy of America. Samuel Johnson, one of the most learned scholars and acute thinkers of that time in America, had much intercourse with Berkeley in Rhode Island, and he became an adherent of the Berkeleyian system, which he afterwards developed in a work called '*Elementa Philosophica*.' Jonathan Edwards,

Edwards, the greatest metaphysician that America has produced, was a pupil of Johnson's, and followed in the same line of thought, adopting, like him, the Berkeleian conception of the material world.

Berkeley remained in London for two years after his return. He was still Dean of Derry, but showed no disposition to go there. His second son was born at this time in Green Street. The philosophical Queen Caroline, delighted with 'Alciphron,' and with the conversation of Berkeley, nominated him to the Deanery of Down, the richest in Ireland; and the King's letter for his appointment was actually sent out. But some omission had occurred in not apprising the Duke of Dorset, then Lord-Lieutenant, of the royal intentions, and the Duke was so offended that it was thought right not to urge the matter further. In January 1734 Berkeley was nominated to the Bishopric of Cloyne, and the Queen expressly begged that no opposition should be made, on political grounds, to his appointment. On this he wrote to Tom Prior—'Those who formerly opposed my being made Dean of Down have thereby made me a Bishop; which rank, how desirable soever it may seem, I had before absolutely determined to keep out of.' Shortly after this date, before leaving London to go to his diocese, Berkeley published, under the title of 'The Analyst,' a treatise on a subject which had been occupying his mind. The point of this treatise was to retort upon the mathematicians, who were supposed to refuse credence to the mysteries of the Christian religion, because inexplicable to reason; whereas, Berkeley argued, their own science was full of unexplained mysteries, and the idea of 'force,' for instance, was as little capable of being made clear to the understanding as that of 'grace.' This pamphlet called out a swarm of mathematical champions, and the controversy engaged Berkeley's attention during the first two years of his residence in the 'manse-house' of Cloyne.

In that secluded spot, which Professor Fraser, with his usual reverential diligence, brings in all its details before the mind of the reader, Berkeley spent the last eighteen years of his life. During the whole period we see him, by the occasional glimpses which his correspondence afforded, like Prospero—

'Neglecting worldly ends, all dedicate
To closeness and the bettering of his mind
With that, which, but by being so retired
O'er prized all popular rate.'

In this sequestered nook he was almost as much out of the world as he had been in Rhode Island. He lived constantly suffering in

in health, but happy in his family, his books, and his thoughts, which frequently took a practical turn, and were to him in lieu of action. His work was to suggest thoughts to men rather than to mix in their affairs. He had been more than three years Bishop before he took his seat in the Irish House of Lords, though Dublin was only 150 miles distant. He appears to have taken his seat only for the purpose of speaking on the subject of the repression of blasphemy, in reference to the alleged proceedings of a club called the 'Blasters,' which was said to have been formed in Dublin. Except in the session (1737-38) in which this subject was discussed, Berkeley appears never to have attended Parliament. The pictures of his family life are sweet and idyllic. He was much taken up with the education of his children. Of his only daughter he writes—'So bright a little gem! that to prevent her doing mischief among the illiterate squires, I am resolved to treat her like a boy and make her study eight hours a day.' Gradually his children developed a taste for art. On account of their delicate health they were restricted to painting one hour and a half a day. Music was enthusiastically cultivated, and Bishop Berkeley retained the celebrated Signor Pasquilino for four years at the palace at Cloyne to teach his children. On one occasion the Signor, who had been learning English from a dictionary, is said to have exclaimed in an outburst of gratitude, 'May God *pickle* your Lordship!' All the neighbours were invited to a weekly concert, and there was evidently, for such of them as could appreciate it, a centre of intellectual and artistic light and pleasantness under the roof of the Bishop of Cloyne. A deep sorrow fell on this house in 1751, by the death of the second son, William, at the age of sixteen; on which Berkeley writes to Bishop Benson,—

'I was a man retired from the amusement of politics, visits, and what the world calls pleasure. I had a little friend, educated always under mine own eye, whose painting delighted me, whose music ravished me, and whose gay, lively spirit was a continual feast. It has pleased God to take him hence. God, I say, in mercy hath deprived me of this pretty, gay plaything. His parts and person, his innocence and piety, his particularly uncommon affection for me, had gained too much upon me. Not content to be fond of him, I was vain of him. I had set my heart too much upon him more perhaps than I ought to have done upon anything in this world.'

Nothing would express more touchingly than this letter the deep affectionateness of Berkeley's nature.

Berkeley does not seem to have made a very strong impression on the people of Cloyne itself. One of his successors, Bishop Bennett, wrote in 1796 to tell Dr. Parr that 'of Berkeley little

little is remembered.' His ways were too quiet to strike, and his thoughts too wide to be appreciated by a rural population. In the meanwhile he had hardly settled amongst them when his active mind turned itself to reflection upon the social condition of Ireland. The state of things which he saw around him was calculated to re-awaken those thoughts which had caused the production of his 'Essay towards Preventing the Ruin of Great Britain' fifteen years before. A thousandfold more in Ireland than in London was it necessary to preach the gospel of self-help, industry, and frugality. By dwelling on the causes of existing evils, and by regarding special circumstances from a universal point of view, Berkeley had arrived at something approaching a complete system of economic science forty years before the appearance of Adam Smith's 'Wealth of Nations.' In order to rouse people more effectually to think upon the subject, this system was put forth, not dogmatically, but in the shape of queries. The first part of the 'Querist' was published anonymously in Dublin in 1735, and two other parts followed. This work may be read with great interest even now; it contains, it is true, some economical fallacies, for Berkeley, though giving an excellent account of the nature of money, had not got clear of the 'mercantile theory,' and was haunted by the fear of imports, as causing loss to a nation. He wished the Irish to consume home-made products of every kind, and that a national bank should be established for Ireland. The following are some specimens of his queries:—

'Whether the bulk of our Irish natives are not kept from thriving, by that cynical content in dirt and beggary which they possess to a degree beyond any other people in Christendom?' 'Whether the creating of wants be not the likeliest way to produce industry in a people? And whether, if our peasants were accustomed to eat beef and wear shoes, they would not be more industrious?' 'How many gentlemen are there in England of a thousand pounds per annum who never drink wine in their own houses? Whether the same may be said of any in Ireland, who have even one hundred pounds per annum?' 'Whether in imitation of the Jesuits in Paris, who admit Protestants to study in their colleges, it may not be right for us also to admit Roman Catholics into our College, without obliging them to attend chapel duties, or catechisms, or divinity lectures? And whether this might not keep money in the kingdom, and prevent the prejudices of a foreign education?' 'Whether there be any instance of a people's being converted in a Christian sense, otherwise than by preaching to them and instructing them in their own language?' 'What right an eldest son hath to the worst education?' 'Whether there should not be erected, in each province, an hospital for orphans and foundlings, at the expense of old bachelors?' 'Whether the
fable

fable of Hercules and the carter ever suited any nation like this nation of Ireland?' 'Whether the maxim, "What is everybody's business is nobody's," prevails in any country under the sun more than in Ireland?' 'Whether we can propose to thrive, so long as we entertain a wrongheaded distrust of England?'

This and other queries, full of wit and wisdom, written at a time when Ireland was under 'Home rule,' have a peculiar meaning at the present moment. Of the same tenour was Berkeley's 'Word to the Wise: or, an Exhortation to the Roman Catholic Clergy of Ireland,' which he published in 1749, and which invited the priests, in courteous terms, to discourage the idleness and mendicancy of their parishioners. In 1745, on the news of the landing of Charles Edward, Berkeley published a 'Letter to the Roman Catholics of the Diocese of Cloyne,' recommending to them passivity, on the grounds—first of prudence, and secondly that there could be no conscientious obligation to rise against the existing Government. Such arguments are very similar to those employed just now by the well-disposed Mahomedans in India, but it is doubtful if they would be felt to be equally efficacious when coming from an ecclesiastic of a different faith.

A more special call upon Berkeley's philanthropic feelings had been made in the severe winter of 1739-40, when the poor suffered greatly; and this winter was followed by two years of scarcity, in which wheat sold at famine prices, and then came epidemic disease, fever, and dysentery, which devastated the country for several years afterwards. Berkeley met the beginning of this crisis with a quaint act of self-abnegation; 'he came down to breakfast one Sunday without a grain of powder in his Cloyne-made wig, for his own dress, as well as that of his servants, was all made at the village of Cloyne.' His chaplain, secretary, and servants followed his example. And every Monday morning, during the hard winter, he gave twenty pounds to be distributed among the poor of Cloyne, besides what they received from his kitchen. Then, when the epidemic was raging, he called to mind how, in Rhode Island, the Narrangausett Indians used tar-water as a specific against every disease. He now made experiments of its efficacy in cases of dysentery, and with so much success that his ardent imagination led him to conceive that he had discovered the universal panacea. He immediately commenced the propaganda of this wonderful medicine, being aided in all practical measures for the purpose by his tried and trusty follower, Tom Prior. Then he philosophised on the question, why tar-water should be so universally beneficial, and being now deeply imbued with neo-Platonic studies, nothing would satisfy him—
short

short of the theory that tar contains an extraordinary proportion of the vital element of the universe, and that water is the menstruum by which this element may be drawn off and conveyed into animal and vegetable organisms. Berkeley had now persuaded himself that the vital element of the universe was 'pure invisible Fire, the most subtle and elastic of all bodies,' and that of this fire, tar, by its resinous qualities, largely partook. He spun out the train of thoughts to which this hypothesis gave rise, and in 1744 published his last great work, entitled 'Siris: or a Chain of Philosophical Reflexions and Enquiries concerning the Virtues of Tar-water, and divers other subjects connected together and arising from one another.' This book had a great run, not for the sake of the elevated metaphysical speculations with which it ends, but for the sake of the medical nostrum which, in the beginning, it imparts. The 'tar-water-cure,' like the 'quassia-cure,' the 'water-cure,' 'brandy and salt,' 'Bantingism,' and so many other special methods claiming to be universal, had its day, and its success and its failures. It has been observed that the tar-water-cure is consonant with the principle of antiseptic treatment, and that tar embodies creosote, now extensively employed in medical practice. But, on the other hand, we must remark that the Baconian philosophy demands that the belief in the efficacy of a drug like tar should be based on some *medium axioma*, such as the principle of the antiseptic method, for instance; whereas Berkeley, sinning against the 'Novum Organum,' flew off to connect it with a *sumum axioma*, the universality of the element of fire. Berkeley's tar-water-cure, learned empirically from the Red Indians, may have been good; and his metaphysics about the entire order of the universe may be good also, but it was mere mysticism to endeavour to bring the two into connection with each other.

Berkeley, in his old age, was affected for some years with another ideal longing, like that which in middle life he had felt for the Summer Islands. It was Oxford this time for which he longed—a learned retirement on the banks of the Isis was now the picture that captivated his fancy. For this he determined to give up his bishopric, just as for the sake of Bermuda he had wished to give up his deanery. He first proposed to exchange Cloyne for an Oxford headship or canonry. Failing in this, he wrote to the Secretary of State, offering to resign his see, as he did not wish to be a non-resident Bishop. George II., hearing of this singular proposal, and from whom it had come, declared that Berkeley 'might live where he liked, but that he should die a Bishop in spite of himself.' In the autumn of 1752, Berkeley and his family arrived in Oxford, and took up their abode in a house

house in Holywell-street. The good Bishop was very feeble now, and he had been so much prostrated by the voyage from Ireland that he had to be carried from his landing on the English shore in a horse-litter, to Oxford. His son George was now placed at Christ Church, of which his friend, Bishop Conybeare, was Dean. No other traces remain of the few months which Berkeley passed in Oxford until the last scene of all. He probably lived in entire seclusion, and it may be questioned how far Holywell-street realised his ideal of an academic retreat. On the evening of Sunday, the 14th of January, 1753, Berkeley was resting on a couch, surrounded by his family. His wife had been reading aloud the 15th chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians, and he had been making some remarks on different passages in it. His daughter soon after went to offer him some tea. She found him, as it seemed, asleep; but his body was already cold. Gently, as he had ever lived, the spirit of this gentle philosopher had passed away. He had made his will just before leaving Cloyne, and this document Professor Fraser has now fished out from the depths of Doctors' Commons and brought into the light. It is very short and simple, in a few words bequeathing all Berkeley's property to his wife. It contains, however, the characteristic injunction that the expense of his funeral should not exceed twenty pounds; and certain other requests as to the mode in which his body should be treated indicate that Berkeley, from some cause or other, had been led to fear the possibility of his being interred when not actually dead. Berkeley's large-handed generosity, and the almost reckless trustfulness in which it was his habit to live from day to day, had prevented his saving much money; and his family appear to have been left in narrow circumstances. He was buried in Christ Church Cathedral, and the Latin epitaph on him by Dr. Markham sums up his qualities under the titles of an exemplary Christian and a benefactor to his country.* No reference is made to his philosophy; and yet who can doubt that it is his philosophy which has given Berkeley so large a claim on the attention of posterity? But for his philosophy his manifold virtues and Christian graces would soon have dropped into this world's oblivion; his suggestions for the social and economic improvement of Ireland would never have been looked at in the present century; and the interesting details of his amiable life would never have been, as they now have been, collected.

* Si Christianus fueris,
Si amans patriæ,
Utroque nomine gloriari potes,
Berkleium (sic)
Vixisse.

Of the character and value of that philosophy it remains to say a few words. This is no easy task, for Berkeley's philosophical writings, though clear with the utmost lucidity of style, and pleasant with light and brightness, have still contained in them a sort of puzzle, not only for the world in general, but even for philosophers. They were misunderstood on their first appearance by the great metaphysician, Dr. Samuel Clarke, and they were attacked for more than half a century afterwards with the shallowest arguments, and the most complete *ignoratio elenchi*, by the Scotch psychologists, such as Baxter, Beattie, Reid, and Dugald Stewart. It has also been the fate of these writings to create a sort of party feeling; for on the one hand, Berkeley has certainly succeeded in making a good many philosophers angry (*tantæne animis cælestibus iræ?*); on the other hand, there has been generally, and remarkably of late, a small but zealous Berkeleian school, who, resenting the wrongs done to their master, have perhaps been tempted to somewhat overrate the merits of his system. But after the publication of Professor Fraser's edition, there ought, at all events, to be no longer any room for misunderstanding, if full and fair explanation can serve to prevent this.

To understand Berkeley's views, we should first study his *Commonplace Book*, which shows us that after the reading of Locke, Descartes, and Malebranche, his youthful mind was busy with the problem how to find out something which might be felt to be reality under the abstract names of Matter, Space, Time, and the like. He is anxious not to be deceived by words, and prescribes it to himself as a wholesome exercise to think what a solitary man, placed by himself in the world, with no traditional abstractions of language to fetter him, would make out about the universe, and how he would envisage it. This question was a very juvenile one, for, as Berkeley himself soon came to see, the solitary man without the forms of language would arrive at no thought at all that would be worth having. But the question shows Berkeley in the attitude of wishing to start clear of all that was traditional, and to make a still stronger reaction than even Locke had done against the authority of the Schoolmen. He followed out this intention in his '*Principles of Human Knowledge*,' and in his '*Dialogues of Hylas and Philonous*,' both which works should certainly be read before the '*Theory of Vision*.' Berkeley's first step was to attack the doctrine of 'abstract ideas.' Quoting Locke's saying that it requires some practice for the mind to grasp an abstract idea, as for instance the general and abstract idea of a triangle, which must be conceived as neither equilateral, isosceles, nor scalene—

Berkeley

Berkeley remarks to the effect that this is not only difficult, but impossible; that it is impossible to have 'such an idea of a triangle.' In the same way, he argues about all universal ideas, that you cannot have a universal idea of man; namely, of a man who is neither tall nor short, black nor white, nor any other colour, and so on. But if universal names have never any idea attached to them, they must be mere nonentities, and nothing else but forms of language. Thus Berkeley started with an extreme form of nominalism. But there appears to be a fallacy lurking in his argument, because he speaks as if 'idea' were identical with sensible image, or idea in the imagination. But there is such a thing as an idea in the intellect as well as in the imagination, and one may represent reality quite as much as the other. It has been observed that we have no idea in the imagination of very large numbers, though we have of very small ones. We cannot imagine a billion, though we can the number three; but we do not on that account doubt the possibility of a billion being real. So much for the reasoning; but it does not follow that because Berkeley's first step was a fallacy, the remaining train of his thought (which really does not much depend on it) was worthless. And one peculiar circumstance is to be observed, which Professor Fraser deserves great credit for bringing to notice, namely, that Berkeley himself in later life appears to have abandoned his nominalistic position. In the first edition of 'Alciphron' he had introduced a strong statement of this early argument against the reality of universals, but in the third edition, published in 1752, a few months before the author's death, the sections in which this argument occurred were struck out.

Berkeley's skirmishing attack on 'abstract ideas' was followed up by a more persistent onslaught on the abstract idea called 'Matter' which the Schoolmen had affirmed to exist as the *substratum* of qualities in the external world, itself having neither quantity nor quality. Berkeley argued if this be the case with 'matter,' that it has no qualities, it must be very much the same as 'nothing;' it never can be perceived, or known; it is quite unnecessary, for as to its 'supporting' the qualities of things,—they need no such support because they have their own immediate and proper reality by being ideas in our minds. All qualities of things, primary as well as secondary, resolve themselves into ideas, or or rather into direct sensations, in our minds. There can be no question about the reality of these qualities, because a sensation must be real to him who feels it. But it is not necessary to suppose any unknown, metaphysical substratum, called 'matter' for the support of these sensations, all the support that a sensation requires

requires is a perceiving mind. The great substance, then, in the world is 'mind,' and not 'matter.' By eliminating 'matter,' which is a mere Scholastic abstraction, we get to a much more simple and straightforward account of the universe than we had before; it consists of only two terms or elements—mind and ideas.

This then was the secret which Berkeley had brooded over, at Trinity College, longing, yet half afraid, to reveal it to the world. It amounted, as he thought, to the simplification of philosophy and the annihilation of scepticism by the seizure of a qualified reality of things, in lieu of a metaphysical hypothesis concerning them. We say a 'qualified' reality; for, though it was utterly absurd to interpret Berkeley as if he had denied the existence of the material world, and to argue (as Baxter and Beattie did) as if he had denied that a stone was hard, and that if one touched fire one would feel the sensation of burning,—yet still he proposed to make a change in the way of regarding the reality of sensible things. Instead of an absolute, independent, reality, he proposed that the material world should be considered as having only a secondary and relative reality,—secondary, that is, and relative to mind. If things are nothing else than qualities, and qualities nothing but sensations, and if of a sensation no one can deny that its very existence consists in being perceived, and nothing can be perceived without a mind to perceive, then all the things in the earth and 'all the choir of heaven' are dependent for their existence on perceiving mind. Thus mind is made paramount in the universe; instead of our being placed in the world, it is rather true that the world is placed in us; and we are led on also to the belief in an Infinite, all-seeing Mind, which, in the intervals of the perceptions of finite minds, sustains His creatures by contemplating them.

Other developments of this doctrine are to be found in Berkeley's 'New Theory of Vision' and in his treatise 'De Motu.' In the former work he proves by a number of interesting facts and arguments that almost all that we call seeing, as, for instance, the seeing of distance, of shape, of all the qualities of things except colour, is made up of inferences from the experiences of touch which we have learnt to associate with our sensations of sight. He then argues that there is no natural connection, but only an arbitrary one, between the sensations of sight and touch, and that, for instance, a blind man restored to sight, who had been accustomed to distinguish by touch a cube from a sphere, would not, on first looking, be able to tell by sight which was the cube and which was the sphere. Berkeley makes a great deal of this supposed 'arbitrary' connection between the senses, and
by

by a fine metaphor he describes vision in general as the art of interpreting an arbitrary language of signs. And in 'Alciphron' he makes it one of his chief arguments for the existence of God that there is evidently a Being constantly addressing the human race in this arbitrary language. In the 'De Motu,' written some ten years after his first works, Berkeley carries on his views by a more distinct enquiry into the nature of causation. What is it that causes motion, change, or any effect of whatsoever kind in the world? All physical things having been reduced to ideas, are necessarily reduced also to passivity; for how can an idea, which requires a mind to perceive it, or else it would not exist at all, have any force in itself, or be the motive cause of anything? It remains, then, according to Berkeley's argument, that causation can never arise from anything physical, but must spring directly from mind or spiritual volition. This spiritual view of the universe is the main gist of Berkeley's philosophy; he represents all things as full of God; all effects as really dependent on a first cause—the will of God; secondary causes as being invariable, but frequently arbitrary, signs of things about to follow; and the province of the physical sciences as being to interpret these uniform signs, without, however, mistaking them for true causes.

Such being the outlines of Berkeley's system, it may be wondered that any should have felt irritated at it. But it was a metaphysical flight above the range of the last century in this country. There was a mixture in it of philosophical and poetical genius and of religious feeling. There was no one but Hume who had philosophical ability enough to follow it, and he lacked the poetical and religious feeling which enter into it largely. Thus Hume accepted the Berkeleian positions that things are but ideas, and that physical cause and effect are only the uniform sequence of one idea after another. But, having done this, he went no farther with Berkeley, whose writings he pronounced to 'form the best lessons of scepticism to be found either among the ancient or modern philosophers, Bayle not excepted.' Thus he actually deduced from Berkeley the theory of Positivism, which is the direct contrary of the result which Berkeley himself intended. Berkeley's spirit was more akin with that of Kant and the other German philosophers, who sprang out of a reaction from the Positivism of Hume. But Berkeley laboured under great disadvantages in comparison with them. In the first place, he had had a thoroughly insufficient philosophical education. Had he studied Aristotle and Plato in his youth, as he did in his old age, instead of starting with merely a knowledge of Locke and Malebranche, and fancying that

that before them there was nothing but the Schoolmen, he would have seen that his own 'New Principle' was familiar to the great Greek philosophers, and he would have worked it out with the advantage of their experience. In the second place, his eager and rapid genius lacked the solidity and patience of the Teutonic mind, and he was thus disqualified for building up a great system. In fact, he always himself disclaimed any attempt at this; he only aimed, he said, 'at giving hints to thinking men.'

The general conclusion, the attitude, of Berkeley's system is one that may be fervently accepted by many minds. Many may sympathise with Professor Fraser in saying, 'Of the various imperfect thoughts about our mysterious life, that of Berkeley—wrapped in his conception of the material world—seems to me, when truly understood, to be among the simplest and most beautiful in the history of philosophy.' And we think that Berkeley's writings may be studied now with the greatest profit. Yet still it is the stimulus which they give to the intellect, and the posture of mind which they suggest, that is the valuable part in them. And no one must expect to find in them a serried demonstration without flaw. Rather they seem to us full of imperfect conclusions. When Berkeley denied the existence of 'matter,' as a mere abstraction, of which we never could have any perception, it was only like the saying that 'there is no such thing as an inside,' because as soon as you open anything to find its inside, that inside becomes an outside. If nothing exists except as actually realised by the senses, then the doctrine of the old Megarian philosophers, refuted by Aristotle, and mentioned as such by Berkeley himself ('Siris,' § 314), must be admitted as true, namely, that there is no such thing as potential existence distinct from actual (*i. e.* realised) existence. Such a theory leads to mere Sensationalism, and this, with a spiritual background, was the character of Berkeley's early philosophy, though he abandoned it in later life. But the fact is that Berkeley 'in his argumentative youth' was unconscious of the distinction between the potential and the actual, and of many other of the great distinctions of philosophy, and, with all his wonderful powers, did not know clearly where he was driving.

Again, to deny 'matter' was only to deny a mere word, as it would be to deny the existence of 'colour' as distinguished from the particular colours. It left all things just as they were. But Berkeley thought that, having got rid of the *substratum* 'matter,' he could reduce all material things to mere sensations. This is inconsistent with his own doctrine of the language of signs in the world. The question arose about, What becomes of the furniture in the room, when everybody is away and no one looking at it?

Professor

Professor Fraser, making a subtle deduction from Berkeley, says, What becomes of it when you are *in* the room and looking at it? You cannot *see* a chair, or *feel* a chair, but only some small parts of it at a time; all the rest is mere inference. In the same way it may be said of all material things that they cannot be seen, or felt, or perceived by any of the senses,—therefore they are not mere sensations, but inferred existences, and their essence does not consist in being perceived. The same would follow from the historical consideration of material objects, which Berkeley entirely omitted. The same inference which leads us to the comprehension of an object existing before us often leads us also to the certainty of its previous existence and antecedents. As for instance, if we break into a cavern for the first time and discover a stalagmite, we know for certain what has gone on for centuries, though no one has been there to see it. It is idle to say that this process was contemplated by the Divine mind. We have here to do with arguments, and not with conclusions. And, though other arguments may induce us to believe in the omnipresence of God, the only thing which the stalagmite proves to us is its own gradual formation under certain laws while no one was looking at it. Thus, in spite of Berkeley's reasonings, the belief in material things, as something in themselves—something more than mere sensations—returns upon us. If no human being had ever visited the stalagmite, doubtless those particular sensations and inferences which we derive from the sight of it would never have been called into existence; yet still we cannot help believing that the stalagmite existed there for ages, as a *growing potentiality of such sensations*; and surely a growing potentiality is something.

But we cannot employ the weapons of an every-day logic against Berkeley's system without a little feeling of something like remorse. We feel like those who struck at the ghost of Hamlet's father :

'We do it wrong, being so majestic,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.'

The glamour which during his lifetime Berkeley threw over his contemporaries, his works now throw over his posterity. And it is partly, perhaps, the consciousness of this spell, and the struggle to get rid of it, which has made some men angry against him. We see his limitations and weaknesses, and yet we cannot help loving him, as a philosopher, not less than as a man. His great merit appears to us to be the true intuition which led him to put the right side of the world uppermost, and to say that mind is

paramount, and always superior and prior to, and more necessary than, material things. The arguments by which he sought to establish this position are insufficient, but the tendency remains good, and perhaps has a special value for the present day. One of the great imperfections of his early philosophy was that in his consideration of mind he confined himself too exclusively to perception, and hence ignored the great universal ideas of the reason, gave a shallow account of Space and Time, and, as Professor Fraser says, 'tried to gratify the vulgar demand for a visible God, with the background of mystery withdrawn.' In his latest work, '*Siris*,' after a long study of Plato and Aristotle and the Neo-Platonists, his views on these problems were greatly modified. He retained the general spiritual outline of his former system, but essayed to some extent the filling in of blank spaces in it. He no longer considered 'ideas' merely as sense perceptions, and he made some faint approach towards reconciling his system with that of Plato. But it was now too late; he had lost the force of creative genius, and he relapsed into a learned eclecticism and a tendency to rest on the authority of the ancients. '*Siris*,' though exquisitely written, is marred by the paradox from which the whole sets forth, and by the anachronistic attempt to follow Thales or Heraclitus in the search for a universal Element. And yet, like the rest of Berkeley's philosophical works, it may be profitably studied by those who, without wishing to rest in its conclusions, recognise the beautiful feeling with which it is pervaded, and the admirable incentive to thought which it affords. The sentence which Berkeley inscribed in the end of his '*Commonplace Book*' might be repeated and applied to himself by any one who has with sufficient attention gone through Berkeley's system:—'My speculations have the same effect as visiting foreign countries; in the end I return to where I was before, but my heart at ease, and enjoying life with new satisfaction.'

ART. V.—1. *The 'Economist' Newspaper*, October, 1871.

2. *Speech in the House of Commons*, 31st July, 1866. By Sir E. W. Watkin, in moving for Enquiry by a Royal Commission into the Causes of the Monetary Panic of 1866.

FOR about two months from the middle of September last (1871), to the middle of the November following, every mercantile and financial interest in the United Kingdom was kept more or less in anxiety and suspense by difficulty and pressure in the London money market. In September and October there was a considerable and sudden fall in the prices of railway and other securities,

securities, not excluding those of the highest class. The official rate was advanced from 2 to 5 per cent. within little more than a fortnight, and for a few weeks the pressure for discounts on the Banking Department of the Bank of England has not been equalled since 1866. Towards the end of October, and over half of November, the inconvenience assumed another and somewhat novel form. The market rate had fallen so far below the minimum rate (of 5 per cent.) maintained by the Bank of England that the official figure ceased to be any fair indication of the condition of the open market; and hence arose extreme difficulty in the numerous and enormous transactions in which, by custom or tradition, it has become the rule to act on the official rate, or some modification of it, as between lenders and borrowers. Intrinsically the trade and circumstances of this country were never perhaps in a more sound and flourishing condition. The seasons had been favourable, the demand for labour was greater than the supply, and there was every indication of prosperity and abundance; moreover, for several months prior to September (1871), the Bank rate had been with some difficulty kept up at $2\frac{1}{2}$ and 2 per cent. The shock to credit and the disturbance of calculations has been rude and sudden; and the consequent losses and suffering have compelled the more thoughtful part of the mercantile body to enquire by reason of what defects in our banking system collisions and jerks so disagreeable are inflicted upon them. The results of such an enquiry we will state as shortly as possible.

The Treaty of Frankfurt, of May, 1871, between Germany and France stipulated *inter alia* for the continued occupation by German troops of a considerable number of French departments pending the punctual payment by France of the enormous indemnity of 5 milliards of francs (200 millions sterling), and interest amounting to some 18 millions sterling more. Of this indemnity the first half-milliard (20 millions sterling) was to be paid before 1st July last; the second and third half-milliards (together 40 millions sterling) before 31st December, 1871; and the fourth half-milliard before 2nd March, 1872. The first half-milliard was paid by France at Strasbourg in the course of June, in the form of gold and silver coin, German army obligations collected in the occupied districts, Bank of France notes, and some bills of exchange. Towards the second and third half-milliards the earlier payments under the French National 5 per Cent. Loan of 80 millions sterling, issued in June at $82\frac{1}{4}$, were available. But the French were impatient to get rid of the German uniforms within sight of Paris; and, with that object, a sum of 10 millions sterling was specially secured to Prince Bismarck

by means of acceptances payable in London in November last, under the guarantee of what is called a syndicate or combination of bankers and capitalists. The rest of the 40 millions was provided by France as she best could under the difficult circumstances of the country and the suspension of specie payments at the Bank of France. The fourth half-milliard, falling due on 2nd March, 1872, occasioned great anxiety; but at length, in the middle of October, a supplementary convention was signed at Berlin, under which the Germans at once evacuated six Eastern departments and consented to receive fortnightly payments of about $3\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling each, commencing 15th January, 1872, and terminating 15th April—making together 26 millions sterling, including expenses and interest. Supposing these fortnightly instalments to be punctually made, France will, in April next, have discharged 86 millions sterling—four half-milliards of francs and interest—out of the 218 millions sterling of total indemnity. As regards the prodigious completing amount of 132 millions sterling, the period of payment extends over two years, or to March, 1874.

To this outline of the French engagements may be added the statement that, in August last, a United States Funding Five per Cent. Loan for 15 millions sterling was introduced in London, for the purpose of enabling the Financial Secretary at Washington to redeem, on 1st December, 1871, a similar amount of 6 per cent. bonds. The operation was essentially one of a mere exchange of securities, but the magnitude of the operation excited attention and discussion, as involving the probability of some disturbance of the American rates of exchange; and, it may be added that the very singular and remarkable increase of two millions in the circulation of Bank post bills appearing in the Bank returns of 6th December last, arose from some adjustments connected with this loan.

The Bank rate was suddenly raised from 2 to 3 per cent. on 21st September; from 3 to 4 per cent. on the 28th; and from 4 to 5 per cent. on 7th October—the last rise taking place not on Thursday, the usual Court day, but being ordered by the Governors on the following Saturday. The rate remained at 5 per cent. till 16th November, when it fell to 4 per cent. It fell further to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on 30th November, and to 3 per cent. on 14th December. Within three months, therefore, there were six changes of the official rate, the first three and most important occurring within a fortnight.

Apart from all theories, and as matter of dry fact, it is essential to the discussion to bear in mind that these changes were compelled, so far as the Bank of England is concerned, by the condition

condition of the cash reserve in the *Banking Department*. It is well known that the Act of 1844 cuts the total bullion reserve into two parts, assigning one part to the Issue Department, to be acted upon automatically by the rise and fall of the bank-note circulation only; and assigning the other part to the Banking Department, to be held as the sole cash reserve against current accounts, deposits public and private, the balances belonging to London and other bankers, and generally against every primary liability except the note circulation. To defend the Banking Reserve against undue reduction is, therefore, an object of the most watchful vigilance by the Bank management. When the rate was raised from 2 to 3 per cent., the Banking reserve had fallen 2 millions within a fortnight, or from 15 $\frac{1}{4}$ millions to 13 $\frac{3}{4}$ millions, the total bullion in both departments standing at the large sum of 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ millions. A week later the reserve had fallen 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ millions more, or to 11 millions, and the rate was raised to 4 per cent, the total bullion being 21 millions. Another week reduced the Banking reserve by nearly 3 millions further, or to over 8 millions. The case had become serious and urgent, and the rate was raised out of usual course to 5 per cent., with semi-official intimations that it might be at once carried to 6 or even 7 per cent. The total bullion stood at 19 millions. The general result was that in a little over three weeks the Banking Reserve fell off 50 per cent., or one-half (16 to 8 millions), compelling most decisive measures, and the total bullion fell off only 25 per cent. (25 to 19 millions), and was equal, even at this reduced point, to more than one-third of the total liabilities. It is perfectly manifest, therefore, that if the Bank Directors had had the full command of the total bullion, these difficulties would have been so much diminished that they need not have put so sudden and severe a pressure on the rate of discount and the state of credit. The total drain from the Bank was 6 millions, and when it ceased the total bullion was over 19 millions, or more than one-third of the liabilities: a condition and a result neither justifying extreme measures nor suggestive of panic, and yet the public had to endure the one and were brought to the verge of the other. And, as the mercantile body well know, these events are merely the repetition, for the twentieth or thirtieth time, of the similar crises and semi-crises which make up the history of the active operation of the Act of 1844.

There were three principal causes of the drain on the Bank in September last—one external, and two purely internal. The external drain arose from the withdrawal of French capital sent here during the war, and from the engagements of English houses

houses to the French Government in connection with the payments to Germany, and also from the refusal of the Berlin Government to do anything with the French money except to lock it up as an idle bond at Potsdam and elsewhere. The internal causes were, first, the regular and usual augmentation which occurs in the autumn of every year in the volume of the coin circulation of the country for the wages and disbursements of the harvest and holiday period—an augmentation this year equal to perhaps 2 millions; and second, from the specific operations of those clauses of the scheme of 1844 which compel the Scotch and Irish banks to increase their gold coin reserve, pound for pound, for every note issued beyond a given limit. This increase in September and October last was nearly a million. Besides these three leading causes there were two others of a subsidiary, but still of a most embarrassing, nature as regards the Banking Department. These were, first, the effect of the pressure in increasing the hoards of bank-notes held by country and other bankers as a measure of caution, and *pro tanto* transferring say $1\frac{1}{2}$ millions of bullion from the Banking—where it was urgently wanted—to the Issue Department, where it was not really wanted at all; and the second cause was the requirement by Mr. Lowe of a temporary loan of more than two millions, to enable him to pay the October dividends. It pleased Mr. Lowe, some two years ago, so to change the periods of payment of the public revenue that the receipts are excessive in the early and deficient in the later months of the year; and when he was asked at the time how the alterations would suit the money market, he gaily answered ‘that the money market must take care of itself.’ A very little more pressure in October last might have left Mr. Lowe (instead of the money market) to take care of himself. As it was, the loan of 2 millions for the dividends considerably complicated the state of the Banking Department.

After the middle of October, the effect of the very decisive check occasioned by the action of the Bank was to arrest the decline of the Banking reserve; and by the 25th of that month the weekly return exhibited the reserve as being $11\frac{1}{2}$ millions. The market rate of discount had then become $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. below the official rate of 5 per cent., and complaints began to be general. The pivot of the Bank minimum no longer indicated within the usual margin of 1 per cent. the real value of capital for the borrowing purposes of bill-brokers and bankers; and it is no doubt true that for several weeks the dealers in money, following rule and tradition, were paying ‘1 per cent. under Bank’ (that is, 4 per cent.) for the use of funds which they could only re-employ at
about

about $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent; the 'turn,' therefore, being not for, but largely against them. The Bank Directors, however—and, under their peculiar circumstances, rightly—kept their rate at 5 per cent., and let their private securities run off week by week until they had fallen from 24 to 18 millions. They then lowered the rate to 4 per cent. But besides the general reasons open to all the public for maintaining the 5 per cent., it was well known in some quarters that any earlier reduction was restrained by the magnitude of the cash balances belonging to London and other Bankers held at credit of current accounts open with the Banking Department. Throughout October these balances amounted to pretty nearly the whole of the cash reserve in that department. The bankers' balances cannot be classed with the sums at credit of merchants and private persons. The arrangements of the Clearing House and general reasons of safety and convenience cause every London Banker, and some country ones, to have current accounts with the Banking Department, and to keep large sums at credit of these accounts, as the easiest way of providing themselves with whatever coin and bank-notes may be required in the course of their daily business. The bankers' balances are, in fact, very much of the character of strong boxes, containing coin and bank-notes, left with the Banking Department for safe custody by the London bankers from day to day, instead of being fastened up in their own vaults. Any demand for coin or bank-notes on the bankers, beyond retail sums, is supplied by drafts on their accounts with the Banking Department; and hence, in reading the weekly returns of the Bank Deposits, it has become of great consequence to remember that perhaps quite one-half of the 20 millions held as deposits is composed of the balances of bankers lodged for mere safe custody; and so important has become this correction, that it has been suggested by practical authorities of great eminence that the weekly return, to be really of use, should separate the Bank Deposits into the two categories of (1) Bankers' Balances and (2) Sundry Deposits. On the fatal Friday of May, 1866, when the Act of 1844 was last suspended, and the cash in London in the Banking Department was reduced to less than a million sterling, it is well known that the balance owing to one single London bank amounted to two or three times the whole available cash means of the Banking Department; and that if the Act had not been suspended, a cheque would have been presented early on the Saturday morning for a sum which would have compelled the Banking Department to close its doors—a climax at once deplorable and absurd, but a climax which may easily recur, unless some modifications be introduced

introduced into the existing system. The Directors were fully justified, therefore, in October last, in maintaining their rate at a point considerably above the market, and so causing their securities to run off and their Banking reserve to increase until the Banking Department was again in a strong position.

To this narrative of somewhat special phenomena must now be added the statement that the great expansion of the trade of the country during the last fifteen, but particularly during the last ten, years, and the rapid way in which, for political and mercantile reasons, London is becoming the financial centre of the Old and New World, have changed in the most vital manner the relations of the Bank of England to the London money market. Political distrust and revolution in France, the absence of unity and coherence between North and South Germany, and the want of a great Teutonic financial metropolis, combine with the unquestioned stability and credit of English institutions, the benefit of firm and equal laws, and the facilities and inducements of the freest ports, the lowest tariff, and the cheapest manufactures in the world, to render London the place of ultimate settlement of the largest part of the business of both hemispheres. Hence the accumulation here of foreign capital and the growth of a powerful class of banks and financial houses even a few of which, in combination, exceed in power the Bank of England. The Bank of England is no longer, therefore, as it was twenty or perhaps ten years ago, the unquestioned controlling financial power in London. The outside market is stronger in most cases than the Bank. But the circumstance that the Bank of England holds the single available Central Reserve, or hoard of treasure, upon the sufficiency of which depends the state of credit and the facility of meeting in the long run all engagements, has, on the other hand, surrounded the Bank with powers and responsibilities the gravity of which is only beginning to be understood—a gravity, however, which the recent pressure has powerfully impressed on many observers.

Considering the facts we have set out, two conclusions at least are obvious, viz., first, that for an establishment holding nearly all the bankers' balances, and holding the only central metallic reserve available for the United Kingdom, and its ramified obligations in all regions, any such sum as the 12 or 14 millions in the Banking Department is painfully inadequate: exposes the department to imminent risk of the danger of undue exhaustion or even of suspension; and rests the fabric of our commerce and credit upon a basis insufficient, unsafe, precarious, and artificial:—and, second, that the most easy and obvious mode of strengthening the Bank, and therefore of strengthening the financial

financial system of the country, would be to throw down the factitious separation set up by the Act of 1844, and amalgamate the two parts of the bullion and the two divisions of the liabilities; that is to say, the deposits and the notes. The clear and palpable effect of this course would be to render the Bank almost independent of any drain of treasure under 5 or 6 millions; for while 6 millions out of 15 is justly alarming, the same sum out of 25 millions would be comparatively harmless; and we shall not be in a sound condition until the Central Board can afford to lose ten millions of gold without serious alarm. It would also render the Bank almost wholly independent of drains for merely internal purposes. It is a reproach to any banking system if it be not elastic enough to permit periodical and natural expansions and contractions of internal circulation to take place without creating inconvenience or even remark at the metropolitan centre. It is on this ground that the clauses of the scheme of 1844, which compel the Scotch and Irish banks to carry down boxes of sovereigns from London, two or three times a year, and send them back again in a few weeks, often unopened, is so puerile and full of peril.

The events of last October have again proved how effectually the Bank can restore its reserve by keeping its minimum rate markedly above the quotations of the open market. It was long ago pointed out by one of the highest authorities on these subjects that in order to maintain an ample and central reserve, it would be one of the most economical of measures for Parliament to settle such terms with the Bank of England as would prevent that establishment from reducing its rate of discount below 4 per cent. The effect of such a plan would be to prevent the undue depression of a falling market by the competition of the Bank, and to diminish, of course, the violence of the inevitable rebound, and further to render the Bank always strongest at the critical periods of rising rates and incipient difficulty. The compensation to be awarded for such a limitation would not be onerous, for it would be easy to show that the Bank gains but little by following the rates of discount when they fall below 4 per cent. In what form that compensation should be given is a practical question to be determined by suitable enquiry. It might appear, perhaps, that following the precedent of 1835, when the State repaid to the Bank $3\frac{1}{2}$ of its debt of $14\frac{1}{2}$ millions, it may again be sound policy to reduce in some important degree the remaining book debt of 11 millions, and so give to the Bank more free command of its own capital: a freedom which probably might be exercised by augmented investments in the most solid and cosmopolitan of the foreign funds. Such an enquiry might
further

further show to be desirable some changes of detail in the composition of the Bank Court, and some changes also in the relationship of the Treasury account to the Bank. We have placed at the head of this article the clear, able, and practical speech delivered by Sir Edward Watkin, in the House of Commons, on 31st July, 1866, in moving for the issue of a Royal Commission to enquire concerning the then recent operation of the Act of 1844, and concerning the laws affecting currency and banking in the United Kingdom. This speech, and the debate upon it, were the last occasion on which the general subject was considered by Parliament; and the official answer to the proposal conveyed a refusal rather on grounds of inconvenience at that particular time than because the suggestion of a Commission was unsound in principle. A Commission would be more effective for the purpose than a Committee of either House. Its proceedings and report would be more precise and compact, and its composition, although of course including men of diverse views, and representing different interests, metropolitan and local, would, under the guidance of a competent head, be a tribunal acting under well defined responsibility, and not likely therefore to enter on vain discussions. It is more than thirteen years since the Commons Committee of 1858, presided over by Mr. Cardwell, and but few persons will venture to say that the multitude of new circumstances which have arisen since that time do not render necessary the most careful and authentic official review which the Legislature can command.

We need scarcely say that no party in the country entitled to a moment's notice—least of all ourselves—would expect such a Royal Commission as is proposed to entertain any controversy relative to the principle of cash payments, happily re-established by the great and wise measure of 1819. We yield to none in our conviction of the necessity of founding all our banking and currency legislation on the rigid condition of the punctual payment in gold of specified fineness of all engagements in exact accordance with the terms of the several contracts. A currency of inconvertible, and almost of necessity, therefore, of depreciated, paper is one of the most destructive and penetrating calamities which can befall any people, and is especially oppressive to the poorer classes. In this country, however, the Brummagem doctrine of the 'little shilling' is practically as obsolete as the non-jurors. It is also almost superfluous to say that no sensible person expects that fluctuations in the rates of discount and interest can be prevented; but it should nevertheless be a leading purpose of legislation not to multiply artificially the occasions of such fluctuations. In modern commerce wide and frequent

frequent changes in the rate of discount are among the most serious of misfortunes.

We have however arrived at a time when the wonderful development of our banking system, the complete organisation for the collection and clearing not only of cheques on London but on country banks, and the consequent extension of banking accounts among traders and private persons of small means, has reduced the bank-note, whether metropolitan or local, into a place of very inferior importance compared with Deposits and the employment of cheques. The banking obligations on deposits in the United Kingdom are several hundred times greater than the obligations on bank-notes; and the time has come for specially considering and recognising this change. It is one of the gravest defects of the scheme of 1844, as it effects both London and the country—especially in Scotland and Ireland—that it exalts and protects the bank-note at the expense of the depositors. It is not to be denied that the bank-note as passing from hand to hand is entitled to some privilege. It has for example been suggested that, in the event of the insolvency of the issuer of bank-notes, the holders of them should have a pre-emptive claim on his estate before all other creditors to the extent of perhaps ten shillings in the pound. And this is precisely one of the points which could be best dealt with by a Commission.

In the progress and development of credit and banking organisation in a small compact trading country like our own, it is wholesome and natural that inferior and primitive forms of circulation and circulating credit should be thrown into the shade by inventions and appliances more powerful and efficacious. It is little more than two hundred years since we thoroughly established an efficient and honest metallic coinage. We then gradually and with much caution set up the bank-note. About a hundred years ago we began to use cheques or orders on bankers; but it was only within the last fifteen years that the law relating to this class of negotiable instruments—the most admirable and elastic of all of our contrivances—has been consistently settled. The order of our progress has been therefore in this wise—first coin, rude, dishonest, and subject to perpetual debasement by the sovereign; then coin of admitted integrity, and consisting of the most convenient denominations; then bank-notes; then current accounts and deposits with bankers, operated upon by orders or cheques. Each step was a great economical advance upon the preceding one; and by means of the Clearing House we are making rapid approaches to a state of things in which nearly every important payment is accomplished by a mere book transfer.

Bills

Bills of exchange have grown in extent and completeness *pari passu* with the banking system.

There is one other special point which should be dealt with at an early period—we mean the practice (for there is no law on the subject) of the Bank of England only changing its minimum rate of discount in pursuance of a public notice promulgated most usually on the Thursday after the meeting of the Court. To suppose that any minimum rate proclaimed on particular days and left unchanged very often for months together can accurately represent the value of the most sensitive of all commodities—floating capital seeking employment in discounts in London—is so foolish that it cannot be discussed. The rates vary from day to day and from hour to hour, and the whole problem would be much simplified if the Bank of England would conform to the practice of its competitors great and small, and abandon a usage which originated in accident, and has been kept up because it has become a tradition to keep it up. Let the Bank of England fix its terms as much above the market as it pleases,—that is a question which it must decide for itself; but let the formula of a published rate be abandoned. During October and November last the published rate was utterly at variance with the market rate, and the confusion and misunderstanding were endless. The open market in London has now become so much more powerful than the Bank of England, except in critical times, that a delusion is only kept alive by the Bank affecting even to regulate that which it certainly cannot control—and delusions in banking and finance carry with them an active principle of mischief. The natural index of the value of capital in London for mercantile purposes are the rates which bankers and bill-brokers will give on deposits; and as these establishments carry on a perfectly open trade, subject to competition from all quarters, there is no danger of the public suffering from the extortions of monopoly. If the formula of the published minimum rate was given up, the bankers and brokers, imitating examples elsewhere, would from time to time settle, by means of a committee or meeting, a schedule of rates to be allowed till further notice; and this schedule would be employed for all the questions at present determined on the basis of the official rate.

We have by design confined this discussion to purely practical purposes, to the avoidance of controversies and theories. We entertain a deep sense of the urgent necessity for an official investigation by competent persons under definite responsibility; for we are convinced that the very groundwork of the present
state

state of things has become radically shifted and undermined by the organic changes of the nearly thirty years which have elapsed since it was put in force, in spite of the remonstrances and arguments of some of the ablest and most independent financial authorities that ever lived in this or any other country.

ART. VI.—*The Life of Charles Dickens*. By John Forster. Volume the First. 1812-1842. 8vo. London, 1872.

FOR upwards of three-and-thirty years Mr. Forster was the incessant companion and confidential adviser of Dickens, the friend to whom he had recourse in every difficulty, personal and literary, and before whom he spread without reserve every fold of his mind. No man's life can ever have been better known to a biographer. The book has appeared while numerous intimates and acquaintances of Dickens survive who can pronounce on the use Mr. Forster has made of his advantages, and say whether any significant feature is omitted, exaggerated, or softened. To us it appears that a more faithful biography could not be written. The testimony which Sir Joshua Reynolds bore to 'Boswell's Life of Johnson,' 'that every word of it might be depended upon as if given on oath,' is true of Mr. Forster's work. Dickens is seen in his pages precisely as he showed in his ordinary intercourse, with the accession of honour which accrues to him from the story of his boyhood and youth. It was always supposed that he had told much of his early history in 'David Copperfield.' Mr. Forster has separated the facts from the fiction, and completely as the two coincide for a while the real life had a sequel to which there is nothing comparable in the tale. Since the annals of literature contain few more remarkable narratives, we shall endeavour to extract from Mr. Forster's volume the leading incidents which fashioned the genius of Dickens. In epitomising the opening portion of his career we shall keep to his essential qualities, without regard to the accidental adjuncts which had no root in his nature. Many youthful traits in all persons appertain to their years, and not to their disposition. Careless observers frequently mistake the attributes of childhood for the bent of the particular child, and are severe upon foibles, which are as certain to be shed with time as the first set of teeth. Sometimes a circumstance belongs jointly to the era of life and the custom of the generation. The young contemporaries of Dickens resembled their successors in seasoning their talk and letters with familiar expressions for which no authority

authority can be found in 'Johnson's Dictionary.' The usage breaks out in the early letters of Dickens, and in a few years it ceases. Such passing habits are the conventional practice of a period, and do not throw any light upon the tastes of the individual. 'I am no more ashamed,' said Southey, 'of having been a republican than of having been a boy,' and the lively remark has a wide application. Characters would often be absolutely falsified if we were to judge them by the grave belief or playful absurdity which is born of the time, and dies with it.

Charles Dickens, the son of John Dickens, a clerk in the navy pay-office, was born at Landport in Portsea, February 7, 1812. His father, then stationed at Portsmouth, was removed to London when Charles was two years old, and, when he was between four and five, to Chatham. The lad was taught English and a little Latin by his mother; was next sent to a day-school kept by a mistress, and, at the age of seven, to an academy kept by a Baptist minister, Mr. Giles. He remained there till he was nine. At this period his father was transferred from Chatham to Somerset House, and the schooling came to an end. The few years of childhood which had passed over Charles had already determined the direction of his mind. His genius had been put upon its proper track, and in the particulars which constituted his peculiar distinction the training for his future eminence proceeded without a pause.

Two things in childhood met happily together in him—a natural faculty, and the external influences which were best adapted to develop and enrich it. One predominant element in this faculty was a habit of observation singularly keen, and which was awakened in him so early that, in his manhood, he remembered the scenes he had left when he was two years old. Dr. Johnson's memory stretched back to the age of two years and a half; but of particular events he says, 'I know not whether I remember the thing, or the talk of it.' Some of the circumstances which Dickens noticed in his infancy were too exclusively incidental to his own feelings to have been picked up at second hand. They were, beyond doubt, the genuine recollections of a mind which began to take intelligent cognisance of surrounding objects at a time when they mostly flit lightly over the senses, and are too little heeded to leave any permanent trace. His scrutinising instinct went on enlarging its range of operations with his growth, and before he was taken from Chatham he had become an indefatigable investigator of human nature, noting with ceaseless watchfulness the virtues, foibles, and oddities, of the people around him. He was none the less a student in the science which fell to his province that his pursuit

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was an intuitive propensity, carried on without any settled intention or conscious end.

His education suited his natural gifts. He was sickly, and incapable of sharing much in games. A government clerk with several children could not indulge him in expensive forms of recreation, and he had to depend for nearly the whole of his amusement upon reading. The genius of fiction, watching over his destiny, could not have selected for him more appropriate works than filled his father's book-shelf, on which were ranged the masterpieces of Fielding, Smollett, Goldsmith, and De Foe; the '*Arabian Nights*,' '*Don Quixote*,' and '*Gil Blas*'; the essays of Addison and Johnson, and the collection of farces edited by Mrs. Inchbald. He devoured this library once and again. The characters were to him a living world, and he peopled the actual world with the phantoms. The church, the barn, the alehouse of Chatham, and its environs, appeared in his fancy to be the very scene of the adventures told in '*Tom Jones*,' '*Peregrine Pickle*,' '*Roderick Random*,' and the rest. He loved in his day-dreams to imagine himself one or other of these heroes, and he invested the rigours of his school-boy life with the radiant colours he borrowed from fiction. Thus the books which were the companions of his play-hours came to the aid of his precocious observation, and rendered it more precocious still. He looked at the people amongst whom he lived through the searching eyes of De Foe, and Fielding, and Smollett, and Cervantes. He could not yet comprehend all their profound and subtle traits, but they taught him to see both further and deeper. He did more than extend his knowledge of human nature. In blending the fictions of his favourite novelists with the localities and facts of his personal history he was learning to use the materials he accumulated. He was daily constructing miniature romances, composed in part of his own experience, and in part of the stories which had captivated his imagination. There could be no more effectual method than this intermixture to teach him the mature skill of his predecessors. Their style alone would have made them invaluable instructors, for most of his authors were models of pure, easy, vigorous, or graceful English.

The first stage of his life terminated with his removal from Chatham to London in 1821. His fortuitous education had hitherto turned out as propitious as if he had been bound a regular apprentice to his craft. The second stage was sorrowful and chilling, but in some respects was signally advantageous. The Government clerk had six children, and needed to practise severe economy. He was, on the contrary, free in his expenditure,

ture, and his improvidence was fostered by a sanguine disposition. He was in debt, and at the date of his return to London had entered into a composition with his creditors which reduced his income. Compelled to retrench, he took a mean tenement in a cheap suburb, Bayham-street, Camden Town, where the inhabitants belonged to a class which, through want of education, was separated by a gulf from his own sphere. 'A washerwoman,' says Mr. Forster, 'lived next door, and a Bow-street officer lived over the way.' Among neighbours like these Charles was deprived of all companionship, and the pecuniary exigencies prevented his being sent to school. His occupation was to perform in an impoverished household the functions for which his parents could no longer pay,—to clean the boots, to go on errands, and to take charge of his brothers and sisters. 'Reason,' says Bishop Jeremy Taylor, 'can control nature, but habit changes it.' Dickens had a narrow escape, and before the family had emerged from their worst hardships his intellectual aspirations were almost stifled. The present effect was to quicken them by the painful contrast with his manual tasks. He felt it wretched to be cut off from scholarly associates, and deprived in a great degree of his studious hours. 'What would I have given,' he said, 'if I had had anything to give, to have been taught something anywhere.' And nevertheless the education of the novelist went on. He was noting the humours and distresses of a new form of life, very fertile in the incidents which might make philosophers both laugh and weep; and he often said, in subsequent years to Mr. Forster, 'I certainly understood it quite as well then as I do now.' He continued his practice of rearing a superstructure of fiction upon the appearances before him. These did not afford a ground-work for the heroic form of romance, and his imagination exercised itself by expanding them in the opposite direction. His delight was to visit London, and induce any elder who had charge of him to take him a walk through St. Giles's. 'Good heavens!' he said to Mr. Forster, 'what wild visions of prodigies of wickedness, want, and beggary arose in my mind out of that place.'

After a short stay in Bayham-street his parents tried to better their condition. They rented a house in Gower-street north, and a brass plate on the door bore the words, 'Mrs. Dickens's Establishment.' 'I left at a great many other doors,' writes her son, 'a great many circulars, calling attention to the merits of the establishment. Yet nobody ever came to school, nor do I recollect that anybody ever proposed to come, or that the least preparation was made to receive anybody.' Evidently Mrs. Dickens waited to see whether any pupils would offer before she embarked

barked in a fruitless expenditure. The scheme having failed to retrieve the fortunes of the family precipitated the catastrophe. Fresh debts had been contracted, creditors grew importunate, and the clerk was arrested and incarcerated in the Marshalsea Prison. In his new abode he told his son 'to take warning, and to observe that if a man had twenty pounds a year, and spent nineteen pounds nineteen shillings and sixpence, he would be happy; but that a shilling spent the other way would make him wretched.' The debtor understood this obvious truth as well before his troubles as when he pointed the moral with his own example. Men usually err from weakness, and not from ignorance, and expect their children to be wiser for the knowledge which has been of no service to themselves.

While John Dickens was an inmate of the Marshalsea an employment was found for Charles. A sister of his mother had a step-son, James Lamert. Two Warrens, Robert and Jonathan, each claimed a property in the method of compounding Warren's blacking. Robert had succeeded in getting the chief custom of the public, and the rival establishment of Jonathan, which languished for want of capital, was sold to George Lamert, the cousin and brother-in-law of James. The latter was appointed manager of the manufactory, and he offered to give young Dickens work at a salary of six or seven shillings a week. In the wreck of their circumstances, his parents did not reject the proposal, and the lad, at some ten years of age, was set down to earn his livelihood in an unskilled, mechanic trade. His business was simply to tie covers on the tops of the paste-blackening pots and affix a printed label. His lodging at the outset was in the dismantled house in Gower-street, and when his mother joined his father in the Marshalsea a lodging was hired for him. His wages were left in his own keeping to buy provisions. Compared with his recent life in Bayham and Gower streets, the physical hardships would seem to have been little or none; yet his anguish was extreme. He lost all reckoning of time. He could not tell whether his servitude lasted for six months, or twelve, or twenty-four. He would never, after his release from his bondage, go within sight of the locality till the building was swept away and the entire features of the district were changed. He never alluded to the subject till, at the end of five-and-twenty years, an accidental circumstance brought it up between him and Mr. Forster, and he was led to unfold the distasteful history. His avoidance of the painful retrospect by day could not shut it out at night, when his thoughts were emancipated from the government of his will. In the zenith of his fame and prosperity, he continued in his dreams to be haunted

by the illusion that he was once more an ill-fed, ill-clad boy in the blacking manufactory of George Lamert.

His bodily privations, we are satisfied, had no appreciable share in his sufferings. His despair arose from the overthrow of his mental visions. The fictions which entranced him had opened out to him vistas of literary pleasures and distinction in years to come. The dull lessons, the dreary ploddings of school, might have been relinquished by a child without regret. The eager readings of his play-hours had conjured up enchantments which could not so readily be laid. Hitherto the bleak and barren London life had not destroyed the expectation that his suspended studies would be resumed, but his consignment to the blacking warehouse appeared to fix his destiny, and his head henceforth was to be the servant of his hands. This was the 'secret agony of soul' which overwhelmed him. 'The misery,' he says, 'it was to my young heart to believe that, day by day, what I had learned and thought and delighted in and raised my fancy and my emulation up by, was passing away from me, never to be brought back any more, cannot be written.' He went to the Royal Academy of Music to see his sister, who was a pupil there, receive a prize, and the effect it had upon him was a striking evidence of the extent to which his position preyed upon his mind. 'I could not bear,' he says, 'to think of myself, beyond the reach of all such honourable emulation and success. The tears ran down my face. I felt as if my heart were rent. I prayed when I went to bed that night to be lifted out of the humiliation and neglect in which I was. I never had suffered so much before.'

The probabilities justified the apprehensions of Dickens. Neither he, nor anybody else, could have prognosticated that the lessons he learned in the blacking warehouse were to furnish their tribute to his fame. Those who have attempted to describe the lower orders have usually seen them from without. Dickens saw them from within. To the bystander they never disclose their habitual ways of thinking, or unconstrained modes of speech. Truly to understand them you must be one of them. This advantage Dickens possessed, free from the debasement which the association might have been expected to involve. The literary tastes which rendered the warehouse life horrible to him, prevented his contracting any taint of its coarseness. He resembled the author who, alone, among the divers in Fleet ditch, came forth uncontaminated:

'He bears no token of the sabler streams,
And mounts far off among the swans of Thames.'

The most fastidious observer could not have suspected that he had ever been the comrade of working men and boys, and it was always a marvel how he could have attained to his familiarity with their manners and talk. He purchased his insight at the cost of bitter pangs, while the 'early hopes of growing up to be a learned and distinguished man were crushed in his breast,' but if to be distinguished was his desire the acquisitions were worth the price he paid.

Contemporaneously with the knowledge he gained of his fellow-labourers in the warehouse, he was storing his memory with a fresh set of portraits from the inmates of the prison. The last words of Mr. Dickens before he was conveyed to the Marshalsea were, that 'the sun had set upon him for ever.' It shone, however, rather more brightly than before. He had retired from his official duties on a pension; the most inexorable dun could not 'touch him further;' his wife and children shared his apartments; and 'in every respect but elbow-room the family,' as Dickens said to Mr. Forster, 'lived more comfortably in prison than they had done for a long time out of it.' Charles at first was only an occasional visitor. He felt sorely the exclusion from the domestic circle, and the desolation of returning from his work to a blank. On his representing the piteousness of the case to his father a back-attic was hired for him in the neighbourhood of the Marshalsea, and he breakfasted and supped every day at what he now called his 'home.' He grew acquainted with nearly the whole of the motley population; he got his mother to tell him all she had heard of their respective histories, and he pieced out the hints from his own imagination. Here, as in every part of his juvenile reminiscences, the characteristic which struck him later was his early comprehension of the human element in the scenes he witnessed. He scanned each debtor separately with the inquisitive eyes 'that saw the manners in the face;' he marked the peculiarities of dress, of gait, of voice, of language; he discriminated the weaknesses which were comical, and the sadder traits which were pathetic; and whatever he noticed was printed indelibly upon his mind. He was present to see the debtors pass one by one through a small room, where they affixed their names to a petition to the king, for a grant to drink his majesty's health on his birthday, and in testimony of his boyish intentness of observation, and his consequent tenacity of memory he says, 'when I looked, with my mind's eye, into the Fleet Prison during Mr. Pickwick's incarceration, I wonder whether half-a-dozen men were wanting from the Marshalsea crowd that came filing in again.' So it was that the varied forms of society in which he was constrained to mingle

went filing on before him, and have since 'come filing in again' for the delight of multitudes.

In due time Mr. Dickens took the benefit of the Insolvent Debtor's Act, and was released from the Marshalsea. The liberation of Charles followed at no great interval. Mr. Dickens was dissatisfied with something in the treatment of his son, and wrote an angry letter to the manager of the blacking business. James Lamert thought the letter insulting, and told the lad that, since he was the theme of the outrage, he must leave the establishment. His mother interceded with her step-nephew, soothed his irritation, and obtained permission for her son to return. There was a division between husband and wife on the occasion: 'My father said I should go back no more, and I should go to school. I do not write resentfully or angrily, for I know how all these things have worked together to make me what I am, but I never afterwards forgot, I never shall forget, I never can forget, that my mother was warm for my being sent back.' The spirit which pervades the comment of Dickens exhibits the least amiable phase of a character that commonly overflowed with kindness and generosity. The question had two sides; Dickens saw one, and his mother the other. Whoever may have been to blame, the family were always in distress. In Gower-street they sometimes had not enough to eat; the mother's first thought was for the physical wants of her household; the earnings of Charles were an important addition to their means, and she probably considered that his education might be postponed till their poverty had abated. The master-passion of the boy was for the improvement of his mind. He sighed, before all things, to be extricated from the miserable occupation of tying paper over pots, and he perceived that nothing beyond wiser economy was needed to accomplish the end. His was the sounder view, but what was not sound was his inability to allow for the prudential calculations of a mother, whose children were not strangers to the pinchings of hunger, and his too sensitive recollection at the height of his fame, when every obstacle had been subdued, of a mistaken opinion delivered a quarter of a century before. The error recurred at rare intervals in his career. Although warm and impulsive, his judgment was in general sagacious, temperate, and equitable. Now and then an event occurred, which, like the vital point of education or no education, struck against some vehement feeling or cherished idea. Of the two sides in such a crisis he could see but one, and he saw the one through the medium of a temperament which, diffusive in its usual geniality, was highly concentrated in its deeper emotions. His strength of will had raised him under many disadvantages to

to extraordinary reputation. The conquests his resolution had achieved, did not diminish its force, and when his mind was stirred, his strong will sustained his impetuous conclusions. An error was far more dangerous in him than in ordinary men, for there was no retreat. He would neither turn away from his partial conception to examine the force of opposite views, nor consent to resign the ardour of his own. Such a failing, when it was roused, was more conspicuous than a hundred virtues, and was yet so inconsistent with the habitual tenour of his manly, rational, winning nature, that it seemed an unaccountable anomaly in his composition.

The dismissal of Charles Dickens from the blacking manufactory, seems to have occurred in 1824, when he was about twelve years old. His father sent him shortly afterwards to the classical and commercial academy of Mr. Jones, a Welshman, whose establishment was in the Hampstead-road. He belonged to that ignorant and irascible tribe, very plentiful in those days, who flogged boys unmercifully for not comprehending the perplexities which the master was incompetent to explain. The type of school which will live in the novels of Dickens when the reality is gone, would be enough to tell us that he had been under the Creakles of his generation. Much was suffered in such places and little learned. He had the luck to escape the suffering. 'I do not think,' says his old school-fellow, Dr. Danson, a London physician, 'that he came in for any of Mr. Jones's scourging propensity. In fact, together with myself, he was only a day-pupil, and with these there was a wholesome fear of tales being carried home to the parents.' He did not learn Greek and Latin, which favoured his immunity from corporal punishment. The three years and upwards which had gone by since he said his last Latin lesson to Mr. Giles, must have effaced the rudimentary scraps of classical learning he brought away with him from Chatham. The annoyance of being classed with beginners half his age, and the clerkly employment for which his father doubtless designed him, were sufficient reasons for keeping to the commercial branch of the education, and he must soon have perceived that in foregoing the classical instruction of Mr. Jones, he had lost nothing except the floggings it entailed. His two surviving school-fellows, who have written their recollections of him at the academy, agree that even in the commercial department he was not distinguished. 'I cannot recall anything,' says Mr. Thomas, 'that then indicated he would hereafter become a literary celebrity,' and Dr. Danson says that his mastery of the English language must have been acquired by long and patient study after he left.

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The slender promise he gave may be gathered from the fact that the coincidence of name never suggested to Dr. Danson that the famous novelist could be his old intimate at the academy, and he did not suspect the identity till he read in 'Household Words' a paper entitled 'Our School,' in which the establishment of Mr. Jones was the basis of a sketch intentionally heightened by the fancy of the author. The aspect Dickens presented to his playmates was merely that of a handsome curly-headed, healthy boy, who having outgrown his original delicacy of constitution, and enjoying more than an average share of animal spirits, entered with glee into the sports and tricks of the hour.

Cowper has said in sweet verse that no one looking at a rosebud could 'descrie the future splendour of the flower.' The metaphor has been a hundred times verified in the boyhood of eminent men. But in the instance of Dickens the testimony of his school-fellows appears at first sight to contradict his own. His narrative of his early literary tastes, his active fancy, his acute observation, must be a delusion if his choicer faculties remained dormant up to a much later age, and he would have been mistaken in his impression that when he was turned over to the blacking manufactory he was notoriously 'a child of singular abilities.' On a closer examination it is clear that the accounts are not inconsistent. He states that the great reading period of his childhood was before he was nine, and he never claimed to have resumed his bookish habits till he was past seventeen. In truth, the books disappeared; for volume by volume the little home library was sold during the distresses which ensued upon the arrest of his father. Among the evils attendant upon the drudgery of the blacking-warehouse, he casually mentions that 'the old readings were fast perishing out of his mind,' and they were not refreshed or replaced. Before he reached Mr. Jones's academy the process of obliteration was well nigh complete. He did not at once return to habits which had been three years in abeyance. The want of practice had blunted the taste, and it was natural when he exchanged his servitude for play and companionship that he should prolong the holiday, and allow boyish gaiety to triumph over his thirst for knowledge. His keen observation, which went on without intermission, would not have attracted much attention in so far as it was exercised upon present objects, and upon the dreary past his lips were sealed. What Warton has said of the Chaucer era in our literature may be applied to the Chatham period of Dickens's life. It was a premature spring, followed by wintry days, which checked or blighted the blossoms put forth under transient sunshine.

Dickens

Dickens remained for a couple of years at Mr. Jones's academy, and on leaving in 1826 was sent for a short period to a second school. In 1827 he became a clerk in a solicitor's office, and kept to the calling till November, 1828. He was not articled, and had no intention of practising the law. He was only hired to copy, keep accounts, and do formal work. His two years of service fulfilled the same purpose with the preceding chapters of his history. He was initiated into the mysteries of a fresh type of human nature. He studied, not law, but lawyers, and no class yielded him a richer harvest. On leaving the attorney's office he determined to be something better than an automaton at a desk. His father, with a perseverance and a dexterity which is rare in anybody no longer a youth, had mastered the intricacies of short-hand and was a reporter of parliamentary debates. His son determined to follow his example. He had reached seventeen, and we see distinctly in Mr. Forster's volume all the transitions of his previous career, and the precise stage to which the course of events had brought him. His apparently desultory life had not been wanting in the discipline which teaches persistent methodical labour. Up to nine years of age he was tied to the rules of school. At the manufactory he had to observe the long and punctual hours of labouring men. For two years and a half he was again subjected to the rigid laws of school, and for two years more to an equally rigid attendance at his office. His father, buoyant and imprudent, more easily elated by hopes than depressed by troubles, had the virtue of diligence, and by inheritance and habit, industry was a dominant ingredient in Dickens. His attainments of one description were by this time extraordinary. The vast proportion of what is best in his writings is derived from what he had seen or undergone in childhood, boyhood, and dawning manhood. His deficiency was in his acquaintance with books, which he had read but little. The masterpieces of fiction, when his direct recollection of them had faded into dim confusion, exercised an influence through their primitive development of his nascent powers, and the familiarity he contracted with their sterling English. But the interruption to his studies had left him without any adequate education; and the meagre lessons of his later schools, and the dry formalities of the attorney's office, were alike incapable of filling up the blank.

Dickens now resolved to repair the defect. His immediate incentive was the determination to qualify himself to be a first-rate reporter. No amount of skill in taking down words will enable a reporter to render speeches correctly, unless he can follow the sense. To learn something of what accomplished men know is an essential auxiliary to recording what they say. Concurrently with

with the practice of the short-hand symbols Dickens, therefore, became a constant reader at the British Museum. His progress in both undertakings was singularly rapid. He was skilled enough in short-hand at the end of eighteen months to obtain professional employment, and of the book-knowledge he often said to Mr. Forster that this was the most productive season of his life. Time did not permit him to run the immense circuit of literature, but his reading was beyond what could have been anticipated from his brief and broken studies. He was strongest in fiction and travels, and, not having gleaned his opinions of books through books, his judgments of them had a charming directness and independence. Many of the remarks which he let fall in conversation upon Shakespeare and others were original and true, and, had he cared to cultivate the faculty, he would have excelled in terse, distinctive criticism. A subordinate interest in books is not unfrequent in authors pre-eminently original. De Quincey observes, that the entire reading of Rousseau and Wordsworth was equivalent to twelve volumes octavo, and of Wordsworth he says, 'He lived in the open air, and the enormity of pleasure which he drew from the common appearances of nature, and their everlasting variety, was to him in the stead of many libraries.' The library of Dickens was the living book of mankind. He was, before all, an observer, and he had little more to ask of books than to teach him how to shape his native ideas. There was one omission. The twelve volumes octavo which summed up the reading of Wordsworth were the mightiest poets, ancient and modern, and he read them times out of number, from boyhood to old age. Dickens had abundance of excellent English at his command and a clear and fluent style, but the want of a chaster taste in passages of his composition betrayed that he had not lingered long enough over the highest literature to get thoroughly imbued with some of its austerer refinements.

A transcendent motive stimulated Dickens while he was studying at the Museum and mastering shorthand. He was in love. 'It was the opinion of a wise man,' observed Don Quixote, 'that there was but one good woman in the world, and his advice was that every married man should think his own wife was she, as being the only way to live contented.' Dickens was under the dominion of the wise man's opinion. The attachment, he says, 'excluded every other idea from my mind for four years, at a time of life when four years are equal to four times four. A determination to overcome all the difficulties fairly lifted me up into that newspaper life, and floated me away over a hundred men's heads.' Of the causes which prevent the course of love
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from running smooth Shakespeare omits the commonest of all,—the want of money. Before Dickens was in a position to give the object of his admiration a suitable home the lovers were separated, and he did not again set eyes upon the lady for five-and-twenty years. The first effect of the meeting was to agitate his mind with the memory of his youthful emotions; the second effect was to make him smile at the disproportionate homage which had intoxicated him before. He had shadowed forth his early passion in the love of David Copperfield for Dora; and shortly after he had renewed his acquaintance with the inspirer of the four years' unbounded enthusiasm, he commenced in the *Flora of Little Dorrit*, the companion picture of a middle-aged woman who, seen by her former admirer, appears to his sober, riper judgment a common-place person whom he had strangely invested with illusive charms. The contrast is often true, and not less true that it is often fallacious. Domestic virtues exert a more potent spell than the fleeting fascinations of youth. The man of forty-three, who looks in vain for the attractions which captivated him at seventeen, may find in six and twenty years of married life the motives for boundless gratitude and imperishable love.

Dickens commenced reporting in the middle of 1830, and followed the profession till the middle of 1836. He was employed at the outset in the courts of law, where he improved his acquaintance with the characters he began to study in the attorney's office, and in 1831 he attained the highest grade of his difficult art, and entered the gallery of the Houses of Parliament. He was at first on the staff of the '*True Sun*,' and afterwards on that of the '*Morning Chronicle*.' When Parliament was not sitting he frequently visited distant parts of the kingdom to report the speeches of political magnates. Railroads not existing, he had often to post back at the rate of fifteen miles an hour that a speech might be in time for the morning paper, and, using the palm of his hand for a desk, he transcribed his notes for the printer by the light of a dark lantern as he was whirled along at a gallop in a chaise and four. Upsets were common, wheels came off, and there was the constant excitement of sudden catastrophes, ingenious expedients, and ultimate triumph. 'I have had to charge,' he said to Mr. Forster, 'for all sorts of breakages fifty times in a journey, such being the ordinary results of the pace which we went at. There never was anybody connected with newspapers, who, in the same space of time, had so much express and post-chaise experience as I.' He might safely have added that nobody could ever have had greater enjoyment in it. The elasticity of his mind extended to his body, and he always
exulted

exulted in action and movement. He had not a single superior in his profession. 'There never *was* such a short-hand writer,' said his friend and brother reporter, Mr. Beard. Dickens ascribed much of his after success in authorship to 'the wholesome training of severe newspaper work.' He dwelt on the pleasure he used to feel in 'the rapidity and dexterity' involved in his art, and the entire calling demanded concentrated attention, close application, and ready execution. The habits to which he was accustomed, during the six years he was a reporter, were a standard for writing of a different species. His alert mind moved quickly, seldom loitering over its business, and his facility, which did not exclude unwearied efforts after excellence, was of inestimable value in a long series of fictions, written month by month as they were published, or at most with only a number or two of manuscript in advance.

Dickens had been three years and a half a reporter, when in December, 1833, at the age of twenty-two, he contributed to the 'Monthly Magazine,' the earliest of the papers afterwards collected under the title of 'Sketches by Boz.' Ten sketches came out in the magazine. The series was then continued in the 'Evening Chronicle,' an adaptation of the morning paper to which he was reporter, and his salary was raised from five guineas a week to seven on account of his extra services as an author. The firm of Chapman and Hall started a Library of Fiction, which was edited by Charles Whitehead, who had been connected with the 'Monthly Magazine,' and his attention having been attracted to the Sketches, he requested Dickens to write for the Library of Fiction. Dickens sent the 'Tugs at Ramsgate,' the most amusing of all the Sketches, and the merit of this little piece of humour brought his name under the notice of Chapman and Hall. Mr. Seymour, the artist, invited the firm to publish a series of plates in which he proposed to represent the misadventures of cockney sportsmen. The plates were to appear in monthly parts accompanied by letter-press, and Mr. Hall requested Dickens to furnish the commentary to Mr. Seymour's caricatures. Dickens reversed the process. He thought the ludicrous disasters of hunting, shooting, and fishing cockneys a hacknied idea; he himself was not a sportsman, and he did not wish to be hampered in the selection of the scenes he described. Instead of writing up to the plates of the artist he required that his text should be the basis for Mr. Seymour's designs. He accepted from Mr. Hall the rough notion of a knot of friends who should travel through the country, constantly getting into scrapes; he admitted a single cockney sportsman into the group in deference to the original suggestion of Mr. Seymour; and

and the remainder of *Pickwick* was his own invention. The hints for the designs were taken in every instance from the text. The hero was called after a coach proprietor, whose name being painted on the doors of numerous coaches was familiar to everybody. An accidental association had probably recommended it to Dickens. His youngest brother got the pet name of Moses, from the son of the Vicar of Wakefield; Moses was corrupted into Boses, and Boses into Boz, the signature Dickens affixed to his 'Sketches.' The coach proprietor was Moses Pickwick, and the jesting uses to which Dickens had long put the Moses, coupled with the jingling oddity of the word Pickwick, induced him to appropriate the second half of the name.

The first number of '*Pickwick*' appeared on March 31, 1836. An impression of four hundred indicated the doubt and caution of the publishers. The actual result appears in the statement of Mr. Forster that by the time the work had reached number fifteen the sale was upwards of forty thousand. The surprise and delight with which it was received was the just measure of its excellence. The whole fabric of the scenes and characters was drawn from the personal experience of the author; they had the freshness of novelty and the vividness of reality. The vein of humour was one of the richest the world had ever seen, and it was as original in its kind as it was exuberant in degree. The most gentle and delicate humour in the language is that of Addison. The humour of Dickens is in the opposite extreme—the lavish, 'heart-easing mirth' which Milton had in his thoughts when he summoned 'laughter holding both his sides.' Fertility of humour is not necessarily blended with geniality of spirit, but the humour of Dickens in his early time had the exquisite charm of unbounded joyousness. '*Pickwick*' was a satire throughout, and did not contain one spleenetic word. The professions which were ridiculed enjoyed the festive joke against themselves; Bob Sawyer roared over his own quackeries, and Buzfuz over his own bombast. So irresistible and infectious was the hilarity, that never were the claims of a new genius more rapidly allowed. A few, however, frowned amid the general laughter; for the minds of some men stiffen like their joints, and are incapable of receiving new impressions. Others are jealous of every new candidate for fame, and, having closed their shutters to exclude the light, endeavour to believe that the sun is not shining in the heavens.

Facetiousness pushed to extravagance was the fundamental idea of '*Pickwick*.' The characters were likenesses of actual persons with the salient peculiarities and weaknesses exaggerated.

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The conception frankly avowed was at once accepted, and the revelry of fun never shocks the sense of probability. The treatment, perfectly suited to the occasion, brought with it, we think, some subsequent disadvantages. 'Pickwick' was the standard by which the future productions of Dickens were sure to be tested, and he could not be free from the desire to satisfy the public expectation. He was, therefore, tempted to go on colouring highly in works which were framed upon a different principle. A series of mirthful scenes, loosely strung together, were replaced by elaborate plots, by a development of motives, by a graver purpose. The whole structure of the novel promised substantial fidelity to the laws of human nature, and the embellishments, appropriate in 'Pickwick,' were not always in place. In characters absolutely comic, the licence, perhaps, is relished for the sake of the mirth. In serious portraiture any considerable departure from the sobriety of nature is attended by no compensation, and is distasteful to every one who has the discernment to perceive the excess. A tendency to indulge in melodramatic effects, and overdrawn traits, soon began to mar delineations which otherwise were traced by the hand of a master. The vice increased in his later works after he had traversed the round of his extensive observation, and fell back upon the artificial creations of his fancy. Even his humour which flowed in such a full tide, and appeared for many years to be inexhaustible, could not stream on in the plenitude of its affluence for ever, and as it became less spontaneous and brilliant he tried to give zest to his characters by magnifying their eccentricities. His genius grew more penetrating after 'Pickwick,' and for a while the blemishes were outweighed by the accession of the deeper qualities which attended upon increased maturity of understanding, but some of the disfigurements engendered by the nature of his early success were there from the beginning, and they spread with time.

Whatever might be the excess of colouring in parts of the novels there was none in the conversation and bearing of the man. At the age of twenty-four he was suddenly elevated to a height of popularity which has seldom been equalled. Those who have risen to celebrity without the usual aids from teachers have generally been noted for vanity and egotism. Dickens, who might well have presumed upon his fame, kept to his natural simplicity. He never took up the conversation unless it came to him by right, and he never made it the vehicle for display. His talk was invariably easy and unpretentious, interspersed with acute remarks, and lighted up by a bright and gentle pleasantry. The humour of his novels, which is of a far
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higher order than witty repartee, as much higher as the humorous comedies of Molière are superior to the witty comedies of Congreve, could not have been exhibited in conversation except he had descended to be a downright performer for the amusement of his company. He would have scouted the office. He would be nothing but himself in his private capacity, and not Sam Weller, or Squeers, or Mrs. Gamp. No breadth of humour could have been more exhilarating than the sedate liveliness of his proper individuality. He carried about with him an atmosphere of cheerfulness; and his presence, when unconstrained, was like sunshine. His form and gait expressed his disposition. There was a spring in his step, and a firmness in his tread, which told both the airiness and energy of his temperament. It was the same with his face. The leading lines, especially as he grew older, betokened resolution, and combined with the determination was a mobility of muscle, which revealed the sensitiveness of his feelings, and a vivacity which showed how much he had inherited of his father's buoyancy. His quick glance announced his penetrating observation, though so natural was the faculty to him, and so complete the ease with which it worked, that he had always in society a disengaged air, and never appeared to be on the watch.

Dickens received 2500*l.* for 'Pickwick' and a share in the copyright at the expiration of five years. Before his name was fully up, he had entered into other agreements which cost him dear. He sold the right to print the collected 'Sketches of Boz' for 150*l.*, and bought back the copyright for 2000*l.* He had entered into an engagement with Mr. Bentley to edit a monthly magazine, and write three tales. After various harassing disputes and negotiations, he was released from the obligation to write two of the tales, and ultimately bought back the copyright and unsold stock of the third, which was 'Oliver Twist,' for 2250*l.* 'The consciousness,' he wrote to Mr. Forster, January 21, 1839, 'that my books are enriching everybody connected with them but myself puts me out of heart and spirits.' The bare extent of his labours would long before have crushed the spirits of any man less ready, indefatigable, and elastic. The magazine, with the title of 'Bentley's Miscellany' was commenced on January 1, 1837, and, conjointly with his editorial task, Dickens was writing each month a number of the latter portion of 'Pickwick' and a number of the opening portion of 'Oliver Twist.' His letters to Mr. Forster show how lightly and gaily he carried his load. He had commonly completed his literary labours in the fore part of the day, he had his afternoons for his favourite rides into the country, he had his evenings for reading and social enjoyments,

enjoyments, he had an animating sense of the fame he had achieved, he had the consciousness of an enormous reserve of power, and, above all, he had the luxury of a happy home; for he had married Miss Hogarth on April 2, 1836, two days after the first number of 'Pickwick' appeared, and the thirty guineas which he received from the publisher on account were required for the wedding. His vexations were but momentary, and altogether it was a beaming golden time, in which the pleasure of living was at its summit.

'*Oliver Twist*' was unfinished when, on April 1, 1838, '*Nicholas Nickleby*' was commenced. Dickens ceased to conduct the '*Miscellany*' in the beginning of 1839, but as yet he continued, within the compass of each month, to edit a magazine and furnish the needful quantity for both the current stories. Still the back did not bend under its accumulated burthens, and the novels betrayed no symptoms of haste in the execution, nor any diminution of wealth in the ideas. He had peopled his mind with such a crowd of beings before he was in his teens, or before he was out of them, that he could bring set after set of characters upon the scene in prodigal succession, and his humour, of which the germ was probably derived from his Chatham readings, had gone on fructifying within him till his effervescent spirits were hardly more native to his constitution. Clever and prolific novelists abound; but a broad distinction divides the genius which is rare from the talent which is common. The racy world evoked by Dickens was new to fiction, and from first to last there was scarcely a trace of the adaptations and affinities which, in lesser works, remind us of a twice-told tale.

The main purpose of Dickens in '*Oliver Twist*' is stated in his Preface. Thieves had usually been represented under seductive aspects. He resolved 'to paint them in all their deformity and wretchedness.' He had closely studied the workings of the criminal mind, and was not slow to discover that real enjoyment could not coexist with depravity of will. He understood the limits of the virtues which survive in callous breasts, and stripped his ruffians of the incompatible qualities bestowed upon them by shallow writers. A woman who had joined with her husband and son in committing a murder, asked her lawyer whether the husband and son could be saved by her confession,* which seemed an extraordinary instance of chivalrous affection in a brutalised nature, and when the lawyer mentioned the incident before Dickens he immediately remarked, 'Such people

* The lawyer advised the woman to hold her tongue, and all three were acquitted.

sometimes feel for one another, and they feel for no one besides.' This justness of discrimination pervades '*Oliver Twist*,' but the tragic scenes are too painful in their power, and the lively was the popular part of the work. Here, in our opinion, was his supreme domain. The brilliant side of his intellect was in his humorous representation of vices, follies, and weaknesses. '*Nicholas Nickleby*' was a felicitous example. The exposure of the Yorkshire schools is a fine specimen of his art in making us laugh and detest at the same moment, and the lighter foibles brought out in the book are delicious comedy. Especially the episode of Crummles and his company exhibits in perfection his power of displaying the cheerful aspects of particular modes of life while deriving abounding mirth from their absurdities. Dickens had seen what he described. Mr. Blackmore, the solicitor to whom he went as clerk in 1827, learned later that, while in his service, he frequented a minor theatre, and often acted in the pieces. His acute perception of the ridiculous discovered more entertainment behind the scenes than in any of the mimic performances on the stage.

With '*Oliver Twist*' Dickens got free from the entanglements of his first improvident bargains, and his earnings henceforth were in a fair proportion to his fame. He was paid 4000*l.* for five years' copyright of '*Nicholas Nickleby*.' This story ended, he projected the weekly publication, that was commenced April 4, 1840, under the title of '*Master Humphrey's Clock*,' and, in addition to half the profits, the payment of 50*l.* a number, or 2600*l.* a year, was to be reckoned among the expenses for which the publishers were liable. He was less rich than his nominal income would imply. There were many to share in his prosperity, and his gains were not nearly all for himself. In March, 1839, he was engaged in settling his father and mother in the neighbourhood of Exeter, and he had various kinsfolks and friends who needed his help. The feeling his tales manifested for the woes of struggling poverty suggested to shoals of impostors that he would be a ready dupe. They overlooked the distinction noticed by Professor Wilson at a public dinner given to Dickens in Edinburgh, when he visited Scotland during the summer of 1841, that the sympathy was for the deserving 'who do not sink under their miseries, but trust to their own strength of endurance.' Nevertheless we learn from the '*Life*' that Dickens, at the beginning of his success, had not the heart to dismiss even imposture empty-handed, though he could not have been long in learning that the entire revenues of the State would not satisfy the cravings of vicious idleness.

The impression he brought from his boyhood of the hardships
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the labouring classes sustained was, we presume, the primary source of the radicalism which Mr. Forster says was one of his fervid convictions at this period. The demands of authorship could not have left him time to be a speculative student of political science. Much less could he investigate the extent and causes of social evils, and their possible legislative remedies. His politics, we suspect, did not lie much deeper than the general sentiment that there were many things wrong which ought to be set right. From the ordeal through which he had passed, he almost inevitably imbibed something of the spirit expressed in Voltaire's epigrammatic sarcasm, that 'mankind were divided into hammers and anvils.' He would be likely to exaggerate the measure of truth contained in the pointed saying through mixing up with the rigours of the workman's lot the personal misery he had suffered in a manual occupation to which he had not been bred, and which was destructive to tastes already formed, and vehemently cherished. Those who see much of labouring men where they are tolerably cared for know that the anvils, notwithstanding their frugal lives, are in the aggregate apparently happier than the hammers. Injustice, harshness, and apathy are frequent, because selfishness is a vice of human nature, and asserts itself in multitudes of all grades according to their particular temptations and opportunities. But the majority of the evils are beyond the control of parliamentary enactments, and are only to be mitigated or cured by the progress in benevolence which will induce every master to do the best he can for his workmen, and every workman the best he can for his master. This, we believe, to have been the usual doctrine of Dickens, and is certainly uppermost in much that he has written. He did not always express himself with equal wisdom, and there is an asperity and crudity in some of his overdrawn contrasts between rich and poor which were more calculated to breed ill-will between classes than to teach them mutual consideration.

A weekly publication written entirely by himself allowed no interval of repose, and Dickens found that great as was his facility and his energy, the tax was beyond his strength. He brought 'Master Humphrey's Clock' to a close in November, 1841, and determined to discontinue his novel-writing for a twelvemonth and visit America. He got tired of sight-seeing and turmoil during his short summer tour in Scotland, and wrote to Mr. Forster in June, 1841, 'The moral of all this is, that there is no place like home, and that I thank God most heartily for having given me a quiet spirit, and a heart that wont hold many people.' The 'quiet spirit' in him alternated with the restless passion for locomotion. Travel created an appetite for home

home, and home for travel. He sailed from Liverpool with a boyish excitement of pleasure, January 3, 1842, and from New York back on June 7 with a feverish impatience for domestic peace. His journey through America was a triumphal progress. He at first enjoyed the enthusiastic manifestations of his popularity, but the inconveniences quickly preponderated. 'I can do nothing that I want to do,' he wrote to Mr. Forster from New York; 'go nowhere where I want to go, and see nothing that I want to see. If I turn into the street I am followed by a multitude. If I stay at home, the house becomes with callers like a fair. If I visit a public institution with only one friend the directors come down incontinently, waylay me in the yard, and address me in a long speech. I go to a party in the evening, and am so inclosed and hemmed about by people, stand where I will, that I am exhausted for want of air. I dine out, and have to talk about everything to everybody. I go to church for quiet, and there is a violent rush to the neighbourhood of the pew I sit in, and the clergyman preaches at me. I take my seat in a railroad car, and the very conductor won't let me alone. I get out at a station, and can't drink a glass of water without having a hundred people looking down my throat when I open my mouth to swallow.' Other disagreeables ensued and quelled his exultation. The tributes he received were those of a people who had the habit of living in public, and acting with an eye to public effect. The general infirmity had conferred a stupendous power upon a demoralised press. There were few who did not crouch before its hectoring tyranny, and sacrifice more or less of their independence to the unmanly apprehension of what the newspapers might say of them. Dickens offended the editors by advocating international copyright. They pronounced that he was 'a mere mercenary scoundrel,' and their wrath redoubled when he was not awed into silence by their abuse. The social homage and curiosity went on, but the oftener they were repeated the less animating they grew. 'I really think,' he said, 'my face has acquired a fixed expression of sadness from the constant and unmitigated boredom I endure.' The talk was exclusively of dollars and politics, and had a cheerless monotony of style as well as of subject. Strangely enough, in spite of the scramble to look at him, and shake hands with him, there was a national insensibility to the chief characteristic of his genius. 'I should think,' he wrote, 'there is not on the face of the earth a people so entirely destitute of humour, vivacity, or the capacity of enjoyment. I am quite serious when I say that I have not heard a hearty laugh these six weeks, except my own, nor have I seen a merry face on any shoulders but a black man's.' Even if

every one around him had been as great humourists as himself the pleasure of endless formal receptions must necessarily have been merged in a sense of their weariness.

The faults of the Americans did not blind Dickens to their merits, and some abatement must be made from his impression of their failings when we reflect that there could be no more unfavourable mode of inspecting a nation than by running the gauntlet of miscellaneous crowds. He, on his part, was not formed for exhibition before assemblies agape for dazzling display. 'I must confess to a considerable disappointment in the personal of my idol,' wrote a young lady after talking with him at a party in Cincinnati. 'I felt that his throne was shaken, although it never could be destroyed.' He was too natural to be a king to such exacting subjects. Scott, in his 'Diary,' November 22, 1825, says of himself and Moore, 'We are both good-humoured fellows, who rather seek to enjoy what is going forward than to maintain our dignity as lions, and we have both seen the world too widely, and too well, not to condemn in our souls the imaginary consequence of literary people who walk with their noses in the air.' Good-humoured they both were, and without a particle of arrogance, but Moore was not unmindful of the impression he made in society, and we have heard from affectionate friends of Scott, that he who was the perfection of unostentatious geniality, never appeared to less advantage than in London drawing-rooms, simply because knowing that the guests were eager to hear him at his best, he was unwilling to balk them. The efforts to amuse, which were displeasing to his intimate associates, fulfilled their purpose with strangers who were anxious for specimens of conversation in keeping with his fame. This occasional concession to popular expectation was impossible to Dickens. He was inclined to reserve in large companies, and any deliberate attempt to draw him out only caused him to retire more resolutely within himself. On his second visit to America, he and his admirers understood each other better, and they parted with increased respect on both sides.

The volume from which we have derived our sketch of Dickens ends with the American tour. The life of a literary man should be the history both of the author and his works. Mr. Forster has been attentive to his double function. Dickens was accustomed to talk over with him every story while it was in conception or in progress, and submitted every proof sheet to his judgment, from 'Pickwick' to 'Edwin Drood.' His intimate knowledge of his friend's design in the scope and purpose of each tale gives an importance beyond mere opinion to the critical
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expositions of Mr. Forster. He has shown that there was always some grave central purpose in the mind of Dickens which was as the axis upon which the amusement revolved, and, without dwelling upon the obvious qualities that are recognised by all the world, he has pointed out the wealth of subtler excellencies that are likely to be overlooked. His view of the man is marked by the same perspicacity in exhibiting delicate lights and shadows. The biography, in its incipient stage, takes its place already among the very few lives which bring before us a figure of pre-eminent individuality in its native distinctness. The service is especially important because there has rarely been a genius whose life was a more essential supplement to his works, for the works grew out of the life, and until we know from his biography how he got at his characters, our comprehension of them is incomplete. The story is elevating. Few persons could follow, without surprise and admiration, the silent, secret growth of a genius, which shaped itself unaided in the midst of an unintellectual, depressing atmosphere, assimilated to itself all kinds of common materials, and moulded them into rich immortal forms. It is, perhaps, still more delightful to observe how the mental culture of his Chatham days exalted him to a region from which he never descended, and preserved him even in the plastic years of childhood from taint and debasement. It is not an insignificant part of the example, that one of the most brilliant of humourists should have been among the most methodical and industrious workmen of his age. People have sometimes fabricated from parts of his writings an imaginary likeness of him, which had not the faintest resemblance to the original. Except in fragments, such as passages in the adventures of *Copperfield*, the characters he describes are no more his own character than a landscape painter is the prospect he paints. The real man is the Charles Dickens of Mr. Forster's biography, and the singular history, which is the apology for his faults, is most of all conspicuous for the ennobling qualities that heighten the lustre of his genius.

ART. VII.—*A Key to the Narrative of the Four Gospels.* By John Pilkington Norris, M.A., Canon of Bristol, and formerly one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools. London. 1870.

IN a former number of this Review we dwelt upon the chronological difficulties that attend the Gospel narrative of our Lord's Nativity; and we explained the ingenious discovery of Dr. Zumpt, by which, as we think, these difficulties are most

successfully surmounted. We also on that occasion, though only in one or two sentences, touched upon the separate train of argument by which, as it seemed to us, the year of the Passion also might be with great probability established. It is our present purpose to resume the latter subject and to treat it in detail, taking for our text a recent publication of Canon Norris. This is but a brief compendium, yet it shows the candour as well as the ability and learning of the author, stating its points in the clearest manner, and exciting its readers to a more minute investigation than its own limits would allow. We are of course the better pleased with it, since we find it come to the same conclusion as we had formed.

To those who would explore the chronology of the Gospels, the true sheet-anchor is the date of King Herod's death. With so renowned a tyrant this has not been hard to trace. We do not indeed derive any light from the statement of Josephus, that he was in his seventieth year when he expired, since we are nowhere told the time when he was born. But Josephus goes on to say that he reigned thirty-four years since he caused Antigonus to be slain, and thirty-seven since he was declared King by the Romans. Now, the Decree of the Senate, which named Herod King of the Jews, was passed in the second Consulship of Domitius Calvinus, that is, in the year 40 before Christ, according to the Common Era. And the taking of Jerusalem by Sosius, and the slaughter of Antigonus, the last King of the Asmonean line, took place during the Consulships of Marcus Agrippa and Canidius Gallus, that is in the year 37. Both these indications, therefore, combine in fixing for the death of Herod the year 4 before the common but faulty Christian Era.

It is possible, however, to be still more precise. Josephus commemorates an eclipse of the moon as having occurred during Herod's final illness; and the calculation of modern astronomers has assigned this eclipse to the 13th of March in that year. But, as another passage of the Jewish chronicler informs us, Herod had died before the Passover which ensued. A controversy has indeed arisen whether that Passover took place in regular course at the full moon of the first Nisan, which would make it the 12th of April, or whether there might not be in that year the intercalation of a second Nisan month, by which the Passover would be delayed until the 10th of May. But in either case it is clear that the date of Herod's death is confined to narrow bounds.*

* The passages of Josephus here referred to are to be found in the 'Jewish Antiquities,' lib. xvii. chaps. 6, 8 and 9. So far back as 1748 these were ably drawn out and discussed by M. Freret, whose essay may still be consulted with advantage: 'Mémoires de l'Académie des Inscriptions,' vol. xxi. p. 278.

The inference is equally plain. Accepting as we do in its full extent the narrative in St. Matthew's Gospel of the visit of the Magi, the flight into Egypt, and the massacre of the Innocents, it follows that the date of Herod's death must govern the date of Christ's Nativity. Under these circumstances it seems that we can scarcely fix the period of the Nativity later than the closing months of the year 5 before the Common Era—before the date, that is, which in the Middle Ages was assigned to it. This error in the old computation has been long since a well-known and admitted fact, and we only advert to it here as giving more completion and clearness to our subsequent case.

The next note of time which we obtain is derived from the Gospel of St. Luke. He relates to us how John commenced his preaching in the wilderness, and how shortly afterwards Christ himself was baptised. These events he fixes 'in the fifteenth year of the reign of Tiberius Cæsar;' and he adds, according to the improved translation which we find in Tischendorf's New Testament, 'And Jesus himself, when he began, was about thirty years of age.' To this important text we shall presently return.

As regards the third great event in the Gospel history—namely, the Passion—the Gospels give us no chronological clue. It is natural, however, to suppose that the date of year would be preserved by tradition in the early Church. Here was a public and judicial act, witnessed by thousands of spectators, and in recording the year of which there could be no chance of error. Here was an event that formed the very keystone of the newly-founded faith. Can it then be doubted that the first Christians, even though unversed in literature, would consider its date as a matter of deep interest, and carefully hand it down among themselves?

This reasonable presumption is fully borne out by the actual fact. So early as we can trace the Christian records on this point, we find them state, without a shade of hesitation, that Jesus suffered under the Consulship of the two Gemini. This was in the year 782 from the foundation of Rome, and corresponds to the year 29 of the Common Era as fixed five centuries later. Tacitus, at the commencement of his fifth book of Annals, speaks of it as follows:—'Rubellius and Fufius were then Consuls, each of whom bore the surname of Geminus.' Brotier adds, in a note, 'There is a common agreement among ancient writers (*consentit antiquitas*) that the Passion of Christ took place when the Gemini were Consuls;' and in his Supplement to the lost books he places that event accordingly.

It may further be said, as we think, that the occurrence—so rare

rare in the Consular annals—of both the magistrates bearing the same surname must have greatly tended to distinguish that year from others and impress it on the popular mind.

Looking, then, to some of the main authorities for early Christian history, we find them all concur in the date of year. It is mentioned as a certain fact by Tertullian. Lactantius records it in two separate passages. Augustine, in his great work '*De Civitate Dei*,' bears witness to the same fact;* and though Augustine lived so many years later, great weight is certainly due to his deliberate testimony, not only from the penetrating genius which he brought to the study of the Scriptures, but as showing that the early tradition was still accepted and alive.

It seems, indeed, scarcely too much to say that if the uniform tradition of the Church is to be set aside in a case like this, we do not see how it can be sustained in any other. There are, nevertheless, two difficulties in the way. First, the writers we have named, and some others also, undertake to give not only the date of the year but also the date of the day, and in this last they do not quite agree. Tertullian, after telling us that the Passion took place in the Consulship of the two Gemini, goes on to say that it was *mense Martio, temporibus Paschæ, die VIII. Calendarum Aprilium*. Lactantius, in the former of his two passages, fixes it *ante diem decimum Kalendarum Aprilium*; while in the latter he says, *post diem decimum Kal. Aprilis*. The question is further perplexed by modern astronomers, who seek to give us year by year the exact days of the Paschal full moon, but who are not entitled to speak with any confidence on this point from the irregularity of the Jews at that time in their mode of reckoning and their occasional intercalation of an entire month in their year. So acute a critic as Wieseler, after all his laborious researches, is obliged at last to own that at the period of our Lord it is almost impossible to show what exact day in the Julian Calendar corresponds with a day in the Jewish.†

This irregularity in the old Jewish Calendar will go far to explain the difference of opinion in the ecclesiastical writers as to the precise day of the Passion. Moreover, it should be borne in mind—as indeed we may still observe—how very varying from year to year are the days of the Easter celebration. It would be far from easy, before the time of almanacs, to recollect precisely which had been the date only a few years before; nor

* Tertullian., '*Advers. Judæos*,' c. 8. Lactantius, '*Instit. Div.*,' lib. v. c. 10. '*De Mort. Persec.*,' c. 2. Augustin. '*De Civit. Dei*,' lib. xviii. c. 54.

† '*Chronologische Synopse*,' ed. 1843. See especially p. 439. 'According to Ideler the calendar of feasts now in use among the Jews was not established till the fourth century of our Era.'

would any importance be ascribed to such exactness, as compared at least with the importance of being accurate as to the year of that great event. Under these circumstances, we can well understand how, within certain small limits, some uncertainty, some contradiction, might arise as to the day; and we cannot admit that such doubts afford any valid argument to discredit the strong testimonies as to the year.

But there is yet another difficulty, although at the outset not so regarded. During the second and third centuries of our era the Christian writers, while accepting the tradition of the two Gemini as the date of Christ's Passion, were no less bound by the words of St. Luke, which fix the fifteenth year of the reign of Tiberius as the date of his baptism. Now, since Augustus died in the month of August of the year 14 of the Common Era, these words would seem to point to the same year 29. Pressed in this manner between the tradition and the text, some of these writers concluded that the Ministry of Christ on earth had endured only for one twelvemonth, or less: and this they called *ὁ ἐνιαυτὸς τοῦ Κυρίου*, 'the year of the Lord.'

Such an idea, however, could not stand the test of any critical examination. Those who have been accustomed to weigh the facts of history will certainly agree that such manifold acts and teachings as are recorded of Christ could not be compressed within so narrow bounds. Still more important is it to observe that, since the Gospel of St. John enumerates or implies three Passovers as occurring during the term of our Lord's ministry, it follows that, according to St. John, his ministry must have continued for at least two years and some months; and such may be taken as at present the common and received opinion.

This conclusion, as derived from the fourth Gospel, was well known to some at least of the ancient Fathers. It is given by Jerome in nearly the same words as we have used.* With such a conclusion, derived from such authority, the idea of a single 'year of the Lord' could strike no lasting root. Yet still the perplexity as to the dates remained. Still was it desired to combine, if possible, the tradition and the text. Sometimes the tradition was sacrificed; sometimes the text was explained away; but much more frequently, perhaps, the two statements were left without elucidation, though standing as it were side by side.

It was an English Divine who first proposed what we take to be the true solution. Nicholas Mann, Master of the Charter House, published in 1733 a treatise 'Of the true years of the

* "Scriptum est in Evangelio secundum Joannem per tria Pascha Dominum venisse in Jerusalem, quæ duos annos efficiunt."—Hieron. 'Comm. in Isaiam,' chap. xxix, ver. 1, Op. vol. iii. p. 245, ed. 1704.

Birth and Death of Christ.' The name of the author does not stand upon the title-page, but it appears as signature of the Dedication to the Bishop of Chichester; and there followed in 1743, for the benefit of foreign scholars, a Latin version of the work.

The object of Mann is to show that we should compute the fifteenth year of Tiberius in the passage of St. Luke not from the year 14 of the Common Era, when Augustus died, but from the formal Decree issued three years before, which named Tiberius co-regent of the provinces, and joint commander of the armies. In this well-devised explanation Mann is, no doubt, entitled to the honour of priority. But in all other respects—in argument, in learning, in powers of illustration—his treatise is far inferior to that of Dr. Zumpt, which appeared in 1869, and which, in connection with another subject, was discussed last year in the pages of this Review. It is mainly, therefore, by the aid of the latter work that we shall now proceed to state the case.

It appears, then, that Augustus, finding the infirmities of age advance upon him, and having already adopted Tiberius as his heir, resolved to associate that young chief, without any restriction, in the government of the empire. For this purpose, as Velleius Paterculus tells us, he obtained a Decree giving to Tiberius co-equal powers with himself over all the provinces and armies. This Decree, it should be noted, was passed in most solemn form, not by the Senate only, but in the name of the Senate and the people.* Its exact date is not recorded, but it is placed by Velleius just before the return of Tiberius from his German expedition, and his triumph over the hostile tribes. Now this triumph was celebrated January 16, A.D. 12, and we may therefore fix the date of the Decree towards the close of the preceding year. Reckoning the fifteenth year of the reign of Tiberius from that period, we shall come to the last weeks of A.D. 26.

It should be observed that in this passage of St. Luke the word 'reign,' as our Authorised Version gives it, rather exceeds the meaning of *ἡγεμονία* in the Greek original. The word 'reign,' it is obvious, can be used only of a Sovereign, and in general a Sovereign ruling singly, while the Greek term may serve for any case of high authority. In this very text the Evangelist does not merely apply it to Tiberius, but gives the same epithet (as *ἡγεμονεύων*) to Pontius Pilate, and this, in an earlier passage, he does likewise to Publius Quirinus, as Governor of Syria. The exact meaning of St. Luke might be

* Velleius Paterculus, 'Hist.,' lib. ii. c. 121.

rather thus expressed : 'in the fifteenth year since Tiberius first bore sway.'

The joint rule of Augustus and Tiberius is attested by two ancient inscriptions, both of which Orelli has inserted.* The first was found in Dalmatia. It is of P. Cornelius Dolabella, who held an office at this period. The words referring to this are as follows :—

'PRO. PR. DIVI AVGUSTI ET TI. CAESARIS AVGUSTI.'

As its date, Orelli gives in his note 10 A.D.,—at least a twelve-month too soon.

The second of these inscriptions is, or was, at the monastery of Monte Cassino. It commemorates one Caius Ummidius, who under Claudius became Governor of Illyria, and under Nero Governor of Lusitania, but who under the joint Emperors held the office of Quæstor in Cyprus. Here are the words upon the last-named post :—

'PROVINC. CYPRI Q. DIVI AVG. ET TI. CAESARIS AVG.'

Considering the high title here ascribed to the young Emperor, and the coequal obedience implied on the part of the officers of state, it seems difficult to doubt that if the writers of these inscriptions had been asked at a later period to name the first year of the reign of Tiberius they would have named the year 11 A.D., rather than the year 14 A.D.

It is certainly true that not only Tacitus and Suetonius, but Josephus also, date the reign of Tiberius from the death of Augustus. Such, it appears, was the practice of historians who wrote for the great world at Rome. But the case might be far otherwise with local and provincial writers, who looked to the realities of power rather than to its due transmission and descent. They could distinguish between the radiance of the rising and the dimness of the setting sun ; they saw from whom the orders came, and to whom the petitions were addressed ; and where they saw the authority wielded they would deem the reign to have commenced.

There is a striking analogy to this case in the one that immediately precedes it—the sole sway of Augustus. However historians and annalists at Rome might concur as to the date of his sovereignty, there was no such agreement elsewhere. From the coins or the inscriptions engraved in various cities we find that no less than eight different dates were assigned as the com-

* 'Inscript. Latin. Collectio,' ed. Orelli, Nos. 2365 et 3128.

commencement of his reign.* Thus in the East, some reckoned it from the battle of Actium, others from the taking of Alexandria. In other provinces, further removed from such local impressions, some computed from the time when the title of Augustus, and some from the time when the office of Imperator, was bestowed. Since, then, we have to admit eight such dates as current for the commencement of the reign of Augustus, it does not seem unreasonable to infer that two might be in vogue for the commencement of the reign of Tiberius,—the one reckoned from his joint authority, the second from his undivided sway.

It seems natural, however, to inquire whether any light can be brought to bear upon this controversy from the other notes of time in St. Luke. Let us, in the first place, transcribe the two verses in question:—

‘Now in the fifteenth year of the reign of Tiberius Cæsar, Pontius Pilate being governor of Judæa, and Herod being tetrarch of Galilee, and his brother Philip tetrarch of Ituræa and of the region of Trachonitis, and Lysanias the tetrarch of Abilene,

‘Annas and Caiaphas being the high priests, the word of God came unto John the son of Zacharias in the wilderness.’

There is no chronological point to be established from the mention of Annas and Caiaphas as the High Priests; nor does Lysanias of Abilene yield us any further information. The name was borne, it would seem, in succession by two chiefs at least of that little state. Of Herod’s two sons, as we learn from Josephus, Philip died A.D. 34, after ruling thirty-seven years; and Antipas was deposed and banished by Caligula A.D. 37, after ruling thirty-five.† It is plain that these dates apply equally well to either theory, whether we fix the Tiberius era at A.D. 11 or A.D. 14.

There remains, then, the case of Pontius Pilate; and here again we have Josephus for a guide. We learn from him that, near the close of Tiberius’s reign, Pilate was accused of grievous cruelty to the people of Samaria, and was sent home by Vitellius, then Governor of Syria, to answer for his conduct. On arriving at Rome, however, he found that the Emperor had already expired.‡ Now the death of Tiberius took place on the 16th of March, A.D. 37, and we may fix the recall of Pilate in the month of January preceding. Josephus says that he had been ten years in Judæa. But here, as elsewhere, the Jewish historian speaks

* Marquardt-Becker, ‘Handbuch der Römischen Alterthümer,’ vol. ii. 3, 299, as cited by Dr. Zumpt. Clinton, in his ‘Fasti Hellenici’ (vol. iii. p. 276, ed. 1834), enumerates only five of these dates.

† ‘Ant. Jud.’ lib. xviii. c. 4 and 7.

‡ Ibid. c. 5.

only in round numbers as to years, and takes no account as to months; and we have strong grounds to conclude that several months must, in this case, be added. For the predecessor of Pilate in office—namely, Valerius Gratus—had been recalled at the close of the year A.D. 25, and it seems in the highest degree improbable that for the space of an entire twelvemonth the Romans would have left so turbulent a province without a chief.* If, then, we take the government of Pilate as commencing in mid-summer, A.D. 26, and ending in mid-winter, A.D. 36, we shall find that it consists as well with the theory of Mann as with that more commonly received.

But there is another passage in the Gospels which is, as we think, entirely and without any doubt decisive in favour of Mann's theory. We would refer to the second chapter of St. John, where it is related how, shortly after the first miracle of Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and how being then at Jerusalem for the approaching feast of Passover, he was engaged in controversy with certain of the Jews:—

'Then answered the Jews and said unto him, What sign shewest thou unto us, seeing that thou doest these things?

'Jesus answered and said unto them, Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up.

'Then said the Jews, Forty and six years was this temple in building, and wilt thou rear it up in three days?'

Here the first question that arises is, whether at this time the building of the temple was completed. If it were, it might have been so for some time previous; and the Jews might still, very fairly for their argument, allege the number of years that its building had required. But if it were not completed then, the Jews could speak only of its progress up to the time at which they spoke; and in that case, by determining the date when the construction of the temple was commenced, we could also determine the date of the discussion which the Evangelist records.

Now, in both these cases our information is precise and clear. The main body of the temple was closed in and in use for the Jewish services for a long time before the ministry of Jesus, but the edifice was not brought to a completion until a long time afterwards. It was not finished till the year A.D. 63, in the reign of the Emperor Nero. On the other hand, we learn that Herod began the construction of the temple in the eighteenth year of his reign. Both these facts, with their dates, stand on the high authority of Josephus.†

* See this conclusion more fully established by Dr. Zumpt, '*Des Geburtsjahr Christi*,' p. 297, ed. 1869.

† '*Ant. Jud.*,' lib. xx. c. 9, and lib. xv. c. 11.

But when did Herod's reign begin? We have already had occasion to show that, as in the case of Tiberius, there were two different computations for it; the one reckoning from the Decree of the Roman Senate, which named him King; and the other from his actual acquisition of the kingdom by the taking of Jerusalem and the death of the last Asmonean prince. The first of these events was in the year B.C. 40, the second in 37. However, we are left in no doubt as to which date Josephus here designed. For after telling us that the building of the temple was commenced in the eighteenth year of the King's reign, he goes on to say that it was 'after the acts already mentioned' (*μετὰ τὰς προειρημέναις πράξεις*). Now, the acts just before related by Josephus were the visit of Augustus in the spring to Syria, and his return in the autumn to Samos; and this visit, as we learn from other sources, took place in the year B.C. 20. We may therefore fix the foundation of this, the third temple of Jerusalem, towards the close of B.C. 20 or the beginning of 19. If the Jews, as appears to have been their common practice with days, reckoned the broken year at the commencement as entire, the forty-six years stated from the first building would bring us to the early months of A.D. 27, and this is the more probable time. If, however, the broken year be not so included, we come then to the early months of A.D. 28; but by no possibility can this computation allow a later date. Those, therefore, who place the first appearance of our Lord in the year 29, do so in the very teeth of the deductions which the statement of the Jews in the fourth Gospel enables us to make.

There is another argument which we have reserved to the last, and which, as we hope, will have much weight with a large majority of our readers. It is only by the theory of Mann and Zumpt that we can fully vindicate the accuracy of St. Luke. If in our Biblical chronology we desire to postpone the first public appearance of Jesus till the year A.D. 29, and if we bear in mind that it is incumbent upon us to place his Nativity some months before the death of Herod, we must admit that he was thirty-four or thirty-five years of age at the commencement of his ministry. Now St. Luke has told us that he was then 'about thirty;' and this, were it really brought home to him, would in an Evangelist be a considerable error—above all, in one who speaks of himself as 'having had perfect understanding of all things from the very first.'

We have now brought to a close our argument on the year of the Passion, which we have endeavoured to state as briefly as clearness would allow. But, before we conclude, we desire to express the wish and hope which we have formed that some scholar

scholar worthy of the task—Dean Stanley, perhaps, or Mr. Grove—might consent to undertake a local History of Jerusalem, similar to those which we already possess of Rome. From the excavations and researches that are even now in progress, he might compare to great advantage the descriptions in the Old Testament with the traces of foundation that still remain. The essay of M. Jacob Bernays, as published at Berlin in 1861, has with singular ingenuity brought to bear some facts, hitherto unnoticed, on the memorable siege of Titus—facts that any future writer would certainly not neglect. The Arabic manuscripts might—more doubtfully—afford him some new details as to the edifices in the Moslem period, and above all, as to the mosque of Omar. From that era of servitude the spirit of the annalist would kindle, and his materials, far from failing, would gather in masses round him, as he came to the days of the great deliverance—when, after contests fierce and dire, the Holy City was regained by Christian arms under auspices that even Gibbon can scarcely record without a thrill of enthusiasm—when in his own words,—‘on a Friday, at three in the afternoon, the day and hour of the Passion, Godfrey of Bouillon stood victorious on the walls of Jerusalem.’*

ART. VIII.—*Recollections of Past Life.* By Sir Henry Holland, Bart., M.D., D.C.L., &c., &c., President of the Royal Institute of Great Britain, Physician in Ordinary to the Queen. London, 1872.

‘WE stand’—exclaimed Burke, addressing the House of Commons in 1782—‘we stand where we have an immense view of what is and what is past. Clouds, indeed, and darkness rest upon the future. Let us, however, before we descend from this noble eminence, reflect that this growth of our national prosperity has happened within the short period of the life of man. It has happened within sixty-eight years. There are those alive whose memory might touch the two extremities. For instance, my Lord Bathurst might remember all the stages of its progress. He was in 1704 of an age, at least, to be made to comprehend such things.’ . . . ‘Fortunate man, he has lived to see it! Fortunate, indeed, if he lives to see nothing that shall vary the prospect and cloud the setting of his day.’

Change Lord Bathurst for Sir Henry Holland; take the seventy-

* * Decline and Fall,’ vol. vii. p. 227. Dr. Smith’s edition.

one years of the present century instead of the sixty-eight dating from 1704, and you have a longer and more momentous period brought vividly within the memory of one man. In 1800, Sir Henry Holland was in his twelfth year, with a mind actively awake to the rush, stir and tumult of the times. It has since been his lot to watch the shifting fortunes, the alternating decline and progress, of mighty nations and communities in every quarter of the globe—to find the political and social aspect of the civilised world transformed three or four times over—to see thrones rocking and dynasties overthrown—the rise and fall of two empires, two monarchies, and three or four republics, in France—the prostration, division, revival, union, and triumph of Germany—confusion worse confounded, the normal state of things, in Spain—the prolonged struggle of nationality and civil liberty against foreign and spiritual domination in Italy—the fairest provinces of America desolated in the names of freedom and humanity—Europe in arms to decide a fantastic point of military honour—the clearest principles of international law deliberately violated or cynically set aside—the lust of conquest let loose; and no sound constitutional government discoverable from one end of the continent to the other, except in two or three small States, whose individual existence would not be worth a week's purchase if the struggle for warlike supremacy or territorial aggrandisement should recommence.

True, he has seen England weather storm after storm: the cotton famine causing no perceptible diminution of her wealth: the Indian mutiny restoring and confirming the prestige of her arms and the conviction of her power: the ease with which Fenianism has been kept under, showing that it might be stamped out, like the cattle-plague, if England should get angry and rise in her might. He sees her now; proudly (we trust, not vainly) secure in her island independence, enjoying a greater amount of prosperity and rational freedom than ever fell to the lot of any other people, ancient or modern. But the political barometer points to 'stormy': there is a fearful chasm between the very rich and the very poor which widens as we gaze upon it: the war between capital and labour may at any moment become internecine: English Socialism bears an awkward resemblance to French Communism: the republican spirit stalks abroad unabashed: we have contracted the dangerous habit of estimating institutions, the most time-honoured, the most suited to our habits, by their cost; opinions, especially destructive opinions, ripen with startling rapidity: and considering the green old age of the reminiscent, he may be apostrophised in the very words of Burke: 'Fortunate man, he has lived to see it! Fortunate,

nate, indeed, if he lives to see nothing that shall vary the prospect or cloud the setting of his day.'

If unparalleled opportunities for observation, if the widest possible experience of human nature under every imaginable variety of form and influence, could qualify a man to penetrate to the occult causes and probable results of the scenes he has witnessed, of the events that have come to pass in his time, Sir Henry Holland should be exceptionally endowed with that 'mystical lore' which the sunset of life gave to the Scottish seer, should he be able to forecast the future whilst throwing a flood of fresh light on the present and the past. He has been everywhere: he has seen everything: he has known everybody. 'Survey mankind from China to Peru!' Why, he has surveyed mankind from the North Pole to the South, in both hemispheres, in all climes, in all degrees of latitude. He has crossed the Atlantic sixteen times; travelled over more than 26,000 miles of the American continent; made four expeditions to the East, including Cairo, Damascus, and Jerusalem; three tours in Algeria, two in Russia, two in Iceland, several in Sweden, Norway, Spain, Portugal, Italy, and Greece, and voyages without end to the Canary Isles, the West Indies, Madeira, Dalmatia, &c., with (to use his own words) 'other excursions which it would be useless to enumerate.' He has visited, he tells us, and most of them repeatedly, every capital in Europe; and in every capital he has been drawn, as by a kind of natural fitness or affinity, into the circle most eminent for rank, birth, genius, learning, accomplishment, and fame.

Candide was somewhat surprised at Venice to find that he had been supping with six ex-royalties. Sir Henry Holland would think nothing of it. He has seen so much of august and illustrious personages—of kings and emperors, ex or actual—that it would require an effort of charity or philosophy on his part not to hold them cheap. At Rome in 1814 he was in daily intercourse with Charles IV. of Spain, his Queen, the Infante, and Godoy—the Queen of Etruria, a Princess of Sardinia, a Prince of Saxe Gotha, the ex-King of Holland, Lucien Bonaparte and his wife, Cardinal Fesch, Prince Poniatowski. He was professionally consulted by the Queen of Spain and Godoy, and was presented with a rosary as a mark of favour by the Pope. In 1818, he fell in at Spa with the Emperor Alexander, the Prince and Princess of Orange, the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Londonderry, the Duc de Richelieu, Hardenberg, and Talleyrand. He made the acquaintance of Leopold I. of Belgium beside the couch of the Princess Charlotte. In the spring of 1831 he was hastily summoned to a house in Holles Street, and found there a young
man

man labouring under gastric fever and a lady hanging over his bed. They turned out to be Prince Louis Napoleon (now ex-Emperor) and his mother, Queen Hortense. Besides royal and princely patients, he can boast of six Prime Ministers of England, with a host of continental statesmen, including Talleyrand, Pozzo di Borgo, Guizot, Palmella, Bulow, and Drouyn de Lhuys:—

‘Such practice cannot occur without a certain knowledge of political events, and occasional anticipation of changes not yet obvious to the public eye. Several instances of this kind come to my memory, connected chiefly with changes of Ministry at the time. I refrain from mentioning details; nor would they now in truth have any value, save in showing how largely bodily temperament has its share with mental in the government of the world; and how many anomalous incidents of history may find possible or probable solution in the fluctuating health of the actors concerned in them. When reading the histories of the great revolutions of the world, as well as the biographies of eminent men, such suggestions have often occurred to me.’

This is a tantalising, provoking passage; intimating that information of the most interesting kind has been withheld from (we cannot say false) notions of delicacy. We know full well how largely and powerfully bodily temperament acts upon the mind; how often fears of the brave and follies of the wise may be resolved into gout, indigestion, or catarrh. ‘Our happiness,’ remarked a Turkish lady to Boswell, ‘depends on the way in which our blood circulates.’ And so may our courage, our virtue, our imagination, or our intellect. Undeniably true is the materialist doctrine (not necessarily leading to materialism) that a single grain of matter in the sensorium, might have made a coward of Bayard and a raving idiot of Pascal. The irresolution of Napoleon at Borodino was notoriously owing to stomach. According to Hoffman, who was close to the scene of action, the Emperor’s *coup d’œil* on the third day at Dresden was perceptibly impaired by the effects of a shoulder of mutton stuffed with onions; and the nature of the complaint which reduced him to comparative inactivity at Waterloo is the subject of a curious note by M. Thiers. The collapse of the Chatham Administration of 1766 was caused by suppressed gout. During the delivery of the speech on the Slave Trade, to which he made his celebrated reply in April, 1792, Pitt was vomiting behind the Speaker’s chair. It immeasurably enhances our estimate of Nelson’s heroism to know that he was a frequent sufferer from sea-sickness. Mr. Croker plausibly maintained that it was impossible to be a great man without being a good sleeper; his favourite examples being Napoleon, Pitt, and Wellington.

Instance

Instance upon instance, throwing light upon what Sir Henry terms the anomalous incidents of history, must be included amongst his recollections of his six premiers. He could probably account, in the simplest manner, for what has hitherto seemed unaccountable: why one of them wrote that very imprudent letter which fell amongst his party like a bombshell, or another made that angry speech which precipitated his fall. It was simply because their guide, philosopher, and doctor was not called in an hour sooner, because the blue pill or colchicum was administered too late.

But he rightly, if unluckily, deems that a physician's lips should be sealed like a confessor's. Recollections and reminiscences are commonly entertaining in proportion to their indiscretion; and he is never indiscreet. He carries reticence almost to a fault, rarely indulging in even a stray anecdote; and although his impressions of celebrated persons are freely and fairly given, his conversations with them are carefully kept back. He might take to himself, without the change of a word, the imitative self-commendation of Pope:—

‘ Envy must own I live among the great,
No pimp of pleasure, and no spy of State,
With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne’er repeats,
Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats :
To help who want, to forward who excel;
This all who know me know, who love me, tell’

To live among the great as Sir Henry Holland has lived, to hold the social and intellectual position which he has held for sixty years, requires tact, temper, sound and varied knowledge, a wide range of sympathies, liberality of thought and feeling, independence of tone and bearing,—in short, the very combination of qualities reflected in his *Recollections*; and it will be found both curious and instructive to trace the growth and formation of his character. We shall also endeavour to compensate for his reserve by bringing together from other sources, oral and printed, some scattered traits and desultory notices of his contemporaries, which might otherwise pass gradually into oblivion or obscurity and be lost.

He was born at Knutsford, on the 27th of October, 1788, of respectable parentage, as we collect from the incidental mention of the old family house of Sandlebridge, and sent to school at Newcastle-on-Tyne, where he remained four years, making apparently good use of his time; for on being transferred to Dr. Estlin's school at Bristol, he was named head-boy at once, in succession to John Cam Hobhouse, the late Lord Broughton.

This position required to be maintained, like the championship of England, by the fist; and he settled the difficulty by challenging two boys to fight at once. The combat never came off, but the bravado served his purpose, and *tam Marte quam Mercurio* might have been his well-earned motto at starting. Besides a smattering of the classics which he afterwards improved into scholarship, he received his introduction to physical science in his school days, (*adsit omen!*) the first chemical experiment that interested him was the effect of laughing-gas.

The choice of a profession is too frequently a matter of caprice or accident. The popular and successful physician was within an ace of becoming a trader, being actually under articles to a mercantile firm at Liverpool, when his better genius interposed, and sent him to study medicine at Edinburgh, where he graduated in the autumn of 1811. Three years were yet wanting of the age required for admission to the College of Physicians, and he resolved to employ the interval in indulging that love of travel which may be well called the master-passion of his life; for at a subsequent period, when he was rising into practice, he came to the bold resolution of taking two months out of every year for a trip. He began with Iceland, and we must do him the justice to say that he was no holiday excursionist, no idler by the way. He broke away from the beaten tracks into comparatively unknown regions at a time when the beaten tracks presented difficulties enough to give scope for the full spirit of enterprise. There is a well-authenticated anecdote that, no longer ago than 1829, the late Sir Robert Peel, then Home Secretary, having occasion for a man of proved energy, gave the preference to a barrister on hearing that he had made the grand tour during the long vacation. The grand tour might now be completed, without extraordinary exertion, in a month; but the stock of impressions which the hurried tourist by rail and steam brings back with him will be found meagre in the extreme, his main object being to be able to say that he has seen certain places which (according to a well-known suggestion of Sheridan's) he might as well say without seeing them. The charm of the old mode of travelling by malleposte, eilwagen, diligence, or veturino, was in lingering by the road, in getting acquainted with the intervening country, in being shaken up with strange companions, in seeing something of the manners and customs of the people; and we rather wonder that the monotony of the present mode did not pall on Sir Henry when he had gone the full length of his tether in the same direction three or four times over.

There are 'The Art of Travel' of Mr. Galton, and the 'How to

to Observe' of Miss Martineau, both abounding in valuable hints; but we were not the less eager to learn what Sir Henry Holland had to say upon the same subject, and how far his experience confirms their suggestions or advice. At the same time, large allowances must be made for the differences of physical strength; since one man might be prostrated by an amount of privation and fatigue of which another would make light. Some fifteen years since we happened to encounter at Cologne an eminent member of the Bar, now a distinguished ornament of the Bench, who had come from England by a night boat, *en route* for Copenhagen with Sir Henry Holland. They were to proceed without stopping to their destination, and our learned friend was so dead-beat already that (as he privately confided to us) his most fervent prayer was that there would be a hitch about the passports, which his companion had gone to look after. They unluckily turned out all right, and he was dragged off, looking more like a condemned convict than a pleasure-seeker.

'There are few people,' says Lord Macaulay, when accounting for the intimacy of Warren Hastings with the Baroness Imhoff, 'who do not find a voyage which lasts several months insupportably dull. Anything is welcome which may break that long monotony—a sail, a shark, an albatross, a man overboard. Most passengers find some resource in eating twice as many meals as on land. But the great devices for killing the time are quarrelling and flirting.' Sir Henry was driven to none of them: he did not overeat himself; he did not flirt or quarrel; he was never weary of the waves. A voyage was to him 'a life of open space, pleasantly passed in walking, reading, gazing on the sea and skies, and *sleeping*—a word I put into italics, as emphasising what I have felt as the most genial of the many forms of sleep.' He had also the invaluable resource of writing articles for Reviews; and this Journal has largely benefited by the gift (which it may well be termed) of concentrating the thoughts under such circumstances: of giving definite shape in the cabin to the preparatory reading of the road.* Carrying few books, he touchingly records the loss of one which he prized as Parson Adams prized his *Æschylus*. 'A little volume of Burns, cherished from long familiarity, was swept overboard by a huge Atlantic wave, during a run from Teneriffe to another of the Canary Isles in a half-decked boat. A good daughter replaced it by another copy for my next voyage; but I would rather have lost many things of

* See 'Essays on Scientific and other Subjects contributed to the "Edinburgh" and "Quarterly" Reviews.' By Sir Henry Holland, Bart., &c., &c. London, 1862.

greater nominal value than this little fellow-traveller of former times.' When sleep is the object, he gives it as the result of his experience that the sonnet is the most effective soporific, in whatever language it may be written. We should have given the preference to the epic in blank verse. He is silent as to the rest of his equipment, leaving us in doubt whether he travelled *impeditus*, like a Sybarite with a portable bath, or *expeditus*, like Sir Charles Napier (the General), who required nothing but what might be contained in a knapsack, and when on his arrival at Calcutta Lord Dalhousie intimated that there was time for a bath before dinner, replied that he had undergone a good wash at Alexandria. It was said of one travelled physician that he was wont to start for a two months' trip with a clean shirt in one pocket, and a box of pills in the other, frequently forgetting the shirt. This could never apply to Sir Henry Holland, who—meet him when and where you would, in New York or Norway, the prairie or the desert, on the mountain or the main—was invariably attired with the same neatness and trimness, and in identically the same costume in which he may be seen at all seasons on his way down Brook-street or at his club.

In 'Evenings at Home,' that pearl of books composed for the instruction of the young, is a story entitled 'Eyes and No Eyes: or The Art of Seeing.' Two boys take the same walk, over the heath and through the meadows, by the river-side. The one, on being interrogated, has nothing to say but that he thought it very dull, and had rather by half have gone along the turnpike-road. The other has passed a delightful evening, finding objects of interest in every aspect of nature that met his view. He had traced the remains of a Roman camp, and brought back his handkerchief full of curiosities. 'And so it is,' moralises the tutor; 'one man walks through the world with his eyes open, and another with them shut; and upon this difference depends all the superiority of knowledge the one acquires above the other. I have known sailors who have been in all quarters of the world, and could tell you nothing but the signs of the tippling-houses they frequented in different parts, and the price and quality of the liquor. On the other hand, a Franklin could not cross the Channel without making some observations useful to mankind.' Unfortunately minds of the Franklin cast are rare. On a division between *Eyes* and *No Eyes*, the *No Eyes* would have it hollow. 'How little,' remarked Johnson, 'does travel supply to the conversation of any man who has travelled; how little to Beauclerk.' Boswell—'What say you to Lord Charlemont?' Johnson—'I never but once heard him talk of what he had seen, and *that* was

was of a large serpent in one of the Pyramids of Egypt.' The reason why the great majority of travellers bring back nothing, is that they take out nothing. There is a Spanish proverb, that he who would bring home the wealth of the Indies, must carry the wealth of the Indies with him; meaning that he must have capital to trade with. Just so, a traveller duly qualified for a wide range would go far towards realising Imlac's conception of a poet, which Rasselas pronounced an impossibility. He should be a good modern linguist, a classical scholar, a geographer, and a geologist: he should possess a smattering of chemistry, a cultivated taste for art, and a fair stock of historical reading. In short, he should be a man of letters and a man of science, or his journey may prove both objectively and subjectively barren; he will see nothing in external nature beyond the surface, and no associations will be awakened by the genius of the place.

In looking for the site of Dodona, Sir Henry Holland came upon that of the oracle of Nymphæum, near Apollonia, similarly described by the ancients as a fountain of fire. His attention was attracted by an extensive and thick deposit of asphaltum (mineral pitch) and, close at hand, a small circular pool of water, which seemed almost as if boiling from the volumes of gas escaping throughout:

'Knowing well the nature of this gas, I struck a light and applied it to some of the bubbles, kindling a flame which speedily spread itself over the pool, to the great admiration of my Albanian guards;—a flame which disclosed immediately the secret as well as the site of the oracle of Nymphæum. It is in some sort an offence against classical lore to reduce these mysteries to the vulgar level of coal-gas, even expressed under the learned name of hydro-carbon. But science is harsh in its demands for reality, and ministers very little to the poetry of human life, still less to its superstitions. Julius Cæsar must have passed close to Nymphæum, on his march from Apollonia to the passes of Pindus. But the great Dictator was not a man to halt on his way for the responses of an oracle.'

Here is a discovery requiring a combination of classical, geographical and scientific knowledge:—

'Thus kindred objects kindred thoughts inspire,
As summer clouds flash forth electric fire.

* * * *

And hence the charm historic scenes impart,
Hence Tiber awes and Avon melts the heart.
Aërial forms, in Tempe's classic vale,
Glance through the gloom, and whisper in the gale,
In wild Vaucluse, with love and Laura dwell,
And watch and weep in Eloisa's cell.'

'Far

'Far from me, and from my friends,' exclaims the great moralist, 'be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue.' The self-same indifference which he deprecates, may be caused by ignorance. How many will use the new route by Brindisi, without once thinking of Horace's journey to Brundisium. How many have stopped at Corfu, or coasted the Isles of Greece, without referring to the *Odyssey*. How numerous are those whose patriotism would *not* gain force upon the plain of Marathon, and whose piety would *not* grow warmer among the ruins of Iona. As for the fine arts, nineteen out of twenty of the well-dressed mob who lounge through the Louvre, the Pitti palace and the Vatican, would own, if they were frank, that they were performing a piece of task work; and that, for want of artistic education or cultivated taste, they agreed at bottom with Lord Byron, when he writes: 'You must recollect that I know nothing of painting and detest it, unless it reminds me of something I have seen or think it possible to see.'

Endowed with most of the qualifications principally in request, there was one which Sir Henry found it convenient to keep back. Except when humanity required him to act in that capacity, he discreetly suppressed the doctor, especially in the East, where, he says, the professional demands made upon him by pashas and their subordinates were an absurd mockery of practice to which the term ludicrous is the lightest that can be applied. 'Conversation on poisons with Ali Pasha, designedly but warily brought on, ended by his asking me whether I knew of any poison which, put on the mouthpiece of a pipe or given in coffee, might slowly and silently kill, leaving no note behind. The instant and short answer I gave that, 'as a physician I had studied how to save life, not to destroy it,' was probably, as I judged from his face, faithfully translated to him. He quitted the subject abruptly, and never afterwards reverted to it.

Law is proverbially a jealous mistress, and we have been wont to fancy Medicine equally strict in requiring the exclusive and unremitting attentions of her votaries. We should have thought that if a physician were in the habit of going away for months together at stated intervals, his patients would call in another, or take an unfair advantage of his absence to get well. But Sir Henry experienced no diminution of fees from the bold scheme of life which he had laid down; nay, he was speedily in a condition to assign a limit to his practice: to say, thus far shall it go, and no farther: to declare that it should never exceed five thousand pounds a year; and to feel that he could easily have exceeded that very respectable maximum if he thought fit.

He

He attributes this exceptional privilege of combining profit with pleasure to the degree in life of his patients, mostly denizens of May Fair, who migrated with the season; but we think he may fairly take credit for the confidence he inspired, and the comfort they derived from consulting one who cheered and soothed instead of frightening or depressing them. We collect from another passage, what indeed was tolerably well-known already, that he visited the statesmen, the orators, the celebrities, the fine ladies, the stars of all sorts that glitter on his page, not merely as a medical adviser, but as a friend. 'The practice of a west-end physician in London (he frankly admits) abounds in cases which give little occasion for thought or solicitude, and are best relieved by a frequent half-hour of genial conversation.' This will go far towards explaining the prosperous result of the experiment, which he thus exultingly records:—

'My early resolution as to this matter of travel, steadily persevered in, has proved a gain to me through all succeeding life. I have come back each year refreshed in health of body and mind, and ready for the ten months of busy practice which lay before me. On the day, or even hour, of reaching home from long and distant journeys, I have generally resumed my wonted professional work. The new methods of intercommunication since steam and electricity have held empire on the earth, often enabled me to make engagements for the very moment of my return. I recollect having found a patient waiting in my room when I came back from those mountain heights—not more than 200 miles from the frontiers of Persia—where the 10,000 Greeks uttered their joyous cry on the sudden sight of the Euxine. The same thing once happened to me in returning from Egypt and Syria, when I found a carriage waiting my arrival at London Bridge, to take me to a consultation in Sussex-square; the communication in each case being made from points on my homeward journey. More than once, in returning from America, I have begun a round of visits from the Euston Station.'

Of moving accidents by flood and field,—he once narrowly escaped shipwreck in a Greek brig, which, two days afterwards, was nearly captured by a pirate. In crossing a crevasse in Iceland, on a bridge of congealed snow, one of his legs went through, and he was saved by the adroit use of their snow-poles by his guides. He was robbed of his portmanteau, containing journals, sketches, and plans, at the instigation of Ali Pasha, who had reasons of his own for wishing to become acquainted with the contents. He was occasionally arrested on suspicion; and he had two fair chances of being swallowed up by earthquakes. An eager inspector of battle-fields, he was never present at an action; and he says: 'I can even affirm (although without boasting of it) that I have never fired gun or pistol in my life, either as sportsman

or in any other capacity.' He therefore could not have been the medical practitioner who, complaining to Sydney Smith that he had failed in killing some pheasants that had confidently alighted in the little wood at Combe Florey, was reproachfully reminded that he might have prescribed for them.

Chronological arrangement has been altogether disregarded in these reminiscences, and any attempt to weave them into a regular narrative would be embarrassing from their desultory character and their multiplicity. Sir Henry's Travels in Portugal, Sicily, the Ionian Islands, and Greece were published in 1815, when we find Mrs. Piozzi writing to a Welch baronet from Bath:—

'We have had a fine Dr. Holland here. He has seen and written about the Ionian Islands, and means now to practise as a physician, exchanging the Cyclades, say we wits and wags, for the sick ladies. We made quite a lion of the man. I was invited to every house he visited at for the last three days. So I got the *queue du lion* despairing of le *cœur*.'

His reputation had preceded the publication of this book. On his return to England, in 1814, he formed the acquaintance, which speedily ripened into friendship, of Lord Lansdowne and Lord Holland, at whose houses he fell in with a brilliant and unbroken succession of notabilities. Madame de Staël was the novelty who, next to Byron, attracted the largest amount of homage; so much so that to be publicly associated with her was a recommendation in itself.

'I first met her at a great dinner at Bridgewater House; whence the party adjourned in the evening to the opening of the British Gallery, of which our host the Marquis of Stafford was then President. The accident of her taking my arm during our stay in the crowded Gallery made me a witness of the curious eagerness to see and hear her which prevailed at the time. It also brought me immediately several invitations to meet her in society, from persons whom I had not known before. These things are characteristic, it must be owned, of what may be called foibles, as well as features, of London life. Time has done little since to alter them.'

Her taking his arm may not have been an accident. Rogers used to tell how she took *his* at a crowded reception at Lansdowne House, and made him stand with her half the evening at the exact spot where she could be best seen and approached. Sir Henry was dining with her at Sir Samuel Romilly's when the news arrived of the entry of the Allied Armies into Paris. 'Her emotion was great, and ardently expressed, though leaving it somewhat doubtful whether pleasure or pain predominated. Her life had borne this mixed character throughout. In a single passage she thus denotes her mental temperament: '*Calme et animée*;

animée; ce qu'il faut être, et ce que je ne suis pas.' It should be added that she was speaking of Richmond Park. Coleridge said of ghosts that he had seen too many to believe in them: Madame de Staël, that she feared without believing in them. '*Je n'y crois pas, mais je les crains.*' In her case, the ingrained superstition of the nursery was too strong to be overcome by philosophy; in *his*, the consciousness of a morbid condition of mind and body had taught him to distrust the most vivid impressions of the senses as unreal and visionary. Surpassed by many of her sex in fancy, imagination, and delicacy of touch, she may fairly be named as the woman who, by masculine vigour of understanding, in cultivation, comprehensiveness, and power, has done most to rival the boasted superiority of man. Her work on Germany, and her political writings, although M. Thiers terms them the perfection of mediocrity, have never been approached by any female writer in the same line; and it is therefore curious to mark how the feminine love of personal admiration clung to her in the height of her literary fame.

'From my own observation, as well as that of others, I was led to believe that she would willingly have surrendered something of her intellectual fame for a little more of personal beauty. She was ever curiously demonstrative of her arms, as the feature which best satisfied this aspiration. A slip of paper often in her hand, and sedulously twisted during her eager conversation, might be a casual trick of habit, though there were some who gave it a more malicious interpretation. Even admitting this, however, and other foibles, Madame de Staël cannot be otherwise described than as a woman of extraordinary endowments.'

She is reported to have said that she would give all her fame (or her genius) for the power of fascinating; in which she was sadly deficient, as what woman who aims eternally at shining or convincing is not? Speaking of one of the dinner-parties at which he met her, Lord Byron writes: 'We got up too soon after the women, and Mrs. Corinne always lingers so long after dinner, that we wish her—in the drawing-room.'

The heroines of her two celebrated novels, *Corinne* and *Delphine*, were more or less intended for herself. Talleyrand was also represented in *Delphine* under the disguise of a scheming old countess, and on being asked by the authoress whether he had read the book, he replied, '*Non, Madame mais on m'a dit que nous y sommes tous les deux, déguisés en femmes.*' As Sir Henry Holland must have been familiar with her practice in this respect, we are surprised to find him giving even cursory sanction to a foolish report connecting another person with *Corinne*. Speaking of the parties at Edinburgh during his student days, he says:—

'Those

'Those of Mrs. Apreece gained for a time a mastery over all others. Coming suddenly to the Scotch capital as a young and wealthy widow—with the reputation and fashions of a Continental traveller, at a time when few had travelled at all—acquainted with Madame de Staël, and vaguely reported to be the original of *Corinne*, then fresh in fame—this lady made herself immediately a circle of her own, and vivified it with certain usages new to the habits of Edinburgh life. A stranger to local politics, her parties were largely frequented by the fashion as well as learning of the city, and admission to them eagerly coveted even by the graver departments of science. The story was current of a venerable Professor seen stooping down in the street to adjust the lacing of her boot. My relations of intimacy with her, begun here, were continued after her marriage with Sir H. Davy—a union productive of little happiness—and ended only with her death.'

Before reading this passage, we should have thought it impossible for any one who knew Lady Davy, to entertain the notion of her having been the original of *Corinne*. She was a clever, active-minded woman, with popular manners, very vain, and very demonstrative. Foreign literature was certainly not her forte, and some of her comical mistakes in French and Italian are current still. Despite her estimable qualities, a touch of ridicule clung to her. On hearing that she had been nearly upset from a boat into a lake, Sydney Smith said she was so brown and so dry that she would have turned it all into toast-and-water. On her complaining to Rogers that he had been abusing her, he replied, 'Lady Davy, I pass my life in defending you.' Playfair was the venerable Professor who knelt down in the street to adjust the lacing of her boot; and her Edinburgh experience seems to have inspired her with a notion that she was a constant object of pursuit. Lord Holland had a story of her turning short upon an Italian soldier, who was unconsciously following her at Rome, with '*Infame soldato, que volete.*'

The story of her second marriage is told in Dr. Bence Jones's history of 'The Royal Institution,' a book abounding in curious and valuable information, to which we shall presently have occasion to recur. In an undated letter to his mother (which Dr. Bence Jones conjectures to have been written about the end of 1811), Davy writes:—

'MY DEAR MOTHER,—You possibly may have heard reports of my intended marriage. Till within the last few days it was mere report. It is, I trust, now a settled arrangement. I am the happiest of men in the hope of a union with a woman equally distinguished for virtues, talent, and accomplishments.

* * * * *

'You, I am sure, will sympathise in my happiness. I believe I should never have married but for this charming woman, whose views and

and whose tastes coincide with my own, and who is eminently qualified to promote my best efforts and objects in life.'

Early in 1812 Sir Joseph Banks writes to Sir George Staunton in China :—

'We are going on here as usual, but I think the taste for science is on the increase. The Royal Society has been well supplied with papers, and continues to be so. Davy, our secretary, is said to be on the point of marrying a rich and handsome widow, who has fallen in love with science and marries him in order to obtain a footing in the academic groves; her name is Apreece, the daughter of Mr. Carr, who made a fortune in India, and the niece of Dr. Carr, of Northampton. If this takes place, it will give to science a kind of new éclat; we want nothing so much as the countenance of the ladies to increase our popularity.'

The Royal Institution, at all events, has been eagerly countenanced by the ladies, who would be equally ready to attend the meetings of the Royal Society, if any opening were afforded—if the smallest amount of temptation were held out: in the shape, for example, of a lecture on the Darwinian system, by Owen or Huxley; on heat, by Tyndall; electricity, by Wheatstone; or astronomy, by the President.

On the 9th April, 1812, Davy was knighted; on the 10th he delivered his last lecture (on the metals) at the Royal Institution; on the 11th he was married. He thus mentions the knighthood and the marriage with apparent unconsciousness of any necessary connection between the two events. But it was no secret at the time that the powerful friends of the lady had procured the title to smooth away her objections to what she was weak enough to consider a *mésalliance* :—

'Friday, April 10, 1812.

'MY DEAR BROTHER,—You will have excused me for not writing to you on subjects of science. I have been absorbed by arrangements on which the happiness of my future life depends. Before you receive this these arrangements will, I trust, be settled, and in a few weeks I shall be able to return to my habits of study and scientific research. I am going to be married to-morrow, and I have a fair prospect of happiness with the most amiable and intellectual woman I have ever known.

'The Prince Regent, unsolicited by me or by any of my intimate friends, was pleased to confer the honour of knighthood on me at the last levée. This distinction has not often been bestowed on scientific men, but I am proud of it, as the greatest of human geniuses bore it; and it is at least a proof that the world has not overlooked my humble efforts in the cause of science.'

Two months afterwards, June 12th, he dedicated his 'Elements of Chemical Philosophy' to Lady Davy, 'as a pledge that he shall

shall continue to pursue science with unabated ardour'—an equivocal compliment, even more susceptible of a mischievous interpretation than the well-known and well-meant dedication to a wife, as 'one who has made the poetry of life reality,' *i.e.* converted it into prose. Sir Humphry's pledge, we all know, was religiously kept; and if, in his case, the pursuit of science was interrupted or impeded by matrimony, the result was undoubtedly not produced by uxoriousness. Domestic harmony is rare when both man and wife have high intellectual pretensions and neither is disposed to concede the palm of conversational superiority to the other. Not content with differing at home, Sir Humphry and Lady Davy would wrangle in mixed company across a dinner-table. There is not so much as a passing allusion to her in the touching letters to his brother and sister during his last illness; and the conclusion seems irresistible, that his fate was that of the Irishman, who was so fond of his wife during the first three months that he was ready to *ate* her up, and, before the expiration of the second three months, regretted he had not.

The ample tribute to the Berry sisterhood from the graceful pen of Lady Theresa Lewis has secured them their full meed of fame. Passing over Sir Henry's notice of them and their *salon*, we turn to his short account of another lady who filled an analogous position, Lydia White, the Lydia of Horace (Twiss). The Berrys came out under the patronage of Walpole. Lady Davy had her own fortune and connections, with (latterly) her second husband's fame, to trade upon. How Lydia White won her position, remains unexplained. It is not everyone ready to give dinners to the *élite* of the literary or fashionable world, that can get the *élite* of the literary or fashionable world to dine with them.

'This lively and kind-hearted woman, with no pretence to learning of any kind, and suffering under a disease of which she well knew the certain and fatal issue, yet almost to the last made her house in Park-street the open and welcome resort of the best literary society of the day. Dinner parties elsewhere sent their most approved guests to "look in at Lydia's" in the evening, where all who came were sure of a genial reception, of good society, and thorough freedom from constraint. The whimsical licence of her own speech gave some sanction to it in her guests. Many circles of society have gained fame in memoirs of the time, though less deserving it than the pleasant, open-hearted evenings at Lydia White's.'

The *bon mot* by which she would be remembered had she never made another, shows that she had some tincture of classical acquirement as well as wit. When the prospects of the Whigs were at the lowest, a party of them were dining at her house, she
herself

herself being a decided Tory. 'We are certainly in a bad way,' said Sidney Smith, 'and must do something. We could not do better than sacrifice a Tory virgin.' Intuitively seizing the allusion to Iphigenia, she replied, 'Well, I believe there is nothing the Whigs would not do *to raise the wind.*'

Lady Holland may be appropriately introduced here; for we agree with Sir Henry that the organisation of dinners, and what may be called the police of the dinner-table, were never brought to greater efficiency than by her:—

'The London Season, as it is called, abounds in good dinners and good company; and these dinners take high rank among our social usages. But at Holland House (itself a classical spot) there met almost daily, during a series of years, round a luxurious table, guests eminent in such various ways, that their mere conjunction stamped its character on the society. English and Foreign Ministers and Diplomats, men of learning and of science, historians, poets, artists, and wits, were so skilfully commingled as to make it sure that none but a master-hand could have accomplished the result.

'The master-hand here was that of the mistress, Lady Holland—a remarkable woman in every way, well-remembered by all who knew her—difficult to describe to those who did not. Supreme in her own mansion and family, she exercised a singular and seemingly capricious tyranny even over guests of the highest rank and position. Capricious it seemed, but there was in reality *intention* in all she did; and this intention was the maintenance of power, which she gained and strenuously used, though not without discretion in fixing its limits. No one knew better when to change her mood, and to soothe by kind and flattering words the provocation she had just given, and was very apt to give. In this latter case, indeed, she was aided by a native generosity of mind which never failed to show itself in kindness where kindness was wanted. In my long and intimate knowledge of Lady Holland, I never knew her desert an old friend, whatever his condition might be.

* * *

'Her management of conversation at the dinner table—sometimes arbitrary and in rude arrest of others, sometimes courteously inviting the subject—furnished a study in itself. Every guest felt her presence, and generally more or less succumbed to it.'

This is admirably written, with the finest discrimination of character; but Sir Henry should have added that it often required all the prestige of the company and the place, all the charm of Lord Holland's manner and conversation, to overcome the prevalent feeling of apprehension and restraint. When Lord Dudley was asked his reason for persistently refusing to dine at Holland House, he replied, he 'did not choose to be tyrannised over while he was eating his dinner.' Very many did not like it, though they bore with it; there being always one consolation, that

that highest and lowest were subject to the same tyranny. She once sent her page round the table to Macaulay, to tell him to stop talking. She told Rogers, 'your poetry is bad enough, so pray be sparing of your prose.' At a dinner in South-street she fidgetted Lord Melbourne so much by making him shift his place when he was seated to his liking, that he rose exclaiming, 'I'll be d—— if I dine with you at all;' and walked off to his own house, fortunately at hand. She requested a celebrated dandy to move a little farther off, on the ground that her olfactory nerves were offended by his blacking: the blacking which he vowed was diluted with champagne. Her sneer at the Belgians for being so designated, and the prompt retort of M. Van de Weyer, were recently given by *The Times*.^{*} She never bore malice against those who rebelled against her despotism; indeed, they rather rose in her good graces by a timely exhibition of self-respect; thus fully confirming what Sir Henry Holland says of her native generosity of mind. Rogers distinctly stated (as reported in his 'Table Talk,') that, instead of sending him to put the crucial question to Sir Philip Francis, she put it herself in his (Rogers') presence, and elicited a reply beginning, 'Madam, do you mean to insult me?' She died in 1845; and we wish somebody gifted with her nerve would ascertain the truth of her reported threat, that if the reminiscent (who was plain Dr. Holland till 1853) by accepting a baronetcy brought another Lady Holland into the field, he should never cross the threshold of Holland House again.

The current of his London life is again suspended in 1814. In the summer of that year he accepted an engagement to attend Caroline, Princess of Wales, as physician, during the first year of her intended residence on the Continent. The time was a most exciting one, and the most tempting opportunities were presented to him for observing what was passing behind the scenes. It is disappointing, therefore, to find this episode of the life introduced

^{*} Shortly after M. Van de Weyer's arrival in England as Belgian Minister, he was dining with a distinguished party at Holland House, when Lady Holland suddenly turned to him and asked, 'How is Leopold?' 'Does your Ladyship mean the King of the Belgians?' 'I have heard,' she rejoined, 'of Flemings, Hainaulters, and Brabanters; but Belgians are new to me.' His reply was in French, in which the conversation had been partly carried on:—

'Miladi, avant d'avoir l'honneur de vous être présenté, j'avais entendu souvent parler de vous, non seulement comme d'une femme de beaucoup d'esprit, mais aussi une femme qui avait beaucoup lu. Eh bien! est-il possible que dans vos nombreuses lectures vous n'ayez pas rencontré le livre d'un garçon nommé Jules César—garçon de beaucoup d'esprit—qui, dans ses "Commentaires," donne à toute notre population le nom de Belges, et ce nom nous avons conservé depuis lui jusqu'à nos jours?'—*The Times*, Dec. 16, 1871.

with the remark: 'I have never been a practised relater of anecdotes, and do not pretend thus late in life to take up that character.' The Princess travelled as became her rank, and was everywhere received with the honours due to unblemished royalty. Their chosen course towards Italy was by Germany and Switzerland. During a fortnight at Brunswick, he conversed a good deal with the Duke, and remarked in him 'a grave simplicity, tinged with a shade of melancholy, which might almost, by a superstitious observer, have been interpreted as a foreboding of evil at hand.' This realises the picture in 'Childe Harold':—

'Within a window'd niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain: he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear.'

The halt of a day at Göttingen enabled Sir Henry to visit the veteran Blumenbach, and to spend some time with him in his museum. 'My visit, hurried as it was, showed me the energy and clearness of his mind, little impaired by years.' Seventeen years afterwards we found him unchanged. Pointing to skull after skull of known persons, he said it was impossible to doubt the dependence of mental power and the moral sense on the distribution and quantity of the brain, but he contemptuously disclaimed all belief in 'bumps' or in the alleged capability of the professors of phrenology to map out a skull into sections indicative of the minutest shades of character. On coming to the skull of Robert Bruce, he said that on receiving it by the kindness of a Scotch nobleman, he was puzzled what to make of it, and wrote a hasty note to the librarian requesting that all books relating to the hero might be forwarded without delay. "Judge," he naïvely added, "of my astonishment when informed that a wheelbarrow-full, a first instalment, was on the way."

One of the many questions in history touching which the contemporary evidence is hopelessly irreconcilable is, when, and from whom, the Congress of Vienna received the first intelligence of the escape of Napoleon from Elba. Was it through Metternich, Talleyrand, or the Duke of Wellington? on the 5th of March, the 7th, or the 11th? Sir Henry Holland has set down the occasion on which the news reached Naples, and would probably have no difficulty in fixing the date. The scene was a Court ball. 'Among the guests was the Countess Walewski, very recently arrived from Elba with her young son; and attracting much attention from her known relation to the great prisoner there, as well as from the graces of her own person and manner. Her sudden presence at Naples, and certain other collateral incidents,

incidents, excited suspicions without defining them. It was that vague whisper which often precedes some event close at hand.' The arrival of this lady from Elba is a fact bearing on another curious point of history, on the romantic story told by Lamartine of her reception at Fontainebleau, in April, 1814:—

'Adversity made her lapse from virtue almost sacred and her love more dear. She wrote to Napoleon to ask to see him again and to offer to follow him wherever he might be led by misfortune. He consented to this interview. The night but one before his departure from Fontainebleau, the young woman was introduced by a secret staircase into the saloon adjoining the bedchamber of her lover. The confidential servant announced to his master the presence of her whom he had consented to see again. Napoleon was plunged in the kind of dreamy stupor which absorbed him since his fall. He replied that he would soon in person summon her who braved shame and adversity for his sake. She waited vainly and in tears a long half of the night. He did not summon her. He was heard walking up and down in his room. The servant entered and reminded him of who was waiting. "Let her wait," said the Emperor. Finally, the entire night being spent and the day beginning to threaten to reveal the secret of the assignation, the young woman, repelled, lost in grief, and wounded to the quick, was led back to her carriage by the confidant of her last adieux.'

She must have been of a most forgiving disposition if she afterwards followed her imperial lover to Elba.

Apropos of Monti and Pindemonti, with whom he fell in at Milan, Sir Henry states that, when Lord Byron finally left England, he gave his illustrious countryman a letter to Pindemonti. 'Some months afterwards I received an answer from the latter, affording curious proof how much he had been perplexed by the *perfervidum ingenium* and wayward character of the English poet. No two men could be more diverse in their qualities. I presume that any intercourse between them must speedily have come to an end.' There was no room for presumption. In a letter to Mr. Murray, dated Venice, June 4th, 1817, Lord Byron writes: 'To-day, Pindemonti, the celebrated poet of Verona, called on me. He is a little, thin man, with acute and pleasing features; his address good and gentle, his appearance altogether very philosophical, his age about sixty or more. . . . After having been a little libertine in his youth, he is grown devout, and takes prayers, and talks to himself, to keep off the devil; but, for all that, he is a very nice old gentleman.'

Sir Henry's professional connection with Queen Caroline led to his being called as a witness for the defence at the Trial of 1821. He positively stated that he had seen nothing improper or derogatory in her demeanour towards Bergaini or any other person

person at any time, and stood the cross-examination well. What (he says) struck him most in the great lawyers who conducted the case, was their ignorance of foreign usages and the mistakes into which they were consequently led. He was in unremitting attendance on the Queen during her fatal illness till her death; and he mentions, as one of the strange coincidences of medical life in London, that he was called in to see Mrs. Fitzherbert as a patient not long after he had left the Princess of Wales, and continued to attend her for many successive years.

On his arrival in England, after leaving the Princess, he found a pressing invitation from Lord Amherst to join the embassy to China as physician. This he declined at once; but before regularly beginning his professional career in London he made a trip to Belgium, Holland, and France, reaching Paris at the most interesting period of the occupation:—

‘The day after my arrival I witnessed a magnificent military show in the review of more than 30,000 English and Hanoverian troops on the plains of St. Denys, where were repeated certain of the manœuvres of the battle of Salamanca—the Duke of Wellington commanding in person; the Emperors of Russia and Austria, Blucher, Schwartzberg, Platoff, and many other officers of fame present on the field. Lord Palmerston, then in the early stage of his political life, was among the English spectators of the scene.’

The scene is more fully and rather differently described by Lord Palmerston in one of the valuable Journals (incidentally quoted in a former Number), discovered by Mr. Cowper Temple too late to be incorporated by Sir Henry Bulwer (Lord Dalling) in the ‘Life.’ According to Lord Palmerston, the army reviewed by the Duke amounted to 60,000 men, double the number at which it is computed by Sir Henry Holland:—

‘The Duke of Wellington told me afterwards that he had not even looked at the ground; that he had intended to have done so, but never could find time, and had only a sketch of it made by one of his officers, whom he sent to reconnoitre it. The Duke had given no orders but to appear upon the ground, and there was not a general of division who knew what was to be done. The first thing the Duke did was to change the position of the whole line, advancing it some little distance forward from the ground they had originally taken up. He then gave a sort of representation of his manœuvres at the battle of Salamanca.’

The review was a complete success. There was another, in the October following, with a smaller army (about 28,000), composed of Danes, British, Hanoverians, Saxons, and Prussians. It was a sham-fight, and on seeing the red-coats advancing in three lines to the front attack, ‘it was not,’ says Lord Palmerston,

'from national prejudice or mistaken vanity that made us at once exclaim, "How beautiful!"' This review was followed by a dinner:

'When dinner was announced, the emperor took Lady William Russell, the king (of Prussia) took Lady Worcester. Alexander beckoned to the king to go first. The king refused. The emperor insisted. The king was obstinate. The ladies looked foolish. The company expected a battle *royal*. When at last Alexander gave a vehement stamp with his foot, and the king, probably recollecting that his own cudgellers were at Sedan, a long day's journey off, consented to take the post of honour and go first. The second day the king said that, as he had given way before, he hoped Alexander would do him *la grace* to take his proper place, which was graciously assented to.'

There were only four ladies present at this dinner, all Englishwomen and wives of English aides-de-camp: Lady William Russell, Lady Worcester, Lady Frances Cole, and Lady Harvey. One of these remarkable, amongst her numerous gifts and accomplishments, for quick perception and accurate memory, has retained a different impression of the scene. She says that, the dinner being at the Russian head-quarters, the Czar considered himself at home, and therefore requested the King to go first; that the contest was one of smiling courtesy on both sides; that there was no display of temper, no stamping of feet; and that the ladies did not look foolish; which most assuredly one of them never did.

'In January, 1816 (continues the reminiscence) I entered on my professional life in London, at the age of twenty-seven, with a fair augury of success, speedily and completely fulfilled.' His success, he adds, was materially aided by visits for four successive years to Spa, at the close of the London season. Spa then nearly monopolised the society which may now be found distributed between Hombourg, Baden Baden, Carlsbad, and a host of other watering-places; and his list of distinguished visitors contains most of the first-rate celebrities of the period.

The prevalent belief in Spiritualism is not more discreditable to the understanding than the belief in luck; i.e. the belief that runs of luck at dice or cards may be influenced, modified, or foreseen, and turned to account. The majority of practised whist-players believe in packs and seats, namely, that they have a better chance of winning in particular seats or with particular packs; and every continental gambling-table is haunted by speculators who confidently rely on some infallible contrivance for breaking the bank. Benjamin Constant was reduced to this state of mental and moral degradation when Sir Henry Holland saw him at Spa:

'It

'It was melancholy to see a man of his ability passing the total day at the rouge-et-noir table; defrauding himself by those follies of calculation which bring ruin upon so many weaker minds. He was manifestly ashamed of being thus seen, but the seduction was too strong for his will to overcome. There was indeed in Constant a certain moral febleness and fastidiousness which prevented his ever retaining long together the position to which his intellects and acquirements entitled him. He reasoned and speculated about events eloquently and ingeniously; but had little faculty either of action upon or resistance to them.'

Benjamin Constant may have had recourse to the gambling-table for self-forgetfulness. He had been the devoted friend, more than the friend, of Madame de Staël. She was the heroine of '*Adolphe*,' the story of a man pursued by a woman ten years older than himself. Whether he was tired of her or not, they had vowed a common hatred to Napoleon, who had expelled him from the Tribunat with expressions of contempt. Yet at the commencement of the Hundred Days, he submitted to a private interview with the imperial despot, and came forth a confirmed Bonapartist and salaried Counsellor of State.

'In 1818, returning by Paris, I was one of the guests at a dinner there which I have every reason to remember. It was at the house of the Countess Rumford, the widow of Lavoisier, a reminiscence in itself. At the table were seated Laplace, Cuvier, Berthollet, Gay Lussac, and Prony; Madame Laplace, Madame Berthollet, and Mrs. Marcet. Berzelius, whose acquaintance I had made the same day at the Institute, came in the evening.'

In the Preface to the work already mentioned, Dr. Bence Jones says of Rumford: 'Not the least strange fact in the history of this original man is that during his life he received no thanks for all that he did for the Royal Institution. Moreover at the present time he is scarcely known as the finder of Davy and the founder of that place where very many of the greatest scientific discoveries of this century have been made.' It is stranger still that the actual President of the Institution, Sir Henry Holland, should describe Rumford's widow as if her sole title to distinction was derived from her first husband. The life of Rumford, in the clear and terse narrative of Dr. Bence Jones, has all the interest of a romance; and no more striking example of *Self-help* is to be found in the animating, hope-inspiring pages of Mr. Smiles.

The Count, Benjamin Thompson by birth and baptism, born in 1753, the son of an American farmer, was apprenticed, in his thirteenth year, to a general dealer at Salem. He neglected the shop or store, drew caricatures, dabbled in science, kept a school, and was altogether in an unpromising way, when (in his twentieth year)

a woman of fortune married him and gave him a position. At the commencement of the War of Independence he held a major's commission in the insurgent army, but his loyalist opinions led to his proscription; he changed sides, came to England, and was taken into the Secretary of State's office by Lord George Germain, who, in September, 1780, made him Under Secretary of State for the Northern Department. The year following, he is in command of a regiment of dragoons in Carolina; then Commander-in-chief of the cavalry under Sir Henry Clinton; and in 1783, his rank and half-pay as colonel in the British Service were confirmed to him for life. He had been simultaneously pursuing his scientific researches, and was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1778. In the autumn of 1783, he was on his way to Vienna, with the view of taking part in the war between Austria and Turkey, when he attracted the attention of Prince Maximilian, nephew and heir-presumptive of the Elector of Bavaria, and was induced to spend some days at Munich. These he turned to such account that in less than a year the uncontrolled administration of Bavarian affairs, civil and military, was practically confided to him.

The reforms he effected in every department of the State changed its entire aspect. He built barracks and warehouses on plans of his own; he established an excellent police; he suppressed mendicity; he set the finances in order; he put the army on an entirely new footing; and his multiplied adaptations of science to the arts of life were no less remarkable for their utility than their originality.* Well-earned honours showered upon him; he was knighted by George III.; he was decorated by several foreign sovereigns; he was made honorary member of several academies, and, after being formally named Chief of the War Department and Lieutenant-General of the royal armies in Bavaria, he received the crowning honour of Count of the Holy Roman Empire in 1791. During the next six or seven years he was constantly on the move, and, in the autumn of 1798, having resolved to return to England for the restoration of his health, the Elector appointed him Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James'. Lord Grenville, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, refused to ratify the appointment of an English subject to this post, and, the elector dying soon afterwards, nothing more was heard of it.

* A highly honourable tribute to the memory of Rumford has been recently paid by Professor Tyndall, who, in his own valuable work on 'Heat as a Mode of Motion,' says of Rumford's Essay on the Source of Heat, printed in 1798: 'Hardly anything more powerful against the materiality of heat has been since adduced, hardly anything more conclusive in the way of establishing that heat is what Rumford considered it to be, Motion' (p. 581).

The Count, after wavering between the United States and England, resolved on settling here, and, along with two or three other schemes of mixed science and philanthropy, set about the foundation of the Royal Institution. The most auspicious event in its annals—the engagement of Davy—is announced by him as just effected through his instrumentality, in a letter dated February 16, 1801. Congeniality of pursuit and aim was not the only point in common between these men. Their domestic destinies were strikingly alike. The relations in which the Countess Rumford and Lady Davy stood to their respective lords, before and during marriage, were almost identically the same. The same self-delusion, the same high hopes, the same bitter disappointment. Alas! for science and philosophy! On January 22, 1804, Rumford, who had been eleven years a widower, writes to his daughter from Paris:—

‘I shall withhold this information from you no longer. I really do think of marrying, though I am not yet absolutely determined on matrimony. I made the acquaintance of this very amiable woman in Paris, who, I believe, would have no objection in having me for a husband, and who in all respects would be a proper match for me. She is a widow, without children, never having had any, is about my own age, enjoys good health, is very pleasant in society, has a handsome fortune at her own disposal, enjoys a most respectable reputation, keeps a good house, which is frequented by all the first philosophers and men of eminence in the science and literature of the age, or rather of Paris, and, *what is more than all the rest, is goodness itself.*’

His amatory style is colder than Davy’s, but allowance must be made for former experience of matrimony and difference of age. It grows a little warmer in the next letter:—

‘She is fond of travelling, and wishes to make the tour of Italy with me. She appears to be most sincerely attached to me, and I esteem and love her very much.’

The marriage did not take place until the 24th October, 1805, in less than three months, January 15, 1806, he writes:—

‘Between you and myself, as a family secret, I am not at all sure that two certain persons were not wholly mistaken, in their marriage, as to each other’s characters. Time will show. But two months barely expired, I forebode difficulties. Already I am obliged to send my good Germans home—a great discomfort to me and wrong to them.’

On the first anniversary of the marriage he writes to announce the utter failure of the experiment:—

‘Very likely she is as much disaffected towards me as I am towards her. Little it matters with me, but I call her a female dragon—
simply

simply by that gentle name! We have got to the pitch of my insisting on one thing and she on another.'

On the second (October 24, 1807), to say that he was literally in hot water:—

'I am almost afraid to tell you the story, my good child, lest in future you should not be good; lest what I am about relating should set you a bad example, make you passionate, and so on. But I had been made very angry. A large party had been invited I neither liked nor approved of, and invited for the sole purpose of vexing me. Our house being in the centre of the garden, walled around, with iron gates, I put on my hat, walked down to the porter's lodge, and gave him orders, on his peril, not to let anyone in. Besides, I took away the keys. Madame went down, and when the company arrived she talked with them, she on one side, they on the other, of the high brick wall. *After that she goes and pours boiling water on some of my beautiful flowers.*'

They came to what is called an amicable separation in June, 1809, when he utters a wild shriek of liberty: 'I find myself relieved from an almost insupportable burden; and, above all, that eternal contradiction. Oh! happy, thrice happy, am I to be my own man again!'

Amongst Sir Henry Holland's recollections of events or sketches of character critical attention is naturally attracted to those which surprise by novelty or invite comment.

In February, 1827, he was sent for to Brighton to attend Mr. Canning. On his return he hastened to Lord Liverpool.

'Having satisfied his inquiries as to Mr. Canning, he begged me to feel his own pulse—the first time I had ever done so. Without giving details, I may say that I found it such; as to lead me to suggest an immediate appeal to his medical advisers for careful watch over him. The very next morning Lord Liverpool underwent the paralytic stroke which closed his political life. His pulse alone had given me cause for alarm; but there were one or two passages in our half-hour's conversation so forcibly expressing the harassing anxieties of his position, that I could hardly dissociate them from the event which thus instantly followed.'

In the August following he was in attendance on the death-bed of Canning, when the dying statesman said to him, 'I have struggled against this long, but it has conquered me at last.

'*Moi,*' exclaimed the lively Frenchman. '*Je fais des chateaux en Espagne.*' 'Et moi,' replied the melancholy one. '*J'y fais des cachots.*' According to Sir Henry Holland the same contrast in temperament existed between Lord Palmerston and Lord Aberdeen:—

'The inborn vivacity and optimism of the former (Lord Palmerston) pervaded

pervaded his life both public and private; rescuing him in great degree from many of those anxieties which press, more or less, upon every step of a minister's career. . . . Lord Aberdeen habitually looked at objects and events through a more gloomy atmosphere. He was wanting in that elasticity of body and spirit so influential in a public career. I recollect, on one occasion, to have seen them as patients in immediate succession for several days together, when this contrast was presented under those strongly marked colours which illness more especially discloses.'

He also bears testimony to Lord Palmerston's extraordinary power of conquering pain, or rather the disabling effects of pain, by dint of volition. 'I have seen him, under a fit of gout which would have sent other men groaning to their couches, continue his work of writing or reading on public business almost without abatement, amidst the chaos of papers which covered the floor as well as the tables of his room.'

Of Sydney Smith he says:—

'He never looked over again what he had once written; and, as I know, could hardly ever be persuaded to correct the errors of a proof sheet. He revelled in his own manner of handling a subject, and was comparatively careless of its effect on others.'

That Sydney Smith was indifferent to the effect of his writings is a statement which we should be loth to receive on inferior authority; and Sir Henry surely goes a little too far in naming Robert (the elder brother of Sydney), popularly called Bobus, 'the most accomplished scholar and profound thinker he has ever known,' which is tantamount to calling him the most accomplished scholar and profound thinker of the nineteenth century. He was personally unknown beyond a select circle; and we cannot consent to place the man who shrank fastidiously from the open arena above the one who (like Sydney Smith) was ready for all comers at all times, although he occasionally got a fall. Yet Mr. Robert Smith's wit, learning, and fine qualities of understanding are beyond dispute. His Latin poems led Lord Dudley to rank him with Lucretius and Catullus; and we know few things better in sarcastic humour than his well-known description of Joseph Hume and Vansittart (the Chancellor of the Exchequer) as 'Penny Wise and Pound Foolish.' He was a lawyer, an ex-advocate-general, and happened to be engaged in argument with an eminent physician touching the merits of their respective professions. 'You must admit,' urged Dr. —, 'that your profession does not make angels of men.' 'No,' was the retort; 'there you have the best of it; *yours* certainly gives them the first chance.'

James Smith is mentioned as *the* author of 'The Rejected Addresses.'

Addresses.' It was the joint composition of James and his brother Horatio; and their respective shares have been published on authority. Two of the best, the parodies of Scott and Byron, were by Horatio, with the exception of a few lines.

Amongst the Spa reminiscences is one of a man who is still imperfectly understood:—

'Those—and there are yet many—who recollect the genial temperament and masculine, though eccentric, intellect of Henry Drummond, will appreciate the pleasure of a fortnight's travel with him through a country new to both. He had eyes and understanding peculiar to himself for all he saw, and language and manner as original as his thoughts. He was a man who could not tread along the highway of common opinion either in religion or politics, but his *aberrant* path was always pursued with honesty as well as vigour.'

If Drummond had heard his path called '*aberrant*,' he would have objected that, although error is multiform and truth is one, it would be as well to say '*discursive*' or '*digressive*,' till the right path in politics and religion shall have been satisfactorily defined. Quitting the highway to enjoy a prospect is not erring. His mind was constantly putting out feelers. His opinions were not so much formed or fixed as tentative. His intellectual appetite needed variety. His mental constitution required change. Thomson, the author of '*The Castle of Indolence*,' (the story has been told of Gay) was seen strolling round Lord Burlington's garden, with his hands in the pockets of his dressing-gown, biting off the sunny sides of the peaches. It was somewhat in this fashion that Drummond dealt with subjects, books, and men. He contented himself with the choicest mouthful of each. To judge him by consistency, was to misjudge him. He never pretended to it. He thought it the mark of a fettered and contracted mind. At Albury Park—which had much in common with Bowood—the society was as miscellaneous and as well chosen for his purpose as the library, and there were few representative men, few men of rank, be their politics what they might, who did not consciously or unconsciously contribute to his store of facts and theories. His conversation, always rich, animated, sparkling, suggestive, and desultory, resembled a kaleidoscope in the brilliancy and heterogeneous character of the materials; whilst his perfect breeding and exquisite refinement of tone, gave the last finish to its charm. His speeches were comparatively ineffective for want of sustained argument and continuity, although he never rose without commanding the attention of the House, did capitally for the first ten minutes, and rarely sat down without giving utterance to a telling sarcasm, a pointed paradox, or a
condensed

condensed truth. Under what category should we range his favourite doctrine, that there are only two effective modes of governing mankind—by force or corruption, by grapeshot or French cookery?*

It enhances the value and interest of Sir Henry Holland's impressions that they are given as originally stamped upon his mind by personal observation, without any attempt to confirm or correct them by authority. We shall not complain, therefore, of his taking no notice whatever of our recent account of Talleyrands *bons-mots*—especially of the *Quoi, Deja?* which (if applied by Talleyrand to Montrond, which we doubt) was made two hundred years ago.† But an historical parallel like the following seems to challenge comment:—

‘In studying Talleyrand—and it was a curious study—a comparison often suggested itself to me in Cardinal de Retz. Their intellectual and moral qualities were of the same general stamp, and attested much in the same way, though on a very different scale of action. Their epigrammatic maxims have the same peculiar flavour, and their ecclesiastical positions the same relation to the actual religion of the two men. The Cardinal, however, doubtless stands lowest in the comparison. The petty incidents and passions of the “Guerre de la Fronde” were little fitted to dignify a public career.’

We should be puzzled to name two characters more diametrically opposed. Talleyrand was a man of intrigue, a closet statesman, cautious, circumspect, and prudent to timidity. De Retz was a man of action, ready at the shortest warning to lay down the crossier for the sword, bold, stirring, and rash to recklessness. Talleyrand always kept in the background, watching the signs of the times, regulated his course accordingly, and influenced events through instruments which he moved, as a wire-puller moves puppets, from behind the scenes. The share he had in bringing the Allies to Paris in 1814, and again in helping Louis Philippe to the throne in 1830, was so managed as to enable him to claim or disclaim the credit or discredit of complicity as it suited him. De Retz courted responsibility instead of shrinking from it. When his plots were ripe, he came prominently to the front to execute them. In the course of a single day, towards the commencement of the Fronde, he preached a seditious sermon in full canonicals at Notre Dame, and appeared armed to the teeth on the barricades. Compare Talleyrand dodging to evade

* A succinct and clear account of his opinions and distinctive qualities has been given by his noble son-in-law. See the Preface to ‘Speeches in Parliament and some Miscellaneous Pamphlets,’ edited by Lord Lovaine (now Duke of Northumberland), 1860.

† ‘The Quarterly Review,’ Bulwer’s (Lord Dalling’s) ‘Historical Characters,’ vol. cxxiii. pp. 401-402.

'the frequent inkstand whizzing past his ear' or quailing beneath the pitiless contempt of Napoleon, with De Retz confronting Anne of Austria and Mazarin in her privy-chamber, his hand on the hilt of a concealed dagger, his resolute glance crossing her angry frown as sword crosses sword, and her haughty spirit effectually subdued by his. With regard to their maxims or sayings, there is this essential difference: Talleyrand's were polished and prepared, often borrowed, witticisms; De Retz's were either maxims of state, broad and practical in scope and application, or signal proofs of never-failing presence of mind and rare readiness—as, when knocked down in the tumult, with an arquebuss levelled at his head, he apostrophised the assailant, an apothecary's lad, who was about to fire, '*Ah, malheureux, si ton pere te voyait !*'

Talleyrand respected the decencies and conventionalities: De Retz laughed at them. Talleyrand took the earliest opportunity of flinging off the ecclesiastical character; De Retz stuck to it, made it a stepping-stone, and complacently narrates his duels and amours with an archbishoprick at hand and a cardinal's hat in prospect. Allowing that the arena on which Talleyrand figured was better fitted to dignify a public career, his was certainly not a dignified one. But the passions of the Fronde were like other passions in troubled times, with a strong infusion of romance: the passion of Rochefoucauld for Madame de Longueville, epitomised in his 'Maxims' and immortalised by his couplet,* was one of them; the armies of the Fronde were led by Condé and Turenne; nor can the rising of a great capital, the civil commotions which convulse a great nation, be deemed 'petty incidents' in which it is degrading to be mixed up. In morals and religion these mundane priests were about upon a par—*Arcades ambo*—and in assigning the highest place to De Retz, we are simply proceeding on the same principle as Colonel Mannering, when he preferred Dirk Hatteraick to Glossin as the bolder scoundrel of the two.

'If (continues the reminiscient) I were to seek a strongly marked contrast to the character, figure, and speech of Talleyrand, I might name Lord Sidmouth, a patient of mine at the same period.' The contrast is so strong that the bare juxtaposition looks strange. Canning's parodies and epigrams had not prepared us to find 'the Doctor' taking the lead in conversation. Yet so it was—the scene Lord Stowell's house in Grafton-street, the doorplate of which was the subject of Jekyll's joke:

* '*Pour meriter son cœur, pour plaire à ses beaux yeux,
J'ai fait la guerre aux rois, je l'aurais faite aux Dieux.*'

'Lord Sidmouth was the talker of the party; but the whimsical roll of Lord Stowell's massive shoulder, when uttering some interlocutory phrase of dry humour, was worth more to the eye than any amount of speech to the ear. Lord Alvanley's description of him, as 'a conceited Muscovy duck,' had an amusing personal reality about it, felt even by those who knew his high merits as a Judge and master of international law. His house curiously illustrated the habits of the man, in its utter destitution of all the appliances of luxury or comfort. The furniture was never either changed or cleaned. Year after year I wrote prescriptions there with the same solitary pen—the single one, I believe, in his possession, and rarely used by himself after his retirement from public business. *He had corresponded with Dr. Johnson early in life.* Latterly he rarely wrote a letter. Of society, even legal, he had little or none, and he did not covet it.'

Lord Stowell (then Dr. Scott) was Johnson's travelling companion from Newcastle to Edinburgh, and was accidentally prevented from accompanying Johnson and Boswell in the tour to the Hebrides. They frequently dined together at the Mitre, besides meeting at the Club. He won the Doctor's heart by giving Boswell, who was teasing all his acquaintances for a definition of taste, the following: 'That faculty of the mind which leads a Scotchman to prefer England to his own country.' Speaking of investments, he avowed a marked predilection for 'the beautiful simplicity of the Three per Cents.' He defended dinners for public or local purposes, on the ground that a dinner *lubricates* business. In penuriousness and fondness for port, Lord Stowell and his brother Lord Eldon were alike. It is a moot point which of them said of the other, in answer to the inquiry how much wine he could drink at a sitting, 'any given quantity.'

An entire chapter of the 'Recollections' is devoted to the question, 'which, indeed, every existing generation has motive and right to ask, as to its relations of *better* or *worse*—morally, intellectually, and socially—to the generation going before it.' Sir Henry has supplied materials for an answer, rather than a complete answer in itself, and done so in a manner to ward off, at all events, the imputation commonly levelled at elderly moralists—that, by the very law of their being, they are eulogists of the past. There would be ample apology for him, if he was. It is undeniable that there are eras or cycles of intellectual excellence, as the Augustan age, the Elizabethan age, the age of Louis Quatorze, the age of Queen Anne. If any one who had lived in, and outlived, one of these eras were to say, during a blank interval, that he discerned symptoms of decline, the odds are that he would be expressing not a prejudice, but the fact.

There

There was a period in Sir Henry Holland's past life when England could boast a constellation of celebrities :—Byron, Scott, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Crabbe, Moore, Rogers, Procter, Campbell, in poetry ; Grey, Grenville, Sheridan, Canning, Brougham, Castlereagh, Plunkett, Grattan, Tierney, Peel, in oratory and statesmanship ; Hallam, Milman, Southey, Jeffrey, Mackintosh, Gifford, in history and criticism ; the Kembles, Kean, Mathews, Farren, Young, Liston, Miss O'Neil (Lady Becher), Miss Stephens (Lady Essex), on the stage ; Jekyll, Frere, the four Smiths (Bobus, Sydney, James, Horatio), Theodore Hook, Alvanley, Luttrell, Lady Morley, Lady Aldborough, in wit ; Ellenborough, Stowell, Sir William Grant, on the Bench ; Scarlett, Romilly, and Copley, at the Bar ; Sir Thomas Lawrence, Constable, Wilkie, Turner, Flaxman, Chantrey, representing art ; and the Iron Duke, the centre of a gallant band, personifying war.

Then came another not altogether disconnected nor wholly extinct period, when the reminiscent might have gazed round a circle luminous with the names of Melbourne, Palmerston, Aberdeen, Russell, Clarendon, Derby, Grote, Macaulay, Froude, Buckle, Mahon (Stanhope), Lockhart, Herschel, Whewell, Babbage, Murchison, John Stuart Mill, Carlyle, Lytton Bulwer, Tennyson, Browning, Monckton Milnes, Hood, Eöthen, George Eliot, Caroline Norton, Mrs. Somerville, Dickens, Thackeray, Landseer, Eastlake, Maclise, Watts, Millais, Macready, Charles Kean, Fanny Kemble, Wigan, O'Connell, Shiel, Gladstone, Disraeli, Lewis, Wilberforce, Cobden, Bright. Reverting to such periods, seeing nothing coming on to replace what is dying out, no rising genius, nothing first-rate under forty, an octogenarian might be excused for assuming and speculating on an undeniable decline.

It will be understood, of course, that we make a broad exception for the physical sciences, which (under a cluster of bright lights) are advancing with such rapidity that 'what yesterday was an invisible point is our goal to-day, and may be our starting-point to-morrow.' Travellers like Speke, Grant, and Livingstone,—explorers like Rawlinson, Layard, and Strzelecki, have simultaneously extended and elevated geography. But this is far from implying a corresponding improvement in mind and morals, or in the tone, habits, and constitution of society. Sir Henry Holland has drawn up a kind of debtor and creditor account without declaring the balance. His first item of charge is 'the *over-crowding* of the London world : a phrase which will be appreciated by all who have lived in its midst.' The dinner-parties and evening parties, the gatherings of all sorts (he contends) are too large for rational enjoyment. The upper ten thousand (swelled to thirty) are formed by centripetal attraction
into

into crowds resembling mobs, in which the finer elements get mingled with the coarser, to the inevitable deterioration of the best. There is no set or circle to impose laws or pass sentences. Fashion, for want of an autocrat, resembles the lower empire. The black sheep of one quarter may be the milk-white lamb of another. Expelled from Belgravia, she has only to pitch her tent in Tyburnia or May Fair. Intrusive vulgarity, backed by wealth, has gained by this state of things, and to it we are indebted for the acclimatisation on English soil of the *demi-monde*, on the discovery of which M. Dumas the younger, the new Academician, prides himself as on the discovery of a star. But, on the other hand, let it be remembered that Fashion, in its heyday, was a crushing and degrading, if a refining, tyranny; that its benefits were confined to the privileged few, and that we are well rid of it, if the greatest happiness of the greatest number is to be the test.

Sir Henry says that he was once called in to prescribe for a fair patient whose illness was occasioned by the refusal of a subscription to Almack's. A non-medical friend of ours was recently called in to advise on a similar case,—that of a young lady who was fretting herself into a fever because she had not been invited to a ball at Strawberry Hill. As she happened to be very pretty, the sympathising mistress of that classic abode proved less obdurate than the patronesses, and the fitting remedy was applied. But the material difference between the two cases was this: our friend's patient would have simply missed a pleasant evening; Sir Henry's was exposed to a downright loss of caste. To be free of the exclusive *coterie*, to have the *entrée* of certain houses, in her time, was like belonging to the *noblesse* under the ancient regime in France. There are now plenty of pleasant houses, with parties of all sorts and sizes, small and select as well as large and indiscriminate: cultivated men and women abound in every quarter; and lines of demarcation are not wanting, although not very rigidly drawn nor very strongly guarded. What we miss are the great houses which were discriminating without being exclusive.

Although rank and wealth still command their fair share of weight and influence, the tendency of recent changes has been to a mingling of ranks—towards placing the middle class more on a level with the higher. Clubs and railroads have powerfully co-operated in this direction. Men of moderate means now dine and travel like the millionaire; they need not envy the richest noble his post-horses, his library, his drawing-room, or his cook. The notion that men are lured away from the family circle is a mistake, for the percentage who pass their evenings at clubs

is not enough to produce the smallest difference in domesticity; and that club-life is an improvement on tavern-life, it would be paradoxical to dispute.

An important step towards the assimilation of classes was forced upon the aristocracy by the overcrowded state of what used to be considered the only gentlemanlike callings and professions:

'She (the Duchess in "Lothair") frets herself too much about her boys: she does not know what to do with them. They will not go into the Church, and they have not fortune for the Guards.

"I understood that Lord Plantagenet was to be a civil engineer," said Lady Corisande.

"And Lord Albert Victor to have a sheep-walk in Australia," continued Lady St. Jerome.'

There are Lords in trade and Honourables on the Stock Exchange. Levelling doctrines and pseudo-liberality apart, is this precisely as it should be? *Noblesse oblige*. There was a time-honoured custom in Brittany for a noble, about to engage in trade, to lay down his titles and armorial bearings, not to be resumed until the derogatory occupation had been definitively abandoned. There was good sense and far-sighted policy in this custom, although modern manners may not admit of its revival. Commerce has not gained in public estimation of late years, notwithstanding this accession of rank and title. 'It is gone, that chastity of (mercantile) honour, which felt a stain like a wound.' To rig the market, to circulate a delusive prospectus, involves no loss of credit, unless there come a crash; and then the judicious speculator, who has sold his shares at a premium, can safely laugh at the dupes:

'Populus me sibilat; at mihi plaudo
Ipse domi, simul ac nummos contemplor in arcâ.'

We cordially go along with Sir Henry Holland in deprecating the neglect of English Classics, the want of familiarity with Milton, Pope, Dryden, Swift, Addison, and even Shakspeare (now that he has nearly dropped out of the acting drama) which is hourly betrayed by cultivated people in society, and most especially by writers for the periodical press. And yet, we equally agree with him, the vast amount of talent, knowledge, and wit expended in journalism is one of the most notable characteristics of the times. The English newspapers have well nigh realised Benjamin Constant's axiom: 'The Press is the tribune enlarged: speech is the vehicle of intelligence, and intelligence is the mistress of the world.' As vehicles of intelligence, as workshops of opinion, as mirrors of passing events, as the arena
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in which conflicting notions and theories are fought out, they supply the best possible materials for self-government, if (as may be plausibly contended) they do not practically and substantially constitute it. Chatham protested in his loftiest strain against calling the Lords and Commons of England together to register the decrees of 'one too powerful subject.' He would protest in vain against their being called together to register the decrees of the Press. But it is the Press distilling the essence of books, speeches, and reviews—the Press, to which we all of us contribute in some shape—the Press, representing the enlightened majority of the nation, the provincial equally with the metropolitan press, that holds this sovereignty and dictates its conclusions or its will.

Admirably as many of the local newspapers are written and conducted, they are mainly indebted for their elevation to the electric telegraph, which places them, in point of information, on a footing of equality and gives them the start in time. At Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, Bristol, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dublin—at all the great towns and cities except London—the merchant relies perforce on the local paper for his news, and takes the London paper (when he takes it) as a luxury.

Sir Henry avoids the nice question of social morality, but he is severe on modern dress, male and female. Men dress carelessly and negligently, whilst women are guilty of excesses which are both inexcusable and unaccountable; such, for example, as the unhealthy and unbecoming practice of heaping masses of artificial hair upon their heads. We speak within compass when we say that the dress of a woman of fashion costs three times what it did thirty years since; and the problem where some of them find the means of payment is one which, although frequently raised, it might be deemed indelicate to discuss. This extravagance, being carried farthest by 'fast' people, may be connected with that 'increased *fastness* of living' which has grown up in all classes and occupations.

'Looking especially at home, we find that the augmented speed and hurry of locomotion (and I can affirm that people walk *faster* in the London streets than they did when I first knew these great thoroughfares) is carried into every other department of life; politics, commerce, literature, science, professional and social existence. The loiterers in life are fewer, and the charm of a tranquil leisure is less appreciated and sought after. The country life of England has also undergone various alteration. Country-houses, if not left vacant for the year, are peopled for a shorter time than heretofore.'

When Fox was expatiating on the pleasure of lying on the lawn at St. Anne's Hill, with a book in his hand, Sheridan objected—

objected—‘And why the book?’ He would find few sympathisers amongst the existing race of politicians. At the same time we do not think that country-house life has deteriorated, although shortened by the habit of passing the early autumn abroad. Even here, however, there is too much movement; too much hurrying from house to house. The late General Phipps made it a rule never to accept an invitation for a less period than would cover the expense of posting at the rate of a day for every ten miles. A tariff on the same principle, adapted to railroad travelling, should be laid down.

To turn to graver topics, our attention is invited to the influence of physical science in promoting a more general and more earnest call for proof in matters which peculiarly belong to faith. We are also told to mark the altered tone and direction of religious controversy, which, no longer content to deal with forms or abstruse doctrines, roughly grapples with the Scriptures, their history, their inspiration, and their truth:—

‘Declining, as I must, all speculation as to the causes and future results of the changes just described, I am bound to notice one present good arising out of them, in the increased zeal and activity of the Clergy at large—an effect made known to me professionally as well as by general observation. These qualities would be still more beneficial in their influence were they less alloyed by those sectarian struggles and hatreds which dishonour religion now, as they have done at every preceding period of ecclesiastical history.’

If ecclesiastical history leaves an unfavourable impression by recording the intestine divisions of Churches, it bears strong evidence to the innate strength of revealed religion, by showing how often it has recovered and righted itself, when, like a tempest-tossed ship, it seemed on the point of sinking. Its alternating fortunes have been clearly traced, and the logical conclusion admirably deduced, by Canon Liddon, in the series of lectures which he has recently delivered at St. Paul’s.

Arguing *à priori*, it might be inferred that the growing demand for positive proof would be fatal to imposture and quackery. But the contrary is the fact. ‘It is curious to note how periodical these epidemic visitations of miracle have become. Mesmeric visions and prophecies, clairvoyance, spirit-rappings, table-turnings and liftings, succeed one another in popular fashion, with certain intervals between, to allow prior detections to be forgotten, and to catch the credulous of a new generation.’ The last visitation of Spiritualism has proved both virulent and widespread; exposure has proved powerless as an antidote, and (as shown in our last Number) the epidemic has recently broken out, with aggravated symptoms, in the very stronghold of science, the Royal Society itself. ‘In all superstitions,’ says Lord Bacon, ‘wise men follow fools.’

fools.' Learned men, who are not necessarily wise men, occasionally do : they also occasionally follow rogues ; and there is consequently little cause for wonder when a combination of folly and roguery, like Spiritualism, counts distinguished proselytes by the score. It is the eternal ineradicable liability to such delusions that renders the human mind essentially the same in all ages ; we fear we must say nearly the same of the heart. What reliance can be placed on education for thoroughly purifying or perfecting either, when we so frequently see the most highly educated men setting the worst example to the rest ? Knowledge may prove a panacea for the social errors or abuses which proceed from ignorance, and their name is legion ; but, assuming its universal diffusion, it will hardly endow the people at large with the qualities which have been found wanting in the wisest, brightest : in a Bacon, a Brougham, a Voltaire, a Pope. It will not render them proof against vanity, cupidity, or caprice ; it will not confer honour or integrity. They will not perforce become provident and self-sacrificing ; habitually foregoing immediate personal gratification for general and lasting good. Knowledge will clear the surface without penetrating to the core. As for legislation—

‘How small of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.’

Or, to adopt Mr. Gladstone's words in his Greenwich speech : ‘The social problems which confront us, are many and formidable. Let the Government labour to its uttermost, let the Legislature spend days and nights in your service ; but after the very best has been achieved, the question whether the English father is to be the father of a happy family, and the centre of a united home, is a question which must depend mainly upon himself.’ The grand hour of trial for society will be when all bad laws shall have been abolished, when all material obstructions to progress shall have been removed, when the baffled demagogue, vainly looking round for a public grievance, shall be brought face to face with the invaluable adage : ‘Let every man's reform, like his charity, begin at home, and society, like Thames water, will purify itself.’ Public or political virtue reposes on a different foundation from private or domestic virtue : the one must grow spontaneously, the other may be promoted or enforced ; and the problem started by Sir Henry Holland's retrospect, the problem to be solved by the England of the future, is neither more nor less than whether the highest civilisation can overcome the vices and weaknesses which we have been taught to believe inherent in mankind.

- ART. IX.—1. *The Book of Ser Marco Polo, the Venetian, concerning the Kingdoms and Marvels of the East.* By Colonel Henry Yule, C.B. London, 1871.
2. *Visits to High Tartary, Yarkand, and Kâshgar (formerly Chinese Tartary), and Return Journey over the Karakoram Pass.* By Robert Shaw. London, 1871.
3. *Travels of a Pioneer of Commerce in Pigtail and Petticoats, or an Overland Journey from China towards India.* By T. T. Cooper. London, 1871.
4. *Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society.*

IF we except that everlasting puzzle, the Sources of the Nile, there is no part of the world that has a stronger claim on the attention of geographers at the present day than the countries traversed by Marco Polo. Geography aims at preparing a table for many appetites, and the problems involved in the exploration of Central Asia and China abound in interest for the antiquary, the man of science, the merchant, and the politician.

Although great advances have been made within the last half century in our knowledge of these countries, and especially in those parts of the great mountain back-bone of the Old World which lie to the north-west of India, and, indeed, in Turkistan both Eastern and Western, we have yet much to learn. But the progress is rapid, and if the next few years should show examples of such pluck and perseverance as have lately been exhibited by men like Cayley, Forsyth, Hayward, Shaw, Cooper, and Captain Montgomerie's emissaries, in Eastern—and by Severtsoff, Semenoff, Struve, Poltoratski, Baron Osten-Sacken, and other Russian explorers, in Western Turkistan, not only may we hope soon to see the true physical features of this vast region laid open before the world of science, but these geographical operations will, it cannot be doubted, prove the forerunners to the establishment of extensive commercial intercourse and, let us hope, at the same time, the surest pledges of peace between the two great nations principally concerned therein. It is, however, with Eastern Turkistan that we have now to deal,—a region which, down to 1864, the Chinese had held in subjection for about a hundred years, their latest conquests of the country dating from about the middle of last century. But this was by no means the first time that these regions had formed a part of the empire. Even as far back as the first century of our era the Chinese power extended across the Bolor to the shores of the Caspian. The following ages saw great fluctuations, but the conquests of Chinghiz and

and his successors again brought the states of Turkistan under the same supremacy with China. When they fell, the native Chinese dynasty which succeeded them held little beyond the borders of China Proper, and it was not till the present Manchu dynasty was in the height of its power, that Eastern Turkistan became, for the last time, united to China.

But let us stop to consider the real position which Marco Polo rightfully holds in the history of Oriental discovery; for while all the world recognises him as the Prince of mediæval travellers, who, by the extent and influence of his discoveries, has contributed more than any other to the progress of geography and of our knowledge of the East, it must not be supposed that from him was derived the earliest information respecting either Central Asia or China. We need not stop to discuss the much-disputed question of the position of the Thinae of Eratosthenes, Strabo, and the Periplus of the Erythræan Sea, or of the application of Marinus's Serica, as preserved to us by Ptolemy, to the kingdom of China. It is tolerably clear, we think, that China is the country referred to, and that the Seres of Ammianus Marcellinus, corresponding as they closely do in character with the modern Chinese, were intended to represent that people. That the Romans possessed some knowledge of China, would seem to be shown by a discovery made by De Guignes of a statement in a Chinese historical work that, in A.D. 166, an embassy, said to have come by sea, arrived from An-Thon (Antoninus) to the Emperor Yan-hi; and the use of the '*Serica vestis*,' alluded to by Horace and Propertius, would appear to confirm the impression, provided only that silk, and not muslin, were the commodity really alluded to. A more unquestionable record is a narrative in Arabic, written about the year 1173, describing the observations of two Arab merchants who were in China respectively in 851 and 867. This curious document was discovered in the Comte de Seignelay's library by M. Eusèbe Renaudot, and translated and published by him in Paris in 1718. Mixed up with some exaggerations were many curious particulars, so accurate as to prove the genuineness of the story and the intelligence of the narrators. Tea, under the name of *tcha*, was distinctly referred to as being universally drunk, infused in hot water, and supposed to be a cure for every disease. Porcelain, silk, and rice, the peculiar dresses, both of the men and of the women, and the skill of the people in mechanics, were all described as accurately as we now know them.

When the devastations carried by the Mongols into Russia, Georgia, and Armenia, became more and more alarming in Europe,

Europe, Pope Innocent IV., at the Council of Lyons, determined to send ambassadors to pacify these formidable enemies, so as to divert these disastrous results from the West; or, at all events, to collect every possible information respecting a people so little known. Accordingly, in 1245, the Minorite friar Giovanni de Plano Carpini, together with five other brothers of the Order, were chosen to undertake this task. Carpini was absent sixteen months. He had the merit of being the first to publish in Europe a rational description of the Mongol nation, and he was also the first European to bring back some account of China from hearsay, or to make mention of the celebrated Prester John. The next European to bring information respecting these countries was William van Ruysbroeck, or De Rubruquis, also a Minorite friar. A rumour had spread through Europe that the Grand Khan had embraced the Christian religion, and St. Louis, being then engaged in the fourth crusade against the Saracens, was anxious to cement an alliance with the Tartars, who were at that time in hostility with the same power on the side of Persia. Accordingly, Ruysbroeck was sent out, accompanied by the friar Bartholomew of Cremona. It was in 1253, at which time Marco Polo was but in his cradle, that they left Acre on their eastward journey, and finally reached Karakoram, the residence of the Great Khan. Ruysbroeck was the first to make known in Europe that favourite Mongolian drink, the Koumis, produced by the fermentation of mare's milk. He first spoke of the rice-spirit, arrack, and gave an accurate description of the yak. He was also the first European after Ammianus Marcellinus to mention rhubarb as a remedy. In those days it was supposed that the Caspian was connected with the Northern Ocean. It was Ruysbroeck who showed that it was only a lake, the enormous extent of which caused it to be called a sea. His remarks on the Nestorian Christians are full of interest. He says that they inhabited fifteen towns of Cathay, and that their bishop lived at Singan, a town in Western China, where a monument was found in 1625, bearing witness to the ancient existence of a Christian establishment.

At the period when the travels of the Polo family commence, the Tartars were becoming objects rather of hope than of fear, as possible helps against the Mahomedans. So that now Asia lay quite open to the passage of travellers from the West. With the exception of India and the coasts of the Mediterranean, the whole of Asia may be said to have been divided into four great monarchies, under the descendants of the four sons of Chinghiz. Kublai, Chinghiz's grandson, had just ascended the chief throne of the Mongol empire in 1259, and transferred the seat of government

ment from Karakoram, on the northern verge of the Mongolian Desert, to Khanbalig, now Pekin, a step which resulted in the conversion of the Mongol Khan into a Chinese emperor.

At this time the merchants of Genoa, Lombardy, and Venice made their own purchases of silk and velvet in the markets of Kinsay, Zayton, and Khanbalig, now known as Hangchow, Chinchou, and Pekin. In 1254, Nicolas and Maffeo Polo, the father and uncle of Marco Polo, members of a Venetian family which had establishments at Constantinople and the Crimea, made a trading journey to Tartary, Nicolas leaving a wife behind him in Venice, which city they quitted about 1254. It was not, however, till about 1260 that they started from Constantinople eastward. They crossed the Euxine to Roumania, made their way to Bokhara, and after an abode there of three years, attached themselves to the company of an ambassador going to the Court of Kublai Khan. This monarch received them graciously, and was curious in his inquiries concerning the affairs of Europe and the Christian religion. Learning that the Pope was the person regarded with the greatest veneration in Europe, he resolved on despatching them as his ambassadors to his Holiness, with a letter begging him to send out a hundred persons able to prove that the law of Christ was best. The Khan charged them to bring him some of the oil of the lamp which burns on the sepulchre of our Lord at Jerusalem, and he gave them a tablet of gold which would ensure them supplies wherever they went. They arrived at Acre in 1269, and found that no Pope existed, for Clement IV. was dead the year before, and no new election had yet taken place. So they returned to Venice, where Nicolas found that his wife had been long dead, but had left a son behind her, now fifteen years of age, the Marco Polo whom two years afterwards the travellers took back with them to the East, and with whose story we have now to deal.

To the importance of that story literature has paid its spontaneous testimony. Fifty-seven editions have not sufficed to satisfy the curiosity of the public, and five centuries and a half elapsed without producing a traveller to dispute with the noble Venetian the glory of being the greatest explorer of the continent of Asia. But for this very reason the value of this noble work was necessarily bereft of its true appreciation by the learned. For this end the beaten track of researches, based exclusively on Greek and Latin sources, was insufficient. It was requisite to bring into the field the resources of Oriental literature, and illustrations from Oriental travel. By the aid of these that which was reputed false has become recognised as true; and if we find some chronological errors and misshapen forms of names,

names, the fault may well be attributed to a defective memory in the dictation of a lengthy narrative. We know of no book whatever, to an edition of which accuracy in the text as well as external illustration are more matters of necessity than that of Marco Polo. Accuracy in the text, because he has spoken of parts of Asia scarcely recognisable or hitherto undescribed, and very often a letter more or less in a proper name establishes the reality of the place indicated; learned and abundant illustration, on account of the frequent vagueness and meagreness of detail given by Polo on the facts of which he speaks. In 1868 this 'Review' contained a notice of seven editions of Marco Polo issued during the last half-century in Italy, France, Germany, and England, since the period of Marsden's famous edition in 1818; the most recent, and by far the most learned and valuable, being that produced by M. Pauthier, in Paris, in 1865. We do not dwell here on the specialities of these editions, but content ourselves with referring the reader to the article alluded to, in which the important edition of M. Pauthier was particularly brought under examination. The text selected by M. Pauthier possessed great claims on our esteem. It was derived from a manuscript revised and corrected by Polo himself, and presented by him to Count Thiébault de Cépoy, envoy to Venice from Charles, Count de Valois, who laid claim to the empire of Constantinople. So far good, very good; and it might seem that, in so far as accuracy of text was concerned, we stood in no need of a new edition. But for the positive adjective 'good' we have the comparative 'better.' In 1824 the Geographical Society of Paris published a French text, which by critical analysis Colonel Yule has demonstrated to be, as nearly as possible, a photographic impress of Marco's original dictation to Rusticiano of Pisa in prison, and written down by the latter in his Italianized French. Besides which, it was superior to every other text that had been published, both in the correctness of its proper names and in the intelligible exhibition of the itineraries. It was also more complete in presenting the whole of the historical chapters. But, more than this, the Italian edition by Ramusio, apparently translated from Fra Pepino's Latin version made in 1320, contains a number of *additional* facts and incidents, the description of which it is impossible to attribute to any one but Marco Polo himself. For example, it and it alone describes a conspiracy ending in the murder of the Mahometan minister Ahmed, at which Polo was present, and even mentions the name of the chief conspirator Vanchu,—facts since found recorded in the Chinese annals in conjunction with the name of Polo. Such evidence is unanswerable. It is clear, then, that no text could be perfect but

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an eclectic one, embodying the merits of all these three—requirements which had not been met by M. Pauthier's edition. It is true that at the end of that edition the geographical text is reprinted; but, for reasons above shown, that very text deserves to be made the basis of a perfect edition.

So much for accuracy of text. We have now to speak on the subject of learned illustration. When a noble work has been produced like that of M. Pauthier, embodying the results of long study in the languages, the literature, the archæology, the history, and the geography of the East, it would be an ungenerous and presumptuous mind, indeed, that for anything short of a very serious reason, such as the vindication of the desirableness of a new edition, could lend itself easily to words of disparagement. In our own reluctance to do this, we gladly refer to the words of a warm admirer of M. Pauthier, M. N. de Khanikof, who in a laudatory notice of this book, says:—

‘I do not think that M. Pauthier has solved all the difficulties presented by the text of Marco Polo; I will even venture here to throw out some doubts with reference to certain of his explanations and identifications; but at the same time, I think that he has done so much in this respect, that henceforth special works will have to be devoted to the elucidation of those few passages which have escaped his perspicacity, without the necessity of a new general commentary upon the work being undertaken.’

It is obvious, from the appearance of the English edition which we are now bringing under the reader's notice, that Colonel Yule agreed with the former, but not with the latter part of M. Khanikof's comment, and we may refer to the article in this ‘Review’ already quoted, for proofs that M. Pauthier's edition, while exhibiting contempt for its predecessors, contains errors, both geographical and literary, of the gravest kind, and that the Chinese learning in which M. Pauthier is a proficient, is not an all-sufficient qualification in an editor of ‘Marco Polo.’

Before we proceed to comment on this edition of Colonel Yule's, which is unquestionably a very great honour to this country, we must express our conviction that the editor was led to undertake so momentous a task by his having previously prepared for the Hakluyt Society a most valuable cognate work, entitled ‘Cathay, and the Way Thither.’ This work itself was a marvel of learned and laborious research. It dealt with the asteroids, so to speak, of mediæval Eastern travel, in comparison with whom Marco Polo was a star of the first magnitude. It was a fitting type of the work which was to follow, and well has the antitype answered to the promise. Colonel Yule's ‘Marco Polo’ is literally a storehouse,
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may more, it is a perfect mine of wealth of Oriental geography and history, both ancient and modern. For the purification and completeness of the text itself, no less than seventy-five MS. copies of the work have been hunted up and enumerated by the editor, the greater number of which have passed under his own eyes. The result of all this investigation has been to fix Colonel Yule's decision as to the appropriateness of the form in which he presents the text to his readers.

As it is our object to illustrate Marco Polo's journeys by travels in his footsteps, we will, in order to leave the course clear for that purpose, take occasion here to express our sense of the manner in which Colonel Yule has executed his task. And what strikes our attention at once is the amazing digestive faculty of the editor. Quantity or toughness of material seem to present no idea to him of hindrance or fatigue; they seem only incentives to his appetite. Stores of knowledge, linguistic, historical, geographical, and purely literary, ranging severally over times both ancient and modern, over countries both Asiatic and European: stores of facts, sought out with speculative keenness and unflagging industry amongst manuscripts in comparatively little known European libraries, requiring personal visits for their examination; correspondence abundant with distant parts of the world; all this effort has been brought to bear on the illustration of these volumes. If a nut has to be cracked, and nuts are plentiful in the locality, the molars are strong, and the incisors are sharp. Difficulties only apparent, yet suggestive to some minds of serious obstacles to belief, have the fluff swept off them by the free hand of a vigorous common sense, while real difficulties are removed by the solvent power of learning, sagacity, and acumen. And let not the reader fall into the error, by no means uncommon, of supposing that, where a great machinery has been brought into play for the completion of a work, the work itself must be something formidable to approach. The perfection of the mechanism of a watch does not diminish, but increase, its utility and the pleasure of its use to the possessor. But should any reader take an interest in the examination of the works, Colonel Yule has amply supplied him with the means. Calendars of documents, recensions of the text, lists of manuscripts and principal editions, titles of books cited, maps and pictorial illustrations in plenty, and, above all, a most welcome index of forty pages, are calculated, in addition to the other editorial helps of which we have spoken, to meet the requirements of every class of student. The whole work is a noble monument of earnest labour and graceful thought, and, thanks to the
liberality

liberality of the publisher, as refined and costly in its execution as it is handsome in its proportions. No less than seventeen maps and plans and ninety pictorial illustrations of the most life-like and instructive character enrich the book.

If there be a point in which Colonel Yule has laid himself open to unfriendly criticism, it is that, in his love of antiquarian investigation, he has indulged both himself and his readers with occasional digressions; as, for instance, one of considerable length on the war-galleys of the Middle Ages, suggested simply by the sea-fight off Curzola in which Marco Polo was captured by the Genoese. If, under severe judgment, this rich and valuable contribution to our knowledge should be decided to be a fault, we confess that we shrink from the ingratitude of adding our voice to the vote.

In running over the nearly 900 pages of material such as we have described, it is obvious that we must pass by a vast amount of interesting matter, for which recourse must be had by the reader to the volumes themselves. We may not even dwell on all the loving labour that Colonel Yule has bestowed on the elucidation of the ancestry, the nobility, the kith and kin of the Polo family, down to Marco himself, of whose will he gives a photographic facsimile.

The travellers started from Acre about November, 1271, and first made their way to the Persian Gulf, intending no doubt to proceed eastward by sea. Their route lay through Ayas and Sivas, and thence by Mardin, Mosul, and Bagdad to Hormuz.

'At Mosul,' says Marco, 'all the cloths of gold and silk that are called Mosolins are made'—a proof that 'muslin' had a very different meaning from what it now has. In the middle of last century it seems to have been applied to a strong cotton made at Mosul. His account of Georgia is very curious. He speaks of a convent of nuns in Georgia near which is a great lake, at the foot of a mountain, in which no fish are found except during Lent, which, of course, was looked upon as a great miracle. As a natural explanation of this, M. Khanikof relates that in the district of Akhaltziké, in Western Georgia, a lake was shown him which was said to possess the same miraculous property, but on examination he found the mystery solved by the fact that the lake's level rose through the melting of the snows at the season of Lent, and the surplus water carried off the large fish into the river Kour, so that in summer there were none to be caught in the lake, and in the winter the lake itself was frozen over.

'In Kerman,' Polo tells us, 'are produced the stones called
turquoises

turquoises in great abundance; they are found in the mountains, where they are extracted from the rocks. There are also plenty of veins of steel and *ondanique*. Ouseley quotes a MS. on precious stones, which mentions Shebavek in Kerman as the site of a turquoise mine, doubtless Shahr-i-Babek, about 100 miles west of the city of Kerman, where Abbott states that there is a mine of these stones, now abandoned. Although iron-mines are not noticed by modern travellers in Kerman, Edrisi says that excellent iron was produced in the cold mountains north-west of Jiruft, *i. e.* somewhere south of the capital; and the 'Jihán Numá,' or 'Great Turkish Geography,' says that the steel-mines of Niriz on the borders of Kerman were famous. They are also spoken of by Teixeira. *Ondanique* or *andanic* is an expression for which no explanation has been found except from Ramusio, who states that the Persian merchants, who visited Venice, all agreed in telling him that it was a sort of steel of such surpassing value and excellence that mirrors or swords made of it were regarded like precious jewels. 'The popular view in the middle ages,' says Colonel Yule, 'seems to have regarded *steel* as a distinct natural species, the product of a necessarily different ore from iron, and some such view is, I suspect, still common in the East. An old Indian officer told me of the reply of a native friend to whom he had tried to explain the conversion of iron into steel—"What? you would have me believe that if I put an ass into the furnace, it will come forth a horse?"'

The geography of the route from Kerman to Hormuz presents problems of very great interest. Since Marco's time no European traveller has been known to take the direct route from Kerman to Hormuz, or Bunder Abassi, its nearest modern representative, but a route eastward of this line and leading through the plain of Jiruft was followed partially by Mr. Abbott in 1850, and completely by Major R. M. Smith, R.E., in 1866. An abstract of Major Smith's 'Itinerary' corresponds in total number of marches with that of Polo. In speaking of the plain of Reobarles, through which the route lay, Marco Polo says that 'the fruits are dates, pistachioes, and apples of Paradise, *with others not found in our cold climate*; and there is a kind of bird called francolin, but different from the francolins of other countries, being black and white, with vermilion feet and beak.' He also speaks of 'the oxen as very large and all over white as snow, with horns short and thick, and between the shoulders a round hump some two palms high. There are no handsomer creatures in the world. When they have to be loaded they kneel like the camel, and rise when the load

load is adjusted; and their load is heavy, for they are very strong animals. Then there are sheep as big as asses, and their tails are so large and fat, that one tail shall weigh some 30 lbs. They afford capital mutton.' The 'apples of Paradise' are plantains. Mr. Abbott, who has verified all Polo's statements as above quoted, speaks of this southern district as 'the Ghermseer or Hot Region, where the temperature of winter resembles that of a charming spring, and where the palm, orange, and lemon-tree flourish.' Major Smith says that the francolin here spoken of, is the darráj of the Persians, the black partridge of English sportsmen, sometimes called the red-legged francolin. The darráj is found in some parts of Egypt, where its peculiar call is interpreted by the peasantry into certain Arabic words, meaning, 'Sweet are the corn-ears! Praised be the Lord!' In India, Baber tells us, the call of the black partridge was less piously rendered—'Shir dáram shakrak!' 'I've got milk and sugar!' The humped oxen of this part of Persia are mentioned by Abbott, but Polo has exaggerated the size, as he has also that of the fat-tailed sheep well known in many parts of Asia and Africa.

But there are other inhabitants of this plain of a temper very different from these docile humped oxen, or the fat-tailed sheep as big as a jackass that afford capital mutton. Many of the villages have high mud walls as a defence against the hordes of banditti, called Caranahs (Karaunahs), that is, sons of Indian mothers by Tartar fathers. When these robbers meditate a raid, they cast by enchantment a thick darkness over a space of seven days' journey, and then harry the country in bands of about 10,000 riders abreast, so as to extend across the whole of the fated district, and catch every man, woman, or beast outside of the walled towns. The old men they butcher, the young men and women they sell for slaves. The chief of these scoundrels, Nogodar, took advantage of the absence of his uncle Chagatai, the brother of the Great Khan, in Greater Armenia, to attach to himself a large body of horsemen, with which he conquered the provinces of Badashan and Cashmeer, and then entering India, took possession of the province of Dalivar, apparently Lahore. Polo himself was nearly caught in one of the *dark* expeditions, but escaped with seven companions into a village called Conosalmi. The remainder of his party were either sold or put to death.

The magical darkness produced by the Karaunahs is explained by Khanikof as Dry Fog, which he has often experienced in Khorassan, combined with the Dust Storm, with which we are familiar in Upper India. In Sind these phenomena often produce a great

a great degree of darkness. The belief that in times of conflict they were opportunely produced by enchantment was a thoroughly Tartar one.

The account of Hormuz, which for Marco Polo is tolerably full, presents no difficulties; but his description of the ships that frequented the port is worthy of notice:—‘Their ships are wretched affairs, for as they have no iron to make nails of, they only use wooden trenails in shipbuilding, and stitch the planks with twine made from the bark of the Indian nut. This does not corrode in sea water, but will not stand well in storms, of which there are many in the Indian Sea. Hence many vessels are lost. The ships are not pitched, but are rubbed with fish oil. They have one mast, one sail, one rudder, and no deck. The cargo is covered with hides, on the top of which are placed the horses which they take to India for sale.’ ‘Stitched vessels,’ Sir Bartle Frere says, ‘are still used. I have seen them of 200 tons burden; but they are being driven out by iron-fastened vessels, as iron gets cheaper, except where, as on the Malabar and Coromandel coasts, the pliancy of a stitched boat is useful in a surf. Till the last few years, when steamers have begun to take all the best horses bound to Bombay, almost all came in the way Marco Polo describes.’ It may fairly be assumed that Hormuz, the old site of which on the mainland Colonel Yule has been able to identify by the aid of Colonel Pelly, had been intended as the place for the traveller’s embarkation for India, but that this unpromising character of the ships put an end to the project. Accordingly, we are led back by Kerman to a large town called ‘Cobinan, where they make steel mirrors of great size and beauty, and also prepare Tutia (tutty) a thing very good for the eyes, and Spodium.’ Mr. Abbott has verified Kooh Benan as a hilly district of Kerman, lying in the mountains east-south-east from a caravanserai ten miles south-east of Gudran, an awkward mode of orientation, but the best at command. There is certainly now no place in the district deserving the title of a great city, and Polo’s expression was doubtless an exaggeration.

Eight days from Cobinan is the province of Tonocain, a name which Malte Brun, *père*, was the first to derive from the names of the two cities ‘Tun’ and ‘Kain’—

‘Where the Arbre Sol, or, as the Christians call it, the Arbre Sec, grows in an immense plain. It is tall and thick, with green bark on one side and white on the other. It bears a rough husk like a chestnut, but empty. The wood is yellow, like box, and very strong, and there are no other trees within a hundred miles of it, except on one side, where there are trees about ten miles off. And there,

there, the people of the country tell you, was fought the battle between Alexander and Darius.'

On the subject of this notable tree, Colonel Yule has dilated learnedly and interestingly, to the extent of eleven pages. He has no hesitation in pronouncing it the Chinar, or Oriental Plane, but gathers from the whole tenour of the passage that some eminent individual Chinar is meant. The name varies in different texts. Thus we have 'Arbre Seul,' 'Arbre Sec,' and 'Arbre Sol;' but if we take the result of the analysis, we find the general bearing of the text to be—'The Tree of the Sun [otherwise] called the Dry Tree;' and if any doubt remained on the point, the repeated reference to the Book of Alexander must remove it, for in that legendary History the Tree of the Sun is prominent. We will not here enter into the subject of the Alexandrian romance or the Christian legend of the Dry Tree, for Polo has mixed up both. Colonel Yule thinks that the actual tree referred to was one of those, so frequent in Persia, to which a character of sanctity had attached. One is mentioned by the Persian geographer Hamdallah as having been the staff of Mahomet, and being after many generations deposited in the grave of a holy man named Abu Abdallah Dāsītāni, at Bostam, in Khorassan, it struck root and put forth branches. Its name in Persian was literally 'The Dry Tree.' Without making this a ground for determining the site of Polo's Arbre Sec, Colonel Yule is inclined, for a variety of reasons, to place it in the vicinity of Bostam or Damghan. Were it not for the prominent occurrence of the 'Tree of the Sun' in the Alexandrian romance, we confess that we should have felt inclined to fall in with the view of M. Khanikof in adopting the reading 'Arbre Seul.' The following observation by him is very pertinent. 'Where the Chinar is of spontaneous growth, or occupies the centre of a vast and naked plain, this tree is even in our own day invested with a quite exceptional veneration, and the locality often comes to be called "The place of the Solitary Tree."'

Three chapters are dedicated by Polo to the 'Old Man of the Mountain,' named Aloadin, who in former days dwelt in Mulehet, a name which means Place of the Aram. His story in brief is as follows: He caused a certain valley to be enclosed and turned into a Paradise, supplied with everything that could charm the senses, according to Mahomet's description. It had only one entrance, strongly fortified. To this Paradise he introduced youths from twelve to twenty years old, such as were fitted for his purposes, after having given them a sleeping potion so that they did not know how they came there. These youths were called Ashishin, and when the Old Man had occasion for them,

he

he had them taken away in the same state that they were brought in. He then sent them forth with orders to slay any of his enemies whom he wished to destroy, promising them Paradise whether they lived or died.

In 1252, Alaü, Lord of the Tartars of the Levant, after a three years' siege, put an end to the Old Man and his villanies. The allusion is to the Dynasty of the Ismaelites, an heretical secession from Islam, whose chiefs had their head-quarters at Alamüt (Eagle's Nest) about thirty-two miles north of Kaswin, and had established fortresses of great strength all over the territory. De Sacy has shown that they were called Hashashin from their use of the preparation of hemp called Hashish, and from their system of murder and terrorism we derive the word 'assassin.' There is no difficulty in identifying the Mulehet of Polo with Alamüt, in Mazanderan. The once formidable fort was visited by Colonel Monteith in 1831, and a circumstantial account is given in the third volume of the 'Journal of the Royal Geographical Society,' p. 15. Boccaccio had perhaps read Marco. In the Decameron, Day 3, Nov. 8, a profligate abbot administers to an inconvenient personage a powder of marvellous efficacy, which in the East he had got from a great prince, who declared it to be the same that the Old Man of the Mountain used to employ when he wished to transport any one in sleep into or out of his Paradise.

The murders, or attempts at murder, ascribed to these Ismaelite emissaries were notorious all over the East. Colonel Yule enumerates no less than nineteen notable examples between A.D. 1092 and 1272, including two attempts to murder the great Saladin in 1174 and 1176; an attempt to murder Conrad of Montferrat, titular King of Jerusalem, in 1192; and, last of all, an attempt to murder Prince Edward of England at Acre. Polo's 'Alaü, Lord of the Tartars of the Levant,' is Hulaku, the brother of Mangu Khan, who sent him on this mission. Remusat, in his 'Nouveaux Mélanges,' and M. Pauthier, in his 'Introduction,' have given an account of the expedition taken from the Chinese.

From Alamüt, Marco Polo carries his reader without stopping to Sepourgan, which the similarity of sound has made commentators agree in identifying with Shibrgán, some ninety miles west of Balkh. Polo speaks of the melons of Sapurgan as the best in the world, and says they preserve them by paring them round and round into strips and drying them in the sun; when dry they are sweeter than honey, and are carried off for sale all over the country. Quatremère quotes a history of Herat, in which the dried melons of Shibrgán are mentioned almost in Polo's words, and

and Ibu Batuta, speaking of the melons of Khwarizm, says there is no dried fruit so delicious.

Thence to Balkh, where, according to Polo, Alexander married a daughter of Darius, and where the ruins of many fine palaces and buildings of marble still remained. Ibu Batuta, sixty years after Marco's visit, speaks of the remains of its mosques and colleges, and the painted walls traced with azure. Burnes estimates the circuit of the ruins at twenty miles. Here, Polo says, is the end of the Empire of the Tartar Lord of the Levant, and this city is the limit of Persia in the direction between east and north-east. He then abruptly says, 'Now let us quit this city, and I will tell you of another country called Dogana.' But what Dogana is, is a puzzle even to Colonel Yule, and although M. Khanikof proposes a solution of the difficulty, quoting the Arab geographers Yakút and Ishtakri as his authorities, we confess that neither in Yakút nor Ishtakri do we find the information quoted; so perhaps here may lie the reason why Colonel Yule ignored the whole thing.

From Balkh by Talican Polo takes his reader to Casem, the position of which Colonel Yule ascertained from Pundit Manphul, an intelligent Hindoo gentleman, sometime resident agent of the Punjáb Government in Badakshan. It lies on the right bank of the river Mashhad, a tributary of the Kokcha, and was, in 1866, the seat of a district ruler under the Mir of Badakshan, styled the Mir of *Kishm*. Three days' journey from Casem brings us to Badashan, or Badakshan, 'a great kingdom whose royalty is descended from Alexander and the daughter of King Darius,' 'and all these kings call themselves in the Saracen tongue Zulcarniain (Alexander), out of regard for Alexander the Great.' Colonel Yule points out that Zú'lkarnain, 'The Two Horned,' is an Arabic epithet of Alexander, probably derived from the horned portraits on his coins, and occurs in Chaucer's 'Troilus and Cressida,' iii. 931, in the sense of *non plus* :—

'I am till God me better minde send,
At *dulcarnon*, right at my wittes end.'

It is said to have still colloquial existence in that sense in some corners of England. The use is said to have arisen from the Arabic application of the term (*Bicornne*) to the 47th Proposition of Euclid.

Polo says, 'it is in this province that those fine and valuable gems, the Balas rubies, are found. There is but one special mountain that produces them, called Syghinan. There is also in the same country another mountain in which azure is found.' Ibu Batuta says, 'the mountains of Badakshan have given their
name

name to the Badakshi ruby, vulgarly called "al Balaksh." Chaucer says :—

'No sapphire in Inde, no Rubie rich of price,
There lacked than, nor Emerald so grene,
Balès, Turkès, no thing to my device.'—*Court of Love.*

The locality of the mines is on the right bank of the Oxus, in the district of Ish Kásham, and on the borders of Shighnan, the Syghinan of the text. Colonel Yule tells us the mines of Lájwurd (whence l'Azur and Lazuli) have been, like the ruby mines, celebrated for ages. They lie in the upper valley of the Kokcha, within the tract called Yamgán, of which the popular etymology is Hamah-Kán, or 'All-Mines,' and were visited by Captain Wood in 1838. The produce now is said to be of very inferior quality, and in quantity from 30 to 60 poods (36 lbs. each) annually. The best quality sells at Bokhara at 30 to 60 tillas, or 12 to 24 pounds the pood (Pundit Manphul). Surely it is ominous, Colonel Yule continues, when a British agent, writing of Badakshan products, finds it natural to express weights in Russian poods. The following passage occurs only in Ramusio's text of 'Marco Polo;' but, as Colonel Yule truly remarks, it would be heresy to doubt its genuine character, and the country is of such high geographical interest and so little known that we have a pleasure in quoting it :—

'Those mountains are so lofty that 'tis a hard day's work, from morning till evening, to get to the top of them. On getting up, you find an extensive plain, with great abundance of grass and trees, and copious springs of pure water running down through rocks and ravines. In those brooks are found trout and many other fish of dainty kinds : and the air in those regions is so pure, and residence there so healthful, that when the men who dwell below in the towns, and in the valleys and plains, find themselves attacked by any kind of fever or other ailment that may hap, they lose no time in going to the hills ; and after abiding there two or three days, they quite recover their health through the excellence of that air. And Messer Marco said he had proved this by experience ; for when in those parts he had been ill for about a year, but as soon as he was advised to visit that mountain, he did so and got well at once.'

Colonel Yule says—

'Mark's recollection of the delight of convalescence in such a climate seems to lend an unusual enthusiasm and felicity to his description of the scenery ;'

but Burnes tells us that at Kunduz both natives and foreigners spoke rapturously of the vales of Badakshan, its rivulets, romantic scenes, and glens, its fruits, flowers, and nightingales.

Truly

Truly it is a pity that we do not know more of this exquisite country. The great ladies of this kingdom, Marco says, all wear drawers made of cotton cloth, and into the making of these some will put 60, 80, and even 100 ells of stuff. This they do to make themselves look large in the hips, for the men of those parts think that to be a great beauty in a woman. The fashion seems to have travelled westwards.

The next chapter on the Pamir is one of the most interesting in the book, and contains, as Colonel Yule says, one of its most splendid anticipations of modern exploration; while conversely Captain John Wood's narrative presents the most brilliant confirmation in detail of Marco's description. In brief it runs thus:—

'Twelve days' journey east and north-east of Badashan is a small province of about three days' journey in all directions, called Vokhan. The people are Mahometans, and speak a peculiar language, and are governed by a None or Count under the Prince of Badashan. Three days' ride north-east through the mountains brings you to what is supposed to be the highest place in the world. On this height is a great lake between two mountains, out of which flows a fine river through a plain so fertile that its pastures fatten a thin beast in ten days. Among other beasts found here are large wild sheep, with horns of six palms in length, of which the shepherds make bowls to eat from and folds for the cattle at night. They also made large heaps of them by the wayside to guide travellers when snow was on the ground. The plain is called Pamier, and is twelve days' journey across; so barren that travellers have to take with them all they need, and so cold that there are no birds, and even fire burns less brightly and cooks less effectually. Forty days' journey east-north-east carries one through a desolate country, called Bolor, whose inhabitants are savage idolaters, living high up in the mountains and subsisting entirely by the chase.'

From the Pamir Polo descended upon Kashgar. Why he should say that it was subject to the Great Khan is difficult to understand, except in a loose and general sense. He acknowledges Yarkand to belong to Kaidu, the boundary between whose territory and the Khan's lay between Karashahar and Kamul, much further east. Kashgar was at the time a Metropolitan see of the Nestorian Church. From Kashgar, Polo brings us to Yarkand. Great as is the interest now attaching to the name, from motives to which modern progress has given a peculiar importance, he says but little of it. More than three hundred years transpired from the time of Marco Polo before any European traveller, whose narrative has reached us, made the ascent through Badakshan to the plateau of Pamir and the descent to Yarkand. Benedict Goës, a native of Villa Franca, in the island of St. Michael in the Azores, after a youth of dissipation in the

Portuguese Indian service, seized with remorse, entered the order of Jesuits as a lay-coadjutor. In 1594 a mission was sent to the Court of Akbar, at the King's own request, consisting of Jerome Xavier, nephew of the illustrious St. Francis, Benedict Goës, and a Portuguese priest, named Emanuel Pinner. While they were at the Court of Lahore, an old Mahometan merchant arrived from the kingdom of Xetaia, where he had resided for thirteen years at Cambalu, the royal residence. On Akbar asking how he had got admission into the empire, he said it was under the character of an ambassador from the King of Caygar (Kashgar). He further stated that the greater number of the people were Isauites, *i. e.* Christians or followers of Jesus, many were Mussauites, *i. e.* Jews or followers of Moses, and some were Mahomedans. Xavier, suspecting in this account the Cathay and Cambalu of Marco Polo, learned from this merchant and others at Agra that they were in the habit of going from Lahore to Cashmeer, and thence by the kingdom of Rebat (probably Thibet) to Kashgar, from which there was a direct route to China, and became satisfied that the country in question was Polo's Cathay. At the close of 1602, or beginning of 1603, Goës left Agra on an exploratory mission, and so far accomplished his journey successfully as to reach the frontier city of Sucheu, where he was detained seventeen months, and died a few days after the arrival of a Christian messenger with supplies from the celebrated Father Ricci, at Pekin. As one of his brethren has worded his epitaph, 'Seeking Cathay, he found Heaven.' Unfortunately much obscurity hangs over that section of Goës' journey which lies between Cabool and Yarkand.

Colonel Yule believes that Goës' route was substantially the same as that followed by Captain John Wood, of the Indian navy, on his famous journey to the Sources of the Oxus, in 1838, *viz.* from West to East, in the direction of the sources of the Yarkand River, and passing two or more of the ridges that buttress the Bolor on the East, descending on Yanghi-Hissar, a city intermediate between Kashgar and Yarkand; while Polo's party seem to have travelled north in the length of the steppe for twelve days, probably following so far the route of Abdul Mejid in 1860, and then descended upon Kashgar. Unfortunately Goës' diary was lost, and the only record of his important journey which survives is a meagre narrative, drawn up apparently by Matthew Ricci himself, from some fragments of Goës' note-book, combined with the statements of his comrade Isaak, the Armenian, and subsequently published by Trigault, in the work entitled '*De Christianâ Expeditione apud Sinas.*' Had the diary survived, it would probably have been by far the most valuable geographical record in any European language on the subject of these imperfectly-known

known countries. Of routes over the Bolor Tagh and high table-land of Pamir, between Badakshan and Kashgar, the only notices accessible are: those of the Chinese pilgrims of the early centuries—these brief but pregnant sketches of Marco Polo, so singularly corroborated, even to minutiae, in our own day by Captain Wood—and the fragmentary memoranda of Benedict Goës. Burnouf regarded the term Pamir as a contraction of Upá Méru, 'the country above Mount Meru,' and in this direct association of the name with the holiest spot in the Brahminical Cosmogony, Sir Henry Rawlinson believes that the geographical indications of the Purānas point to Pamir as the site of the primeval Aryan Paradise. To the great altitude of the plateau and to the existence of the lake upon its surface we have very old testimony. The Chinese pilgrims, Hwui Seng and Sung Yun, who passed this way A.D. 518, inform us that these high lands of the Tsung Ling were commonly said to be midway between heaven and earth. The more famous Huen Tshang, who came this way nearly 120 years later (about 644), on his return to China, says:—

'This valley is 1000 *li* (about 200 miles) from east to west, and 100 *li* (20 miles) from north to south, and lies between two snowy ranges in the centre of the Tsung Ling Mountains. The traveller is annoyed by sudden gusts of wind, and the snow-drifts never cease, spring or summer. As the soil is almost constantly frozen, you see but a few miserable plants, and no crops can live. In the middle of the valley is a great lake 300 *li* (60 miles) from east to west, and 500 *li* from north to south. This stands in the centre of Jambadwipa (the Buddhist *οικουμένη*), on a plateau of prodigious elevation. An endless variety of creatures people its waters. When you hear the murmur and clash of its waves, you think you are listening to the noisy hum of a great market, in which vast crowds of people are mingling in excitement. . . . The lake discharges to the west, and a river runs out of it in that direction and joins the Potsu (Oxus). . . . The lake likewise discharges to the east, and a great river runs out, which flows eastward to the western frontier of Kiesha (Kashgar), where it joins the river Sita, and runs eastward with it into the sea.'

Colonel Yule remarks that the story of an Eastern outflow from the lake is no doubt legend, connected with an ancient Hindu belief in a plurality of rivers having a common source. In a later form of the same tradition, reported by Burnes, the Oxus, Jaxartes, and Indus are all believed to rise in the Sirikul or Pamir. Wood's account is—

'After quitting the frozen surface of the river, we ascended a low hill, which apparently bounded the valley to the eastward. On surmounting this at 3 P.M. of the 19th February, 1838, we stood, to use a native expression, upon the *Bám-i-Duniah* or "Roof of the World,"

while before us lay stretched a noble but frozen sheet of water, from whose western end issued the infant river of the Oxus. This fine lake (Sirikul) lies in the form of a crescent about fourteen miles long from east to west, by an average breadth of one mile. On three sides it is bordered by swelling hills about 500 feet high, while along its southern bank they rise into mountains 3500 feet above the lake, or 19,000 feet above the sea, and covered with perpetual snow, from which never-failing source the lake is supplied. Its elevation measured by the temperature of boiling water is 15,600 feet.'

Goës, who crossed in the autumn of 1603, speaks of the great cold and desolation, and the difficulty of breathing. The British agent, Abdul Mejid, who passed it on his way to Kokan in 1861, says:—

'Fourteen weary days were occupied in crossing the steppe; the marches were long, depending on uncertain supplies of grass and water, which sometimes wholly failed; food for man and beast had to be carried with the party, for not a trace of human habitation is to be met with in those inhospitable wilds. The steppe is interspersed with tamarisk jungle and the wild willow, and in the summer with tracts of high grass.'

Whatever the aspect of the plain may be, as shown in these descriptions, the fattening character of the pasture is quite sustained by later evidence. Timkowski heard that the pasturage of Pamir is so luxuriant and nutritious, that if horses are left on it for more than forty days they die of repletion, and Wood says—'The grass of Pamir, they tell you, is so rich that a sorry horse is here brought into good condition in less than twenty days, and its nourishing qualities are evidenced in the productiveness of their ewes, which almost invariably bring forth two lambs at a birth.'

Polo's great sheep has received from Blyth the name of *Ovis Poli*. The following are the dimensions of a pair of horns sent by Wood to the Royal Asiatic Society. Length of one horn on the curve, four feet eight inches; round the base, fourteen and a quarter inches; distance of tips apart, three feet nine inches. It appears to be the same as the *Rass*, of which Burnes heard that the horns were so big that a man could not lift a pair, and that foxes bred in them; also, that the carcase formed a load for two horses. Wood says that these horns supply shoes for the Kirghiz horses, and also a good substitute for stirrup-irons. The following statement, by Wood, is a remarkable confirmation of Polo:—

'We saw numbers of horns strewed about in every direction, the spoils of the Kirghiz hunter. Some of these were of an astonishingly large size, and belonged to an animal of a species between a goat, and a sheep, inhabiting the steppes of Pamir. *The ends of the horns projecting*

jecting above the snow often indicated the direction of the road, and wherever they were heaped in large quantities and disposed in a semi-circle, there our escort recognized the site of a Kirghiz summer encampment.'

With regard to the effect of the great cold upon fire, Humboldt says that he himself has often experienced, when investigating the boiling-point of water, how the flames disperse and leap about at similar altitudes in the Cordilleras of the Andes. Major Montgomerie, of the Indian Survey, who, as Colonel Yule says, has probably passed more time nearer the heavens than any man living, writes to him as follows:—

'What Marco Polo says as to fire at great altitudes not cooking so effectually as usual is perfectly correct as far as anything *boiled* is concerned; but I doubt if it is as to anything *roasted*. We found that rice, *dál*, and potatoes would never soften properly, no matter how long they were boiled. This of course was due to the boiling-point being only from 170° to 180°. Our tea, moreover, suffered from the same cause, and was never good when we were over 15,000 feet. This was very marked. Some of my natives made dreadful complaints about the rice and *dál* that they got from the village-heads in the valleys, and vowed that they only gave them what was very old and hard, as they could not soften it!'

But it is desirable that we should here say something in a more categorical form of what has in recent times been done in the way of attempts at exploring, or advancing towards the exploration of the Pamir steppe. Having already more than once had occasion to refer to Lieutenant Wood, we will briefly state that in 1836 he accompanied Alexander Burnes in his mission to Cabool, and afterwards performed one of the most remarkable journeys that has ever been undertaken in Central Asia. He made a survey of the Indus from its mouth to Attock. At Kalabagh, the point where the Indus escapes from the Salt Range, he found it impossible to stem the current. Undaunted by the difficulty, he landed and went by forced marches to Attock; thence, descending the river, he completed his survey amidst the falls and rapids. After reaching Cabool, he crossed the mountains to Khunduz, and was eventually the first European, after Marco Polo and Benedict Goës, who ever reached the Bam-i-dunya, or Roof of the World. Thus in 1838 Wood discovered the source of the Oxus, on the margin of the Pamir Steppe, and for this splendid achievement he was rewarded with the Patron's gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society. At about the same time Lieutenant Wyburd, of the Indian navy, penetrated into Central Asia, but his fate still remains a mystery. We all remember but only too sadly how the heroic and accomplished

plished Hayward—of whose noble qualities as a traveller, even the tongue of detraction can only suggest that his pluck may have exceeded his prudence—after having penetrated, *via* Ladakh to Yarkand and Kashgar, discovering the Yangi Pass in the Kuen Lun range, which was far easier than the Sanju Pass previously known, explored the sources of the Yarkand River, near the Karakoram Pass, and prepared maps which it was hoped would throw a new light on the configuration of the dividing ranges of mountains. Not content with this, he had resolved, if possible, to cross the passes at the head of Gilgit on to the Pamir, but was murdered on the road to Darkut, in August, 1870. But although we have been thus deprived of the complete map of the hydrography of the Pamir lands, which we might have hoped for from the skill and energy for which Hayward had shown himself so remarkable; yet we had received from him a valuable itinerary, accompanied by his own remarks, of the route from Jellalabad to Yarkand, through Chitral, Badakshan, and the Pamir Steppe, given by the Yarkand merchant, Mahomed Amin, the same person who had been guide to the unfortunate Adolph Schlagintweit, who was murdered in Kashgar in 1857. Another native explorer, Ibrahim Khan, had been sent by Mr. Forsyth from Cashmere, in anticipation of Mr. Hayward's visit; and had actually made the detour by Gilgit, Yassin, and the Darkút Pass to the valley of the Oxus, which was contemplated by the English traveller, rejoining the head-quarters of the mission at Yarkand; an account of his journey has been published in the 'Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society,' vol. xv., No. 5. This journey will form an important link in uniting Hayward's surveys with those of one of Major Montgomerie's native explorers, known as 'the Mirza,' of whom we shall make mention presently, and whose observations have considerably rectified Mr. Hayward's accounts of the hydrography of Kashgar.

Mr. Johnson, an officer of the English Survey, had, in 1865, already indicated a route from Ilchi round the Kuen Lun mountains on to the Chang-Thang plains, by which, as he asserted, wheel carriages could pass from the Himalayas direct into the plains of Central Asia. In his own journey, however, he crossed the great range by two very difficult passes; and the reported level region to the eastward still remains one of the unsolved problems of Central Asian Geography. Johnson's route was improved upon by Hayward, who, in November, 1868, discovered an easier road down the upper valley of the Karakash. About the same time Mr. Shaw, a tea-planter at Kangra, followed the route to Shadulla traced by Johnson. Thanks to the energetic measures

measures taken by Mr. Forsyth (the Government Commissioner appointed to superintend the trade of Northern India), to propitiate the Kushbegie of Eastern Turkistan, this able traveller succeeded in carrying his caravan of merchandise from Leh into the Yarkand territory by a route that had never been made available before. The description of this journey has been recently published under the title cited at the head of the present article. Irrespective of the high importance, geographically, of the countries traversed, the narrative is full of pictures. Mr. Shaw's power as a penman is very great, and his style in description most graphic. There is a vigour and definiteness in his drawing, and a vividness in his colouring, which bring a scene before the eye as clearly as if one were bodily present. His work contains several illustrations of Marco Polo, which we are glad to have occasion to adduce.

Mr. Shaw happened to reach Yarkand at the same time as Mr. Hayward. Although the simultaneous arrival of these two Englishmen was calculated to alarm the Yarkandis, the Kushbegie, who had assumed the title of Ataligh Ghazee, or Leader of the Faithful, treated them with kindness, and expressed to Mr. Shaw his great desire to be on friendly terms with England. The travellers were greatly surprised at the civilisation, wealth, and prosperity of the people, who are essentially mercantile, and who spoke eagerly of trading with India. The intelligence and industry exhibited in the country, as described by Mr. Shaw, is truly wonderful. It is a perfect network of canals, which are felt to be so important, that even the ruler himself was, during Mr. Shaw's stay at Kashgar, engaged personally in the construction of one, working often with his own hands to encourage the soldiers engaged upon it. New roads are being made and bridges erected. Rest-houses for travellers and wells in the desert are being constructed. The Ataligh Ghazee at the same time propitiates the religious classes of his subjects by a strict enforcement of the laws of Islâm, and by the building and endowment of colleges and mosques. Such is the ruler who now governs Eastern Turkistan. After his return to England in January, 1870, Mr. Shaw again went out to join Mr. Forsyth on a friendly mission from the Viceroy of India to the Ataligh Ghazee at Kashgar. From the absence of the latter on a warlike expedition, the mission was not successful in its primary object, but Mr. Forsyth utilised the services of Mr. Shaw in exploring the country between the high tableland at the head of the Karakash River and the Valley of the Upper Shayok, which is one of the chief sources of the Indus. Two grand geographical discoveries were made by Mr. Shaw
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in this expedition; first, a watershed, so to say, imperceptible between the great river-systems of the Indus and of Central Asia, which he shows are separated by no gigantic mountain-range, but merely by a few yards of level sand, although, it is true, at a prodigious elevation, and secondly, the remarkable fact that the so-called *Karakoram Range* is no range at all in any correct sense of the term, to the eastward of the pass of that name. To the west of the Pass it is more correctly called the *Mustagh Range*; no native ever applies the word *Karakoram* to anything but the Pass itself. There is no continuous ridge dividing the waters of Southern and of Central Asia. The *Karakoram Pass* is the *lip* of an elevated plateau, situated, it is true, among enormous mountains, but not coinciding in any way with their axis. At the same *séance* of the Royal Geographical Society at which these important communications were made, was also read Major Montgomerie's Report of the Mirza's Exploration of the Route from Cabool to Kashgar, already referred to, and the result was to show, in opposition to Humboldt's theories, that the Pamir highlands were not, as had been supposed, a transverse range joining the Himalaya with the Thian Shan Mountains to the north, but were, in fact, a prolongation of the axis of the Himalaya. The Mirza's account has enlarged the width of the mountain country between the Upper Oxus Valley and the basin of Eastern Turkistan; 'Hence it is now much easier,' says Colonel Yule, 'to account for the great number of days assigned by Marco Polo, Benedict Goës, and all the Oriental itineraries, to the passage between Eastern and Western Turkistan.' Marco Polo says of the inhabitants of Yarkand, that 'a large proportion of them have swollen legs, and great crops at the throat, which arises from some quality in their drinking-water.' And Mr. Shaw tells us that he had numerous applications for iodine as a remedy for the goitre, but the old theory which connects that disease with the close atmosphere of valleys will not hold good at Yarkand.

From Yarkand Polo proceeded by Khoten, which he calls 'Cotan,' through the provinces of Pein and Charchan, to the city of Lop and the Great Desert. Pein and Charchan were puzzles to geographers until 1870. Light was thrown upon the subject by Mr. Forsyth; he learned that there is still a town of some size named Charchand, about 450 miles east of Khoten, between which and it he reports that merchants travel by a road skirting the northern base of the Kuen Lun. It is famous for precious stones. Shaw, however, states that no caravans now visit it from Khoten, and that whereas Marco Polo represented it as inhabited by a Mussulman race, the balance of evidence

evidence is in favour of the contrary. Mr. Forsyth has found an explanation for Pein in the expression Páin Mulh, or 'Lowlands,' applied to the desert country north of the cultivated tracts at the base of the Kuen Lun, a country said formerly to have contained cities now buried by sand. With respect to the city of Lop, although the lake of that name appears on all our maps from Chinese authority, no information is supplied as to a town of that name. Polo says 'it is here that travellers repose before entering on the Desert,' in crossing which he says, that 'if any one loses sight of his company, he is led astray by spirits, who imitate the voices of his comrades, and so many have been known to perish.' These goblins are not peculiar to the Gobi Desert, though that appears to be their most favoured haunt; the awe of the vast and solitary wilderness raises them in all similar localities. Colonel Yule has given an abundance of illustrations of this fact. From this desert Mr. Shaw brought home a specimen of the 'keek,' a small antelope of a new species, with lyre-shaped horns, by which the desert is frequented in large herds.

Thirty days through the desert brings Polo to the great province of Tangut, passing through which he arrives at Karakoram, near the upper course of the River Orkhon, a city of some three miles in compass. In the days of Chinghiz it was the head-quarters of his ally, and afterwards enemy, Togrul Wang Khan, the Prester John of Polo, 'him, in fact, about whose great dominion all the world talks.' The first notice of a potentate so styled was brought to Europe by the Bishop of Gabala in Northern Syria, who came in 1145 to lay various grievances before Pope Eugene III. M. d'Avezac was the first to show to whom this account must apply, and the subject has lately been treated with great completeness and learning by Dr. Gustavus Oppert. Colonel Yule seems to retain a suspicion, contrary to the view now generally taken, that the term may from the first have belonged to the Abyssinian Prince, though circumstances led to its being applied in another quarter for a time. Several chapters are dedicated by Polo to the relations between Chinghiz and Prester John, and to the customs of the Tartars, among which latter may be specially mentioned their circular huts and waggons, made of wands, strongly bound together and covered with felt, in which they travel. Shaw says of this hut in the present day, 'The snugness of it is inconceivable, while nothing can exceed its cleanliness and neatness.'

Another remarkable item in their customs is their military organisation and mode of sustenance on rapid marches. Polo tells

tells us that the Tartar princes in time of war appointed an officer to every ten men, one to every hundred, every thousand, and every ten thousand; so that his own orders were given to ten persons only, and each of these had to pass the orders to other ten. Every one was responsible only to the officer immediately over him. Their discipline and order were marvellous. When the army was on the march two hundred horsemen were sent in advance, and two hundred to the rear, to guard against surprise. When on distant expeditions, they took nothing with them except two leather bottles for milk, a little earthen pot for cooking, and a little tent for shelter. They would ride ten days without lighting a fire or taking a meal, sustaining themselves on the blood of their horses, opening a vein and letting the blood get into their mouths, and staunching it when they had had enough. They prepared solid milk for their journeys in this way. They boiled it, and took off the rich part, which floated, and of which they made butter, the remainder they dried in the sun. Each man took about ten pounds with him, and every morning put half a pound in his leather bottle with some water, which mixed as he rode along, and was ready for his dinner.

When they came to an engagement, they did not fight hand to hand, but rode round the enemy, shooting arrows at them, pretending to run away when it suited their purpose, and turning upon the enemy when they thought they had won the battle; their horses being wonderfully trained for this kind of warfare.

Shaw shows that the military division above described still holds good, but that the titles attaching to various grades of military officers have become somewhat confused, and have been applied to officers of civil divisions similarly constituted.

Polo does not give us any distinct idea of the line he took on entering China, but apparently he went from Kancheu to Sining, which he calls Sinju. It is the Chinese city nearest to Thibet, and the Kokonúr frontier, and is called by the Thibetans Ziling or Zilin. From the statement of two Calmucks at Yarkand, whose home it was, Mr. Shaw has been enabled to form a rough estimate of the position of this important commercial city, which he places in Lat. 38° North, and Long. 90° East, or South of Lop Nor and East of Charchand.

Polo now brings us to the province and city of Tenduc, the seat of the Government of Prester John, and which Klaproth, from Chinese authorities, supposed to be identifiable with Thianté or Thianté Kiun, near the great northern bend of the Hoang-ho. Recent discoveries have placed Klaproth's name in very bad odour in the matter of correctness, and M. Pauthier finds severe fault with this identification, he himself holding

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holding Tenduc to be a corruption of Tathung in Shansi; but Colonel Yule accepts Klaproth's conclusion on the ground that, while he was perfectly aware of the facts about Tathung, the general position of Thianté entirely agrees with Marco's indications. The question is a broad and difficult one to settle, the more so as Marco's own statements on the matter are very confused. M. Pauthier seems to us, from the testimony of other travellers, to be not without a fair show of right on his side. Polo says there is here a class of people called Argons, sprung from the two races of the idolaters of Tenduc and the worshippers of Mahomet. Shaw made unpleasant acquaintance with these gentry. He says, 'Ladakh is infested with a set of ruffians called Argoons, half-bred between Toorkistan fathers and Ladakh mothers. Like most half-castes, they possess all the evil qualities of both races without any of their virtues.' He speaks feelingly of the trouble he was occasioned by their impositions both as to money and horse-flesh, when he endeavoured to make his exit from Ladakh. 'Here also,' says Polo, 'is what we call the country of Gog and Magog.' It has often been complained of him that he makes no mention of the Great Wall of China, but Colonel Yule has shown that, whereas the Great Wall was known as the 'Rampart of Gog and Magog,' it may fairly be inferred that the 'Wall' was in his mind when he dictated the above expression, which would be as much as to say 'Here we are beside the Great Wall known as the Rampart of Gog and Magog.' Skirting the northern frontier of China, at length they reached the presence of the Khan at Kaiping-fu, near the base of the Khingan Mountains, and about fifty miles north of the Great Wall. This was about May, 1275. Kublai received the Venetians with great cordiality, and took kindly to young Marco, who was then about one-and-twenty. The latter applied himself to the acquisition of the languages and written characters in chief use among the multifarious nationalities included in the Khan's court and administration; but Colonel Yule adduces proof that he was ignorant of the Chinese language itself, from his mistaken rendering of Chinese names and their meaning. It is observable that whenever a place was known by a Tartar or Persian as well as a Chinese name, he never uses the latter; so that it may be inferred that, when in China, he associated more with the conquerors than with the conquered race. He devotes many chapters to a detailed description of the history, the magnificence, the exploits, and even the personal specialities of Kublai Khan, with accounts of his subjects. We can but select an item here and there. For example, he speaks of jugglers who, when the Khan is seated at table, some eight cubits from the ground, cause cups full

full of wine to move from their place without being touched, and to present themselves to the emperor; a subject most pleasantly illustrated by Colonel Yule from other documents. The practice of magic is more prominent in Thibetan Buddhism than in any other known form of that religion. Akin to these performances is a class of feats which, strange to say, are recounted by authors widely distant from each other both in time and place. One end of a cord is first slung up into the air with such force as to go out of sight. The juggler then climbs up the cord so swiftly that presently he also is out of sight. Soon after a leg and a hand, and, in short, all the members of the body, come tumbling down and are gathered into a basket by an accomplice. The head falls last, and no sooner reaches the ground, than the limbs, being turned out of the basket, creep together again and form a whole man, who stands up as sound as at first. This and the basket-murder trick were witnessed in China in the middle of the fourteenth and again in the seventeenth century, and now are practised in Europe. We have seen the former performed a few years ago in the 'Pilules du Diable,' at Paris.

Colonel Yule gives us a portrait of Kublai from a Chinese engraving; but although Polo describes him as very handsome, we doubt if our English ladies will confirm the verdict. He had four empresses and a numerous harem, at least 500 maidens being brought in every other year from a Tartar tribe noted for beauty. From these a selection was made by certain old ladies who slept with them to ascertain if they had sweet breath, did not snore, and were sound in all their limbs. Six of these waited on Kublai for three days and nights, and were then relieved by six others.

Polo speaks of the Khan's hunting leopards, and also of 'eagles broken to catch wolves, foxes, deer, and wild goats, which they catch in great numbers. Those which are trained to wolf-catching are very large and powerful, and no wolf is able to escape them.' Shaw tells us that at Kargalik he 'was shown a newly-caught black eagle of the sort called "Birkoot," which are trained to catch antelopes and deer as falcons do birds. The unfortunate creature was hooded, and wrapped up, wings, talons, and all, in a sheep-skin, and this bundle was suspended (head downwards) from the man's saddle during the march. They consider this treatment has a tendency to tame the bird.' We should think so too!

Colonel Yule speaks of the lack of humour in Marco Polo. We do not agree with him. We think there are indications of a jovial soul pervading the whole *tone* of the work, where occasion admits

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of it. He evidently loves a good story, the more marvellous the better, and takes pleasure in retailing it. As to wit with the sparkle on it, we can imagine no process by which it may be more readily lost than in the dictation of a long narrative. The ethereal essence is uncommonly liable to evaporate in the decanting. Colonel Yule, however, recognises the occurrence of one joke in the book, relating to the Khan's paper-money. After describing the splendour of Cambaluk (Pekin), he says—'The Emperor's mint is in this city, and he seems to have the secret of alchemy in perfection, for he makes his money of the bark of the mulberry-tree, which costs him nothing. They make paper of the fine white bast or skin which lies between the wood and the bark, and this being cut into pieces of different sizes and signed and sealed by various officials, is issued with as much solemnity and authority as if it were pure gold or silver. An immense quantity of this money is made every year, the forging of which is punished with death.' If this be a joke, it is one of the sort known as 'practical,' at which he only 'laughs who wins.' To the foreign traders who brought their valuable commodities to Cathay, the receipt of mulberry bast by way of barter, instead of commending itself as a 'merry jest,' must have proved in real earnest to be 'no joke.'

From what has been already said of Polo's linguistic attainments, it will not be wondered at that in no portion of his work is there less accuracy as to the manners and peculiarities of the people than in China Proper. He had observed in the Khan a great delight in listening to the accounts of the manners, the oddities, and the marvels of foreign countries; and when Kublai, pleased with the young man's abilities, employed him on missions in the public service, he took care to store his memory or his note-books with all the curious facts that were likely to interest the Khan on his return. His first mission, apparently, was that which carried him through the provinces of Shansi, Shensi, and Szechuen, and the wild country to the east of Thibet and the remote province of Yunnan; a region which is still very nearly a terra incognita, and in which there existed and still exists, among the deep valleys of the great rivers flowing down from Eastern Thibet and in the rugged mountain ranges bordering Yunnan and Kweichau, a vast ethnological garden, as it were, of tribes of various race and in every stage of uncivilisation. It is a country which of late years has attracted a great amount of attention from the earnest desire to promote the opening of an overland trade between Burmah and China. For many centuries a considerable land trade had been maintained between Western China and the Valley

Valley of the Irawaddi, and as early as the first half of the seventeenth century, there is some evidence that the East India Company had a factory or agent at Bhamo. Of this trade the staple export from China used to be the silk of Szechuen, and that from Burmah, cotton; but many minor articles contributed to its aggregate. This trade has been brought to a standstill by the interruption of communication between the Imperial and Mahomedan parts of the province of Yunnan, the western portion of which has established its own independence under a Sultan named Soleiman, who reigns at Talifu. The revolt has continued for nearly twenty years, and the natural effect has been that the trade by the old route from Talifu to Bhamo has ceased, and the present desideratum is to draw a similar trade in the produce of Western China to our ports on the Bay of Bengal, and, if possible, to construct a railroad from Rangoon to the Chinese frontier beyond the Mekong, or Great Cambodia River. Several expeditions to the east and north-east of Pegu have resulted in view of this object; the most important being that despatched under Major Sladen, political agent at the Court of the King of Burmah, to visit the Mahomedan authorities in Western Yunnan, and to endeavour to bring about a re-opening of the trade. In spite of vexatious proceedings on the part of the Burmese provincial officers, Major Sladen made his way to Momien, the first city of China met with on passing that frontier from the side of the Irawaddi, he being the first European who had ever done so. He was cordially received by the Mahomedan Governor, and every goodwill was expressed for the re-establishment of trade, but as the same causes which had interrupted it still existed, nothing material could at present be done towards its revival. A year and a half before this, an exploring expedition up the Mekong River had been undertaken under the orders of the French Imperial Government. They ascended, first by boat and afterwards by land, to Kiang Hung, the point reached in 1837 by Lieutenant (now General) MacLeod, of the Madras Army, and entering the Chinese frontier at Ssemao (the Esmok of MacLeod), travelled across Southern Yunnan to the capital of the province. A detachment of the party, under Lieutenant Garnier, succeeded in reaching Talifu, but they had to leave it immediately, at the peril of their lives. The result has been, the certainty that there is no hope of using the Mekong as a commercial route from Yunnan, on account of ... cataracts and long tracts of rapids that occur in it course. Much the same has been ascertained of the Salwen. There remains the Irawaddi, and Major Sladen's ascent to Bhamo in the month of January would show that this river is fairly

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fairly navigable to that station by steamers drawing not more than four feet of water.

Meanwhile, early in 1868, Mr. T. T. Cooper made an attempt to traverse the unknown region between the Chinese province Szechuen and Assam, but was turned back by the Chinese authorities at Bathang, after making a successful journey up the Yang-tse and Taitow-ho rivers and through the frontier town of Tai-tsian-loo. He then endeavoured to cross to Burmah *viâ* Yunnan, but found this also impracticable. We have placed the title of his narrative, recently published, at the head of this article as illustrating that portion of Marco Polo's story at which we have now arrived. It is one of those racy descriptions of exciting adventure which we can only look for from men of high pluck, and not too often from them. Better than this—although, from no deficiencies of his own, he was unable to complete the great task which he had proposed to himself—he knew perfectly well what he was about, and, having a definite object as a 'Pioneer of Commerce,' did uncommonly good service.

Among the recognisable places in Polo's mission is Singan-fu, formerly Changan, the capital of Shenshi, the most celebrated city in Chinese history, and the capital of several of the most potent dynasties. To the south-east of the city was an artificial lake with palaces, gardens, park, &c., originally formed by the Emperor Hiaowu, B.C. 100. It has been recently visited by Mr. Williamson, who says that the site of the palace is still to be seen, as well as a celebrated Christian inscription, still perfect, in a ruined temple outside the west gate of the city.

Another notable city is Sindafu, *i.e.* Chingtufu, the capital of Szechuen, twenty miles in compass. It had a great stone bridge half a mile in length, with columns of marble bearing a richly painted timber roof from one end to the other, and on the bridge houses in which much trade was carried on. The modern French missions have a bishop there, and Mr. Wylie, who has visited it recently, says that the covered bridge with the stalls is still in existence. In speaking of the province of Caidu, in Eastern Tibet, Marco Polo tells us that 'there grows in this country a quantity of clove. The tree is a small one, with leaves like laurel, but longer and narrower, and with a small white flower like the clove.' M. Pauthier will have it that Marco was here the discoverer of Assam tea, on which Colonel Yule remarks—'Assam is, indeed, far out of our range, but Polo's notice of this plant, with the laurel-like leaf and white flower, was brought strongly to my recollection in reading Mr. Cooper's repeated notices, in this very region, of the *large-leaved tea-tree, with its white flowers*; and, again, of the hills covered with *tea-oil trees, all white with flowers.*'

flowers.' And a hill between Bathang and the Kinsha Kiang is called the 'Hill of the Tea Trees' (Ritter iv. 201). Still, one does not clearly see why Polo should give tea-trees the name of cloves. Colonel Yule conjectures them to be cassia-buds.

'In Thibet,' Polo says, 'their custom is that when travellers come that way, the old women take the unmarried girls and make them over to whomsoever will accept them.' Mr. Cooper's *Journal* gives a startling illustration of the continuance of this custom:—

'On the banks of the Kinsha-Kiang, west of Bathang,' he says, 'we alighted at a roadside house, near a grove of walnut-trees, when to my surprise I was invited by a group of girls and two elderly women to partake of a repast under the trees. . . . Having finished, I lighted my pipe and threw myself on the grass, when after a few seconds, they brought a young girl of about fifteen, tall and very fair, placed her on the grass beside me, and forming a ring round us, began to sing and dance. The little maid, however, was bathed in tears. All this puzzled me, when Philip, the Chinese servant, with a long face, came to me, saying,—“Well, Sir, this is a bad business, they are marrying you.” Good heavens! how startled I was.'

These people of Thibet, says Polo, have mastiff dogs as big as donkeys, which are capital at seizing wild beasts. These large dogs are now well known. They would seem to have been the same that are so admirably represented in the lion-hunts on the Assyrian reliefs, and were doubtless the same as those the prowess of which against a lion, Quintus Curtius describes as exhibited by Sophites to Alexander. Mr. Cooper, at Tatsianlu, notes that the Thibetans keep very large dogs, as large as Newfoundlanders. Mr. Cooper also notices the eager demand at Bathang for coral, specialised by Polo as 'being sought for by the Thibetans at a high price to hang round the necks of their women and their idols.' That ludicrous and wide-spread custom, so well illustrated by Mr. Tylor under the name of the 'Couvade,' is described by Polo as practised by the Zardandan, or 'Gold Teeth' people in Western Yunnan. When a woman has borne a child, her husband takes her place in the bed, while she gets up, attends to the household, and nurses the pseudo-invalid with the utmost care. That this practice exists in the neighbouring province of Kweichan has lately been shown from a Chinese MS. by Mr. Douglas, of the British Museum.

A very interesting pictorial illustration is supplied by Colonel Yule of a restoration of the ancient city of Pagán, in Burmah, with its towers of gold and silver (the Mien of Polo), compiled from the Colonel's own sketches on the spot.

Polo's

Polo's description of China concludes with an ample notice of the magnificence of Kinsay, better known by us as Hang-chow, and of Zaiton (Chincheu), the famous seaport, principally visited at that period by navigators from the West.

The very favour in which the three Polos stood with the Khan seemed to preclude all hope of their return to Europe, for he would not let them go, and but for a happy chance, we should have lost all account of our great mediæval traveller and his doings. An experienced escort was needed for a royal lady who had to make a voyage from China to the Court of Kublai's nephew, Arghun, Khan of Persia, whom she was to marry; and the Venetians were selected. It was an ill-starred voyage, and involved long detentions on the coast of Sumatra, and in the south of India, to which, however, we are indebted for some of the best chapters in the book; and two years elapsed before they arrived in Persia. At length, after a long stay at Tabriz, they made their way to Venice, arriving some time in 1295.

It was probably from the officers of the ships in this and in his former voyage to India that Marco Polo learned what little he knew of the great island of Zipangri, or Japan. The people were fair, gentle in their manners, and governed by their own princes. Gold—its exportation being prohibited—was so plentiful, that the roof of the prince's palace was covered with it. The prodigious opulence of this country tempted the ambition or rapacity of Kublai Khan, who, with a vast fleet and army, attempted to annex it to his empire, but without success. It was Marco's brief description of this insular *El Dorado*, which is supposed to have kindled the spirit of discovery and adventure in the great soul of Columbus. The vast islands and thickly sprinkled Archipelagoes of the Indian Ocean now successively presented themselves to our traveller, and appeared like another world. Champa (Cochin-China), with its woods of ebony; Borneo, with its spices and gold; Locach (Cambodia), with its brazil-wood, elephants, and gold; these were the new and strange countries at which they touched on the way to Java, the pearl of islands, and to Java the less, or Sumatra, an island which he describes as 2000 miles in circumference, and divided into eight kingdoms, inhabited partly by Mahomedans, though numerous savage tribes still roamed among the mountains, feeding on human flesh and every unclean animal.

One of these wild races had a very extraordinary practice:—whenever any individual was ill, his relatives enquired of the priests or magicians whether he would recover or not; if not,

the patient was instantly strangled, cut in pieces, and devoured, even to the very marrow of the bones. This, they alleged, was to prevent the generation of worms in any portion of the body, which by gnawing and defacing it, would torture the soul of the dead. Strangers, from the same humane motives, were eaten in an equally friendly way.

Here were hairy men with tails, and trees from 10 feet to 12 feet in circumference, from which a kind of meal was made. This was sago, the first specimen of which ever seen in Europe was brought to Venice by Marco Polo. The wood of the tree, which was heavy, and sunk in the water like iron, was used in making spears. From Sumatra they sailed to the Nicobar and Andaman islands, the natives of which were then, and are still, but naked savages. They next touched at Ceylon, in Marco's eyes the finest island in the world. Here no grain, except rice, was cultivated; but the country produced a profusion of oil, sesamum, palm wine, sapphires, topazes, amethysts, and rubies. Of this last kind of gem the king possessed the finest specimen in existence, as long as a man's hand, and as thick as a man's arm, and glowing like fire. From Ceylon they proceeded to Maabar, which, however, is not Malabar, but the coast of Coromandel. Here he reverts also to the old Sinbad story of diamonds lying in inaccessible valleys, upon which men throw down pieces of meat, which are pounced upon by eagles, and brought up to the hill top. When the eagles are frightened away, the diamonds are found adhering to the meat. The story is as old as the fourth century, being told, not of the diamond but of the jacinth, by St. Epiphanius, Bishop of Salamis in Cyprus. There was in Marco's time a great and noble city in Tinnevelly named Cail, at which all the ships touched that came from the west. The site of this port Colonel Yule, with the aid of Dr. Caldwell, has been able to identify. Passing Cape Comorin, Polo sailed along the coasts of Malabar, where he notices the abundance of pepper and ginger; then along those of Guzerat and Cambaia, and so, across the Indian Ocean, home. In his enquiries and explorations, Marco Polo took pains to acquaint himself with the natural history of each country, and with such products as might become valuable as articles of commerce to a maritime and commercial people like the Venetians. The commerce of India he found stretching, like an immense chain, from the territories of Kublai Khan to the shores of the Persian Gulf and of the Red Sea. He traces down as far south as Madagascar the nautical explorations of the Asiatics of the Middle Ages, and suggests to us why those early

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navigators failed in discovering the southernmost point of Africa. 'They cannot go,' he says, 'further south than this island and that of Zanguebar, because the current draws them so strongly towards the south, that they cannot turn back again.' The age of great maritime discovery had not yet arrived, and if the monsoons presented opportunities of boldly sailing out of sight of land, they at the same time exposed adventurous navigators to a new kind of danger, by carrying them far away to the south, across an ocean to which they found no limit. In Madagascar we meet with the fabulous story of the gigantic bird, the Rukh, the nearest illustration of which is the *Æpyornis*, the egg of which, in the British Museum, will hold nearly two gallons and a half. Colonel Yule has given in the volume a representation of this egg of the full size. The name of our *rook* in chess is taken from that of this same bird.

We would not close this paper without one or two retrospective remarks. When Marco Polo, six centuries ago, had achieved his wonderful journey, his narrative was thought to be so full of exaggeration and untruth, that long after his death, it is said that in the Venetian masques one individual always assumed the character of Marco Milioni to amuse the vulgar with his Munchausen-like stories. In some sense the belief was correct, especially with reference to those accounts which Polo delivered from hearsay. It is undeniable, also, that he had a tendency to describe his own experiences *ore rotundo*. When, however, on his death-bed, he was asked by his friends to correct his book, by removing everything that went beyond the facts, he replied that he had not told one half of what he had really seen. It has often been charged against him, that he did *not* mention tea, the fishing cormorant, the compressed feet of the women, &c., items which, if prominently remarkable to us, were not so to him, amid the thousand and one things that he had to record. Let the reader reflect on the amount of confirmation of his statements which the learning and the travel of recent times have produced, and we think his death-bed declaration will be accepted as true. Meanwhile, the application of that learning and that travel is due to Colonel Yule; but it is certain that no mere review can convey an adequate idea of the admirable manner in which he has dealt with his Herculean task.

ART. X.—1. *Report of the Royal Commission of Inquiry.*
8 vols. Dublin, 1870.

2. *Thirty-seventh Report of the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland.* 1871.

3. *Pastoral Address of the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland.*
Dublin, 1871.

4. *Charge to the Clergy of Armagh by the Archbishop of Armagh.*
Dublin, 1871.

MR. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE recently declared at Bristol that it was the duty of the majority in Parliament, when dealing with the question of Irish education, to show great respect and consideration for Irish interests and Irish feelings. This language, coming from Mr. Gladstone's late Irish Secretary, looks very like a return to the famous doctrine of Irish ideas, which was popular with the Liberal party when Mr. Gladstone took office. But, after an experiment of a year or two, the Liberal press declared that Irish ideas were 'somewhat inapprehensible;' Mr. Gladstone gave us one of those elucidations of his own rhetoric, with which he favours the world at convenient seasons; and we thought we had heard the last of governing Ireland, not according to the dictates of intelligence and common sense, but at the bidding of some one of the factions which prey upon that country.

It is argued by some supporters of the Government that Mr. Fortescue only means that the question of Irish education must be dealt with in reference to the present circumstances of Ireland. It is sought to apply to Mr. Fortescue's more emphatic language the same process of exegesis which his leader has applied to his own speech at Wigan. It is quite true that any statesman undertaking to legislate on education in Ireland is bound to keep in mind the peculiar influences at work upon Irish society, and the history of existing educational institutions in that country; but these are just the considerations which the Liberal party have shown the greatest indisposition to regard. Had Mr. Fortescue regarded them in past time, we should never have had his supplemental charter to the Queen's University in 1866, nor his letter to the National Board in the same year. Did he keep them in mind now, we should not have him talking of 'the educational services of Irish ecclesiastics.' This speech at Bristol, viewed in connection with Mr. Fortescue's acts in former years, fills us with real alarm, for it leaves no room to doubt that the Ministry are now seeking to sacrifice the educational institutions of Ireland to that one of the Irish factions which it suits them to treat as representing

representing 'Irish interests and feelings.' Under these circumstances it is important to recall to the recollection of our readers what the State has done in Ireland for the education of the people, and briefly to lay before them the present state of the question. Fortunately we possess ample materials for our purpose in the voluminous evidence amassed by the Royal Commissioners, who reported in 1870 upon the subject of primary education in the sister isle.

From the time of the Reformation occasional efforts were made by the State to encourage education in Ireland; but in most of the schemes adopted it was assumed that the people had become, or were about to become, Protestant. In those of Elizabeth and James there was no idea that the people had any right to claim, much less that they would claim, to have any opinions of their own in the matter of religion: that the State had adopted a certain form of religion, was held sufficient to ensure the adoption of it by the people. Proselytism, properly so called, recognises at least the right of the people to have some voice in the matter; and this spirit first came into operation in the earlier part of the last century, when the State awoke to the consciousness that the Protestantism of the State did not involve the Protestantism of its subjects, and when an organised effort was made to bring the people individually round to Protestantism. Primate Boulter wrote in 1730, 'to bring the nation over to true religion, one of the likeliest methods we can think of is, if possible, the instructing and converting the young generation.' Schools, called Charter schools, were established at the public expense in different parts of the country. In these schools any children that could be got hold of were educated gratuitously, their course of education including instruction in the religion of the Established Church, irrespective of the religion of the parents. The schools were naturally denounced by the priests, and the memory of the policy associated with them makes the cry of proselytism still a weapon of some power in the popular discussion of the question.

In 1812 we discover the dawn of another policy. In that year a Parliamentary Committee laid down the principle that popular education in Ireland should be conducted without any attempt to interfere with the peculiar tenets of the different religious persuasions. Acting on this recommendation the State henceforward recognised two facts in the work of primary education—that the people were Catholic, and were likely to continue so. But the difficulties still remained as to the application of the new principle. The schools to which the State gave assistance continued to enjoin the study of the Bible, and as
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Roman Catholics objected to the unrestricted reading of the Bible, the mass of the people staid away, and some other arrangement became necessary.

To meet this difficulty was devised the system of 1831,—the first satisfactory effort to apply the resources of the State to popular education. In that year the late Earl of Derby, then Mr. Stanley, addressed a letter to the Duke of Leinster, announcing the appointment of a Board of unpaid Commissioners to conduct a system of national education. This letter contained the groundwork of the present national system which came into operation in 1833. Mr. Stanley referred to the language of a Parliamentary Commission of 1828 as affording the leading idea of the proposed system. It recommended 'a system which should afford a combined literary and a separate religious education, and should be capable of being so far adapted to the views of the religious persuasions which prevail in Ireland as to render it, in truth, a system of national education for the lower classes of the community.' The Board was 'to consist in part of persons professing different religious opinions.' Thus a denominational element was from the first recognised in the constitution of a portion of the Board, but it was a denominational element selected by the State, not a delegation from the respective denominations. The duties assigned to this Board were to control the funds voted by Parliament and to superintend generally the work of education. Two elements were recognised in the machinery of the system—the Board and the local authorities—the latter term being used to describe the individuals or bodies applying for a share of the Parliamentary grant. The Protestant and Roman Catholic clergy were specially designated as persons to be encouraged to place themselves in this latter category of local authorities. The Parliamentary grant was to go (1) to aid in erection of school-houses, the sites and one-third of the cost of erecting the schools being guaranteed to the Board by the locality; (2) to make certain additions to the salaries of the teachers provided by local funds; (3) to edit and print school-books, and supply these and other school-requisites at half-price; (4) to provide inspection and a training system. The Board were required to see that a register was kept of the attendance of the children on Divine worship on Sunday; that one or two week-days should be set apart in every school for giving the children 'separately, such religious instruction as might be approved of by the clergy of their respective persuasions; that the right of giving religious instruction before or after school hours on the other days of the week was secured to the respective clergy, and the practice encouraged.' In practice some modifications

cations of this scheme have been adopted, for its main characteristic always was that boasted of by Mr. Stanley in 1837, 'that flexibility which admitted of its being managed locally by patrons of different persuasions.' But the Irish system of 1872 remains what its founders designed it to be—a denominational system of a simple kind, with a strict conscience clause. The scheme was intended to give effect to a new policy on the part of the State towards the Roman Catholic population: the Roman Catholics so understood Mr. Stanley's letter; and his scheme was at once accepted, and long warmly supported, by the clergy and laity of that Church. Latterly the Catholic bishops have been its persistent assailants, and their change of policy is sometimes defended on the ground that the principles laid down in Mr. Stanley's letter have been departed from. The most noted modification of those principles is to be found in some of the regulations of the Board as to convent-schools, and one or two other efforts to conciliate the Ultramontane party; but these changes have not been complained of by the present assailants of the national system, nor has the more serious departure from the terms of the Stanley letter—the abandonment of the principle of local aid.

Local resources have done little or nothing for the education of Ireland, and this constitutes the great difference between the Irish system and that existing in England before 1870. The present Irish system of education, with its 6520 schools, is almost entirely the creation of the State. When the Board commenced its operations in 1832, the economic condition of Ireland was nearly at its lowest ebb, and twenty years passed before any improvement could be discovered. The principle laid down in the Stanley letter was, as we have already shown, that the school should be established and maintained by local resources, the State supplementing them. The body seeking the aid of the Board was required to secure a site for the school, one-third of the cost of building, a fund which should be sufficient to supply the cost of repairs, the teacher's salary, and school requisites at half price. Of these conditions of public aid the Board dispensed, from the beginning, with the contribution to the local fund. What had been at first intended as a gratuity from the Board to the teacher in addition to his salary, became his sole income. The other conditions were retained, but not generally enforced. Local aid to secure a site or build a school-house in the systematic way originally designed might not be forthcoming, but there was many a hamlet schoolmaster who was willing to leave his roadside academy under the hedge and rent a cabin or a room in order to obtain the aid and countenance of the Board. Instead of waiting
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to assist in building schools of which they might claim the ownership, the Board gave a helping hand to any school that could profess an existence, and was willing to promise adherence to their rules. If the schools were bad schools, they were better than none at all, and were much improved for having the inspection of the Board.

Two classes of schools were soon recognised in connection with the Board. Those provided in compliance with the original scheme as to local aid, being built on sites conveyed to the Board, were called *Vested Schools*, and another class, making more than three-fourths of the whole, were named *Non-vested Schools*. The money for the latter class came almost entirely from the Board in the shape of an annual grant, paid through the patron as a salary to the teacher. The theory of local aid was retained so far as to require a start for the school; but this aid was often of the most formal kind. The term 'erected by the locality,' in some of the returns as to this class of schools, gives a very false idea of the character of the schools. Such a phrase suggests a site with a secure title and a building specially appropriated to school work. But many of these schools are held in yearly tenements, and as large a number as 460, the Commissioners of Inquiry tell us, are held in rooms or cottages rented by the teachers. Speaking of the South of Ireland, Mr. Laurie, one of the Assistant Commissioners, describes the school-houses as either originally dwelling-houses or designed with the contingency of being, at some future time, converted into dwelling-houses. Professor Kavanagh, one of the witnesses presented to the Commission by Cardinal Cullen, says that the structures of these schools are of so low a character that he declines to make any computation of their value.

As to this modification of the original plan, the Board argued in 1849: 'We have done all that could, under the circumstances of Ireland, be safely attempted. We have made no building grants where one-third of the expense has not been locally contributed—no grant for salary where reasonable proof has not been given that there will be a sufficient attendance of children to augment, by their weekly pence, the salary furnished by us to the teacher.' As to the permanent local fund, they say 'this condition was not insisted on because it was impossible. Had we attempted to enforce it, the country would have rejected our system from the beginning.' To the same effect is the evidence of the resident Commissioner of Education, the Right Hon. Alexander McDouneil: 'About the wisest thing ever done by the Commissioners was the violating, from the very commencement, the rule laid down by Lord Derby; for I am convinced that the circumstance

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which has enabled us to cover Ireland with schools, instead of leaving the dark parts quite unenlightened and giving almost the whole of the money to the richer parts, has turned upon the bravery and good sense with which the Board has violated that principle.' In the passage we have quoted from the report of 1849, school pence are mentioned by the Board as a test of local aid, and the amount derived from this source has been increasing for some years; but in 1867, it only came to 40,000*l.*, whilst the salaries paid by Parliament amounted to 250,000*l.* The whole annual amount from the localities, including school fees and special donations, is only 52,000*l.*, and does not represent any appreciable amount of assistance as regards each locality. As a matter of fact the local aid entitling each locality to participate in the Parliamentary grant was generally limited to a contribution, in rent or otherwise, towards the first year's expenses; and, in some cases, even this original outlay was a speculation of some enterprising teacher, trusting to recoup himself, not out of the fees paid in the locality, but out of the miserable pittance provided as salary by the State.

Nothing can be more striking than the contrast between the Irish system, thus created and maintained by the State, and the one in this country which Parliament legislated for in 1870. The English system, originating in local energy, was maintained by local funds. The State had come in, sanctioned it, and done certain things for it; but the State had no claim to its income, its property, or its credit. This distinctive characteristic of the system existing prior to 1870 was recognised by its most severe critics. Mr. Richards said of it, when introducing his motion on Mr. Forster's Bill, 'Long before the State had awoke to a sense of its duty the religious bodies had been actively at work covering the face of the country with schools in which an education was given which, if not reaching to an ideal standard of perfection, was of great use to the large masses of the people.' The Irish system too may fall short of an ideal standard of perfection, but it was the first general system of education in Ireland, and it was established by the State at the public cost. The denominations have been invited to share in the administration of it, but the money they have administered has been public money, not local aid, or voluntary subscription. We must recollect this contrast when we hear Mr. Chichester Fortescue talking pathetically about 'the educational services of Irish ecclesiastics.' For neither can it be said, that if the Irish clergy did not give money, they gave that encouragement to the work of education without which the people would never have taken advantage of it. All the witnesses before the late Commission testified to the
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'eagerness for education,' to use Mr. McDonnell's phrase, which the people exhibit. So sensible were the Commissioners of Inquiry of this readiness of the people of Ireland to receive education, that they declined to recommend the adoption of the principle of compulsion in that country; and with this eagerness of the people Mr. McDonnell contrasts the apathy generally evinced by the managers. The Assistant Commissioners make the same complaints of the indifference of the managers to the work of education, but the vast majority of these managers are those Irish ecclesiastics whose educational services Mr. Fortescue applauds.

Another remarkable characteristic of the Irish system is that, though established by the State and carried on at the expense of the State, it never was designed to be a secular system, and amidst all its difficulties it never has become one. It never was the theory of the men who devoted themselves to the work of the national Board to establish what is now expressed by the term a secular system. There was as little in common between the advocates of secularism and Archbishop Murray, for instance, as there was between the latter and Cardinal Cullen. Many modifications of the rules as to religious instruction have been adopted by the Board from time to time; but religious instruction has never been disregarded. One of the rules we have mentioned as contained in the Stanley letter required the managers to record the attendance of the pupils at Divine worship on Sunday. This in itself shows the spirit in which the scheme of education was framed; but amidst the sectarian animosities of Ireland in 1833 the difficulties of carrying out such a rule were insuperable. Representations against it came from all sides, and no attempt was made to enforce it.

The important clause of the Stanley letter, as to religious education, was the one imposing on the managers of schools the obligation to admit the clergymen of different denominations to give religious instruction, at special hours, to the pupils of their respective flocks. Many Protestant managers, who consented to the principle of the Board excluding the Bible from the school hours, objected that this regulation as to admitting priests to their schools to give religious instruction made them instrumental to the spread of Popery; and, on the other hand, as the Roman Catholic power grew stronger, the priest objected to go into a school where the patron, and perhaps the teacher, were Protestants and at home, and he was an unwelcome visitor. Long and angry controversies arose with the managers as to the nature of the facilities given for religious instruction out of school hours, and as to the treatment of the minority during school hours. At
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length the Board escaped from those controversies by giving a new significance to the classification of schools into Vested and Non-vested. The Non-vested schools being, as we have already said, those schools which had not been built by the Board, constituted the great majority of the actual schools, and were generally under clerical management. To the managers then in these schools the Board left it to determine what religious instruction should be given within them, limiting its control to the inspection of the secular education and to the enforcement of a Conscience Clause. In 1843, this principle, leaving the responsibility of providing religious instruction entirely to the managers, was formally adopted in the rules of the Board; and, since that date, it is only in the Vested schools, the schools actually belonging to the Board, that clergymen of all denominations can claim admission to give religious instruction. In the Non-vested schools only one kind of religious instruction can be imparted, such as the manager may determine, and that as fully as he pleases, provided it does not interfere with the secular work of the school nor endanger the religion of the minority. Thus the care of the State to provide for religious education has given a denominational character to more than 70 per cent. of the State schools.

During the next decade of the Board's existence the efforts of the Roman Catholic party were directed to shaping such a Conscience Clause as would give sufficient protection against proselytism in the schools under Protestant management. There are about eighteen rules of the Board now in operation designed to meet all the difficulties raised as to this Conscience Clause. They may be summarised as follows:—Each school must be open to children of all communions. Religious instruction may be given in the school-room, and such as the patron wishes, but it must be regulated (1) by a time table; (2) it must be before or after the ordinary literary instruction, or at one intermediate time; (3) it cannot be imparted to children of a denomination different from that of the teacher; (4) no denominational emblems are to be put up in the school. The history of this Conscience Clause affords the most curious illustration of the growth of Ultramontane ambition in Ireland. These regulations were nearly all adopted from time to time to quiet Roman Catholic apprehension as to the safety of the minority in schools under Protestant management. They were all, except the last, concessions to the justifiable susceptibility of the Roman Catholic party on the question of proselytism. But no sooner have they been carried to their utmost limits than the Roman Catholic authorities turn round and propose to abolish the principle of a Conscience Clause as to their own schools. It is not protection

tion against Protestant encroachment which they now claim, but liberty to disregard the Protestant minorities in schools under Catholic management. Ultramontane power has developed so rapidly within the last few years in Ireland that the Conscience Clause is now denounced as 'an unnecessary and vexatious restriction upon the fulness of Catholic teaching.'

One of the most instructive chapters in the educational history of Ireland relates to the arrangements of the Board for the training of teachers. It exhibits the risks the State has to run in depending on the co-operation of an irresponsible body like the Roman Catholic episcopacy; and this matter of training is the more important as it has been singled out by Mr. Fortescue as the weak point in the Irish system. When the Board commenced its operations in 1831 there were no trained teachers in the country, and the system was brought into actual working before any such class could be provided. In order to secure teachers at once, the Board determined to recognise as duly qualified such teachers in the new schools as could pass an examination held by the Inspectors of the district. By 1834 the Board had a training establishment in Dublin; but, instead of making training at this school a preliminary to any appointment, they adhered to their first expedient of a local examination by the Inspector, treating training under the Board as a qualification to be superadded subsequently. As the teacher's salary was to be drawn from their funds, in order to afford an inducement to him to go up to the institution in Dublin, they made the amount of his salary depend upon the classification attained in the examination at the end of the course of training. A portion of the time of the teachers whilst in Dublin was allotted to religious instruction, and for some years both Roman Catholic and Protestant clergymen visited the training institution to give this instruction. As the system spread over the country, the necessity of providing some further means of recruiting the class of teachers was strongly felt. In 1840 the Roman Catholic Bishops urged the Board to establish a model school in each of the four provinces. These schools it was proposed should be models of primary schools conducted on the very best plan, and should give the more promising pupils such a preliminary training as would fit them to take full advantage of the course at the Dublin institution if they adopted the calling of teachers.

At length, about 1843, the Board announced their intention to build a number of such schools over the country. The scheme excited the greatest enthusiasm amongst all classes of people. The Board were overwhelmed with memorials from the larger towns.

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towns of the North and South, each praying that a particular town might be selected as the favoured site of the proposed school. In the papers printed by the Commission of Inquiry we have memorials signed by the Roman Catholic Bishops of the different districts and the leading members of their flocks. Several of the Irish Liberal members, now engaged in denouncing the training arrangements of the Board, appear amongst the memorialists. Mr. Chichester Fortescue and Mr. Denis Caulfield Heron, were loud in celebrating the wisdom of the scheme. By the end of 1850, many of these schools were in operation, and arrangements were completed or in progress for the erection of those which have since been opened. The State paid the whole cost, amounting to 230,000*l.*, on the faith of the representations made by the Roman Catholic clergy and laity, for no local aid was obtained except such as the school fees supplied to the schools already at work. The schools filled with children, and the Bishops celebrated their success.

But just as these schools began to work, a great change manifested itself in the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland. Twenty years had elapsed since that Church had been called to co-operate with the State in the work of education. In consideration of the poverty of the Catholic people, local aid had been nearly everywhere dispensed with. The priesthood had been put in authority in the schools supported by the State; the schoolmaster, paid by the State, was reduced to the condition of the priest's servant. Every appeal for protection for Catholic minorities in Protestant schools had been responded to by some fresh addition to the Conscience Clause. At enormous expense the State, in order to procure a further supply of these servants of the priesthood—the teachers—had founded institutions all over the country. The Roman Church had made itself by this time a part of the educational machinery of the country, and proceeded now to covet the control of the whole system. By a high-handed act of the Curia, Cardinal Cullen was appointed to the see of Armagh, and the denunciation of the model schools at the Synod of Thurles immediately afterwards heralded the coming struggle. That struggle began everywhere on the death of Archbishop Murray in 1852. From that time forward, whenever the Board—on the completion of its arrangements made years before—opened a model school in any locality, the new school was denounced by the Bishop of the diocese. The mode in which the Bishops carried on the attack against these schools illustrates their policy. Though the model schools were everywhere denounced, and the managers of local schools refused to appoint teachers coming from them,
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still so popular was the new system of training with the people, that the Bishops did not generally venture absolutely to forbid attendance at them unless in those localities where they had been able to establish Christian Brothers, or Convent schools. These Convent schools, professedly set up as rivals to the State schools, the Board has been weak enough to admit into the class of Non-vested schools; thus supporting competition against the public schools at the public expense. Wherever such schools could be opened by the Roman Catholic authorities, the interdict was immediately laid on attendance at the adjoining model schools. This interdict has not deprived the schools of Catholic pupils, though it has reduced the numbers of that denomination in attendance from 55 to 29·3 per cent. of the whole number of pupils. The position of these magnificent schools is urged as the great difficulty at the present time, and the Royal Commission of Inquiry propose to get out of it by letting these schools on easy terms to any denominational Body undertaking to conduct them as training schools.

One of the Roman Catholic members of the Commission, Sir Robert Kane, protests against this suggestion. Of course, there is only one denominational Body in Ireland which will be prepared to take full advantage of these easy terms—that body which has in its hands the nomination of schoolmasters to the great majority of the schools. One great purpose of the Ultramontane party will have been accomplished. The interdict on these schools Sir Robert Kane declares, 'was carried out for the purpose of forcing the State to transfer these institutions to the hands of the Church authorities.' Having done what they could during the last fifteen years to obstruct the education of the country, the Bishops are to be rewarded by getting possession of magnificent training schools, built at the public expense, and they are to have this reward on account of 'the educational services of Irish ecclesiastics.' Having triumphed on this point, the Ultramontane party will be able to carry on their attack against the educational system, with the assurance of ultimate success on every other point of their programme. The difficulty of these schools is the creation of the Liberal party. Instead of resisting the attack of the Bishops, the authorities have negotiated and hesitated. The Board has been urged by the Government to yield one point after another. The Ultramontane party have been emboldened to each attack by the very weakness exhibited by the authorities of the State.

The contrast between the demeanour of the Irish episcopate during the first twenty years of the national system and during the last, cannot be too often insisted on when their educational services

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services are appealed to, and Parliament is asked to give them further control over education; and the more we examine in detail the relations between the Board of Education and the Bishops during those periods the more striking does this contrast become.

Cardinal Cullen argues, in his evidence before the Royal Commission, that the Roman episcopacy everywhere oppose mixed education, and have always done so. The same statement is urged at great length in the startling pastoral of the Irish Bishops, published last October. These elaborate protests are somewhat beside the question. No one alleges that the chiefs of the Roman system regarded mixed education as a good thing in itself, nor objects to their distrust of it. As a matter of principle the Ultramontane party object to any recognition of difference of opinion, or any provision for those who differ. The important point is, that the Irish Bishops of 1833 heartily co-operated with the national system, notwithstanding the defects which it might have, judged by the Ultramontane standard. Archbishop Murray cordially accepted it; as it at present exists it is to a great extent his work. Up to 1863 Roman Catholic dignitaries continued members of the Board, and during the first twenty years of the system the whole Irish episcopacy, with the exception of Archbishop M'Hale, encouraged their flocks to take advantage of a system which is now assailed as a danger to their faith and a grievance to the nation. Even the negotiations which Archbishop M'Hale's opposition occasioned show that in every practical sense the majority of the Church had taken up the scheme of the Board. In 1840 a meeting of the Bishops was held to conciliate the opposition of Archbishop M'Hale, and the recommendations then sent to the Lord Lieutenant are described as suggested 'for the purpose of receiving the unanimous co-operation of the Roman Catholic prelates in diffusing the advantages of national education.'

The questions discussed at this meeting were submitted to Gregory XVI. the following year, and the Pope's rescript leaves it beyond doubt that at that time the Roman Court itself acquiesced in the acceptance of the national system by the Bishops and people. This document recites the liberal spirit of Parliament in providing for the education of the Irish people, the conflict of opinion amongst the Bishops, the danger *ne ad heterodoxos forte magistros pecunia tota et auctoritas devolvatur*, and the fact that after ten years' experience of the system, the Catholic religion did not seem endangered by it. The controversy is referred to the judgment of the Bishops, and certain suggestions are made as to improvements that might

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be introduced into the system. These refer to the selection of books and of the teachers in the training schools. No question is raised as to the direct recognition of the teaching office of the clergy, and the suggestions made are stated as points to be considered, not as terms to be insisted on. This rescript was looked upon as a great victory by Dr. Murray and his friends. It was published just about the time when the Board had adopted the distinct rules as to religious teaching in Non-vested and Vested schools. During the next ten years the system spread all over the country, and the Bishops encouraged the Board to undertake the building of the model schools. Then in 1850 came Cardinal Cullen and the Synod of Thurles. The mild policy of such Bishops as Doyle and Murray, M'Nally and Denvir and Blake, had served its purpose, and was now abandoned for a course of resolute aggression. At Thurles the precautions suggested by Gregory XVI. were discussed, not merely as certain guides of conduct, certain objects to be aimed at, but as necessary conditions of Catholic co-operation. Certain rules and prohibitions were founded upon them, and the present conflict virtually began. In 1858 Bishop Denvir was compelled to retire from the Board, and the last clerical representative of the Roman Catholics in that body, Dean Meyler, died in 1863.

At first the great battle-cry of the Ultramontane party was proselytism, and innumerable elaborations of the Conscience Clause were adopted to meet this charge as regards the North of Ireland schools. Had the Board contented themselves with measures of this kind, all might have been well; but the disposition of the Liberal party to rely upon the assistance of the priests in the government of Ireland became very manifest during Mr. Cardwell's occupation of the office of Irish Secretary. The Bishops were inspired with ever increasing confidence, and were enabled to inspire their political adherents with the same spirit. One point after another was achieved. The proportion of Roman Catholic members of the Board increased from two in seven in 1831, to five in fourteen in 1851, and to ten in twenty in 1860. The result of these changes soon became apparent in the management of the system. The Board had from the first made certain concessions in favour of Convent schools, in consideration of the popularity these schools enjoyed for the education of girls. The convents consented to give up the use of religious emblems, and to allow their schools to be inspected; the Board waived its claim to examine the teachers, and as teachers were paid according to their classification, in order that the Convent schools should not suffer from their refusal to submit their teachers to examination, the Board further retained

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in their favour the original plan of paying teachers by capitation grants. After 1850 further special regulations were made from time to time in their favour. Building grants were given them and liberal payments for monitors; and in 1864 a special class of monitors was created in addition to the two former classes (some of the witnesses before the Inquiry Commission allege), specially for the benefit of those Convent schools. However that may be, of the 2000*l.* a year allotted for this class of monitors, 1208*l.* are paid to Convent schools. Supported in this way, the Convent schools have been spreading rapidly over the country. They have become formidable rivals to the Board's Model schools, and aspire to the position of training schools for female teachers.

Having traced the history of the Irish system of education, let us briefly notice the recommendations of the Inquiry Commission, and then we shall conclude with some observations on the educational programme of the Ultramontane party, and on the aim of their present policy, as exhibited in the evidence taken before this Commission. First, as to the result of the Commission. The opponents of the Board appeared before the Inquiry Commission to urge three complaints against the national system. They alleged against it the practice of proselytism, its failure as a system of education, and its unpopularity with the people. As to the first, the Commissioners say, and it is one of the few points on which they are unanimous, 'the practical working of the ordinary National Schools has been such as to leave scarcely any traces of this result.' The evidence shows that the charges of proselytism have utterly broken down. Thus one of the greatest difficulties with regard to State education in Ireland seems to be finally disposed of. The Report goes on to acknowledge the great benefits conferred by the system on the country, and the proceedings of the Commissioners clearly establish the fact that these benefits are appreciated by the people. Roman Catholics like Archdeacon O'Sullivan, Sir Robert Kane, and Mr. Whittle, are specially attached to the principle of mixed education in Ireland. But the opinions of other members of that communion, as of Mr. O'Hara and Mr. De Vere, prove the confidence of Roman Catholics in this particular institution, the National System,—a confidence founded on its practical working apart from any preconceived theories of education. Nearly all the Assistant Commissioners declare that the people are not hostile to it, nor are the second order of clergy generally, and the same testimony is borne by Mr. Mitchell Henry, one of the Liberal members for Galway. He complains that the hostility of Archbishop M'Hale prevents clergymen acting

as managers of schools he had established, and adds—'It is certain that if the Archbishop's views were not so very strong on this point, little opposition would arise from his clergy.' Mr. Patrick Cumin says, 'So far as laymen are concerned, I did not find a single individual who was opposed to the National Schools. Catholics and Protestants alike—the men of wealth and the men of humble means—all with one voice agreed in extolling the National Schools, and the benefits which they had conferred upon Ireland.' Mr. Jack reports of West Connaught, that the people do not themselves object to the National System; 'the objections to it are rather stated for them than felt by them.' The Commissioners negative the three general charges brought against the system, and then proceed to recommend certain changes with a view to its improvement. They advise the adoption of the English principle of payment by results; an enforcement of the original scheme of local aid,—all children to pay school fees or be paid for out of a local rate. More important, at the present moment, are their proposed modifications of the Board's rules as to religious instruction.

The result of their suggestions would be to concede all that the Roman Catholics ask as to religious emblems, whilst the peculiar grievance of the Protestants as to the use of the Bible is left unredressed. These rules would be a great concession to Roman Catholic managers; they would be no concession whatever to Protestant managers. But that is not the chief objection; it is that these new rules would make the great majority of the State schools in Ireland places where no Protestant children could be educated with safety to their religious belief. The training establishment in Dublin is to be maintained, the pupils being lodged in separate boarding-houses, and under the recognised control of the clergy of their own religion. We have already mentioned their recommendations as to the provincial model schools, and pointed out that if these recommendations were adopted, of course the Bodies that would take these schools 'on easy terms' would be the monasteries or convents already established in rivalry to them. To these institutions they would be a great accommodation. This, and some other of the recommendations, would make the suggestions of the Royal Commissioners a great boon to the Ultramontane party. Their chief importance would be the blow they would inflict upon the existing system, the assurance they would give of the ultimate triumph of the Ultramontane policy, and in this light they are denounced by Sir Robert Kane, as intended 'to subvert' the national system. Their immediate results must be such as to make the Ultramontanes very glad to see them accepted by

by the Legislature. But as they fall altogether short of the Ultramontane programme, and contain many incidental provisions expressly condemned by that party, they cannot for a moment be defended on the ground that they constitute a settlement of the question.

To learn what that programme is we turn to the statements which the Bishops, and the witnesses put forward by them before this Commission, make of their views on popular education, and of their own aims and objects in entering upon the work of education. It is impossible, within the space at our command, to do full justice to the picture of Ultramontane policy which the evidence of the Inquiry Commission supplies. This policy has been developed in Ireland since the Roman Catholic clergy have been clothed with State authority, and furnished with State funds to carry on the education of the country; and we are asked to believe that it will be lost sight of if we make further additions to their power.

The principle of public education is laid down by Cardinal Cullen—‘I would not let the Board interfere in anything except in matters connected with finances and literature.’ The State is to pay the money, and nominally to control its employment in literary education. Everything else the Church is to control. This rule seems simple enough, but the simplicity is only apparent. The standard of literary proficiency must be determined in reference to the system of education to which it is applied. What sort of a person the schoolmaster shall be, and how he shall be encouraged to employ his time, whether in devotional exercises, or in teaching reading and writing, all affect this standard, are all involved in the question of the employment of the funds. The Cardinal continues: ‘the exercise of the Divine Commission must extend to the supervision and control of every system of education instituted for the children of the Catholic Church, lest in any particular department of knowledge they should be infected with errors or opinions at variance with their faith. We require control so as to be able to teach revealed religion; we require control so as to be able to prevent the spread of error.’ The control of literary education then is only left to the State so far as the Church thinks it safe. Bishop Keane admits the universality of this claim. He was pressed as to this point by Mr. Justice Morris, one of the Roman Catholic members of the Commission:—

‘The Bishops claim exclusive authority over the religious education, to direct it?—The Bishops claim to direct literary education in such a way as that it shall not interfere with the religious education.

'You have told me what they do claim. I want to know what they do not claim?—Everything outside.

'What is outside secular and religious education? What species of education is outside these two categories?—Very little; scarcely anything except the multiplication table.'

When pressed as to parental authority, he says:—

'The parent can get the child educated a Protestant, if he pleases; but once he adopts the Catholic education he must allow that child to be educated by those who have got a commission from heaven, and who alone have got it.'

Thus the right which the State recognises in the Catholic parent is considered, in the Ultramontane system, to accrue not to the parent but to the Church.

Major O'Reilly, and other representatives of the Ultramontane party in Parliament, frequently appeal to the educational codes of foreign countries, or rather to certain parts of those codes. Belgium, Prussia, and France, are constantly cited as affording privileges to the clergy which they are denied in Ireland. But when the Bishops examined are asked if they are willing to accept any of these educational codes as a whole, they repudiate them. Bishop Keane is reminded, that in Prussia the appointment of teachers and the selection of books do not rest with the clergy, but with a lay body, and he replies 'I know, because, just as in France, the power is taken from the Bishops, and they have not got back yet, as recognised by the State, to the position in which they ought to be;' as to Ireland he continues, with marvellous frankness, 'now that the State is beginning to feel the importance of winning the confidence of the Bishops, now is the time for the Bishops to assert their rights, which were refused for so long a time, and which are still in abeyance in France and in Prussia.' The Roman Court saw from the demeanour of the Government how anxious they were to conciliate the Irish clergy. The hint is immediately taken, now is the time to wring from this weak Government such privileges as the Roman system does not enjoy in any other part of the world, and such as may enable Rome to make Ireland the lever to restore her power.

As to school inspection, that is still allowed to the State, but it must be denominational. Bishops Keane and M'Cabe and Cardinal Cullen are all agreed on this, and the demand is repeated in the joint pastoral of last autumn. This is another point in which the Bishops' rights will still remain to be recovered after such concessions as those proposed by the Commissioners have given yet further proof of the anxiety of the State 'to win the confidence of the Bishops.' A very slight step further then will be

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to appoint the inspector on the nomination of the Bishops; or, if the present system of appointment by examination stand in the way, the familiar alternative is to give the Bishop a veto on any appointment.

Another point frequently urged in pastorals is that a number of Bishops shall, in virtue of their office, hold seats on every Body charged with the distribution of the public fund set apart for education.

Then, when the organisation of the system has been settled, we get some hint of the principles on which its work is to be carried on. The education given would be of course largely of a religious character, and that it would not be too ambitious in a literary point of view the Cardinal's view of the question is a guarantee. 'Too high an education will make the poor discontented, and will unsuit them for following the plough, following the spade, for hammering iron, or for building walls.' This anxiety, however, about carrying education too far does not refer merely to the pupils, it extends also to the teachers. This deserves attention, for the absolute control of the teacher is the immediate object sought just now by the Bishops. The control of the discharge of his function they already have; for the teacher, though in theory trained by the State, and paid by the State, is the employé of the priest. Any change proposed in the national system this session will have for its object to put the training of the teacher, as well as the supervision of his work, into the hand of the Church. Of the teacher's present position, Mr. Jack, the Assistant Commissioner for West Connaught, gives many details. It is the custom of the priests to impose many duties on the teacher in addition to his school work. Many of them were compelled to teach the Catechism on Sundays in the chapel for three or four hours together. 'Almost all the teachers feel that they must be useful to the clergyman in whatever capacity, not connected with the school, he may desire. The schoolmaster becomes in the west the clergyman's lay assistant. Underpaid as he is now, he is little more than an *ascriptus glebæ* or beadle.'

It is to enable the clerical authorities to fit him still further for this office, that they seek to take possession of the system of training; and Cardinal Cullen's evidence shows what notion of training the clerical authorities have. He is against training altogether as a qualification for teachers. He would judge them by results, and as to certificates of competency. 'I think the country would be better off without so many certificates, I would not require certificates. Those who pass the best examinations and get diplomas most readily, are oftentimes the very worst teachers; they have their thoughts fixed on situations in which they could
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get on in the world.' The Assistant Commissioners on the other hand complain of the want of training in the Irish teachers; ascribing their shortcomings in this respect to the obstacles to their training, offered by the clergy. Another important fact is the comment of these Commissioners on the teaching of the Convents and Christian Brothers' schools that,—with all its excellence its effect is marred by the want of method in the teachers. Now these are the very institutions from which the Church proposes to draw its supply of teachers, and, taking these facts in conjunction with Cardinal Cullen's opinion of training generally, we can judge how far the teaching power of Ireland is likely to be raised by handing the training of the teachers over to the Roman Catholic party. The danger of raising the teacher above his work is clear enough, but the anxiety of the Cardinal is to deprive him of any special qualification that should lift him above absolute dependence on the bidding of the priest. He is to get his post not by examination and diploma, but by the favour of the priest, and to pick up his profession under the priest's superintendence.

The Christian Brothers' school and the Convents are the places of education from which the teachers are to be drawn, because the Bishops urge they are both popular and give now the best education to be had in Ireland. The Assistant Commissioners seem to have visited them with a considerable predisposition in their favour, but nearly all of them find fault with the system of education pursued there. No doubt it possesses certain favourable characteristics: the children are gentle and more docile than in other schools, but their literary proficiency is not as great, and the general tone of the school in a literary point of view is pronounced bad. The teachers succeed in improving the moral tone of the children, but they do not give them as good a mental training as the ordinary national schools, to say nothing of the model schools. The higher classes are well educated, but the lower classes are inferior to the national schools. 'Primary education,' says Mr. Balmer 'in its stricter sense, is best promoted amongst younger children in the national schools. Its interests therefore suffer if a good national school is supplanted by a Christian Brothers' school.' So Mr. Renouf pronounces the lower classes in these schools very inferior. 'Many children who had made some progress in reading, had received no instruction whatever in writing or arithmetic. This was not the result of neglect, but of system. A Brother tried to persuade me that it was impossible to teach the rudiments of reading, writing, and arithmetic to children like those who pass in our first standard in England; and he appeared very sceptical when I told him of such

such a standard. All this is natural enough, when we recollect that the religious training is the special work of the Brothers: their first principle is that 'the instruction of the children in piety and religion is the great and main end of their institute.' As to the Convent schools, Mr. Renouf declares that the eulogies lavished on them are not supported by close examination, and these opinions are confirmed by Messrs. Richmond, King, and Jack. In these latter schools, especially, the Commissioners trace the defects to the want of training in the teachers. This is the account we get from competent and not unfriendly critics of these Christian Brothers' and Convent schools, which are so incessantly vaunted by the Ultramontane and the Liberal press. And these schools are now in competition with the national schools, and many of them largely subsidised by the State. Can we hope that further subsidies and a monopoly of the work of education will supply that stimulus to improvement, which the present eager competition has not given?

Another aspect of this question was hinted at by Mr. Chichester Fortescue, and is constantly dwelt upon in the ministerial press. Rosy visions are presented of the effect which the substitution of the Roman Church for the State in the control of education might have in eradicating the rooted disaffection of the people. If anyone believed that the State could ever bridge over the gulf that separates us from the Ultramontane priesthood, this argument would be intelligible; but as that is impossible, cementing their power over the people is only preparing fresh difficulties for ourselves. They will discourage violence, no doubt, and teach submission; but the submission is first of all to the Church; and in defence and support of the Church many things will be at least allowed which would be otherwise unjustifiable. Cardinal Cullen gives us his conception of national loyalty. He was pressed by Sir Robert Kane as to the Roman Catholic complaints against the Prussian system, and replied, 'I believe the Prussian Catholics were so well pleased with their position, that they acted with the greatest loyalty during the late war. They did everything they possibly could to support the authorities.' He takes the fact that his co-religionists in Germany, at a great crisis in the history of their country, were true to their king and fatherland, as evidence that the Bishops must have been satisfied on this point of education. So vast are the pretensions of this episcopate, so absorbed are they in pursuit of them, that they are not able to conceive the obligations which the citizen owes to the State in modern society. The State is, in their view, an usurping power with which the Church has only to make the best terms it can for the time being. But we are

are not left to conjecture, to judge what sort of loyalty this system would teach. Some of the reading books of the Christian Brothers were discussed in the evidence. One of the Commissioners, Master Brooke, describes one 'as the most direct training for Fenianism' he could possibly imagine. Bishop Keane and Cardinal Cullen both gave the same explanation; it was intended to implant loyalty by enabling the Irish pupil to contrast the gloomy past with the sunshine of the present. In vain the witnesses were asked to point out a passage where this moral was suggested; nor was it alleged as a matter of fact that the teachers in this school put such considerations before the pupils. This very controversy about education is at the present moment alleged as a justification of some of the violent language about English rule contained in these books. When one of the Christian Brothers examined is pressed about such phrases as 'Erin's fetters,' he answers that he feels one of the fetters himself. Even Mr. Chichester Fortescue does not propose to accept the Bishops' programme, only to approximate to it, and still the education grievance will remain a calamitous cloud over all that sunshine which the Cardinal refers to. The theory that the proposed policy will generate loyalty in Ireland, is worthy of the ministers who supposed that a partial Fenian amnesty would convert disaffection into gratitude.

Nor can we forget altogether the body of children whom the Bishops ask to have sacrificed, in order to give effect to 'the fulness of Catholic teaching.' All over Ireland there are Protestant minorities, whose existence cannot be absolutely disregarded. They are there, and entitled to national education as well as any other portion of the Queen's subjects. The present aim of the Bishops is to secure absolute control over the Catholic majorities, and they trouble themselves as little about the scattered Catholics of the north as about the Protestants of the south and west. 'The vexatious restriction' involved in the present conscience clause must be removed in 70 per cent. of the national schools. The Protestants may be only 10 per cent. of the pupils in Catholic schools, three or four in each of these small mixed schools; and because they are so few they are to be ignored in the school arrangement. They may be admitted as tolerated intruders, but still they are intruders. Under the present system they come in with as good right as the dominant majority. They cannot attend the schools without seeing the power of the Roman Church in numbers and influence. The priest is the patron, the teacher a Roman Catholic, the great majority of their schoolfellows Roman Catholics, the whole sentiment of the school is Roman Catholic; but it is a peaceful, regulated, not a militant propagandist

gandist Catholicism. The schoolroom is free from those pictures and emblems which Protestant feeling rejects. The Protestant child is not called on to witness or to participate in Catholic devotions. It cannot escape the consciousness of its own isolation, but it can enjoy a certain sense of security and independence; and this security is not a favour, conceded by the condescension or the caprice of the dominant power of the neighbourhood, but a right, guaranteed to all by the providence of the State.

When we examine the language of the ministry by the light which the history of the national system affords, it is impossible not to feel great anxiety for the future of this noble Institution. It was designed by some of the ablest men who have had to do with the government of Ireland, in the confidence that a sound system of general education would be a great step towards removing the troubles of the country; that it would open out a field for individual exertion to a naturally quick-witted race, lay the foundations of national prosperity, and reconcile them to our rule. The money of the State was lavishly spent on it, for the country was steeped in poverty; and the religious faith of the people was to be sheltered with jealous care, as well from the respect which the founders of the system entertained for the principle of religion as from their anxiety to mark the contrast between their work and those efforts at popular education which had been made in the last century. In its own schools the national system invited all ministers of religion, equally, to come and teach their respective flocks. In the non-vested schools it trusted to the sectarian zeal of the respective managers, and of that zeal it had had many proofs to provide for the religious training of the pupils. For twenty years the Roman Catholic clergy worked with the Board without reserve; they thus became the channels for distributing the State funds through the country. Not content with drawing these annual supplies from the State, they encouraged the State to invest large sums in erecting magnificent schools all over Ireland. By the time that this investment had been made, on the faith of their co-operation, they awoke to the consciousness that the English Government was desirous 'to win the confidence of the Bishops.' Now is the time, says Bishop Keane, to press our demands. The Roman Church may get back to that position which Ultramontanism dreams of as its right. The Bishops cannot get all they ask, but the more they ask the more they are likely to get. Had this mutinous spirit of the priesthood been met boldly when first it shewed itself—fifteen or twenty years ago, there would be no difficulties about this question now. The Ultramontane

Ultramontane party dare not even yet drive the people to the alternative of quarrelling with them or rejecting the State system of education. The cry of proselytism is losing its terrors, and the people themselves know the benefits of the system. But the Liberal party, contemplating the miserable failure of their policy to re-establish order in Ireland, cling desperately to the notion that if they can only 'win the confidence of the Bishops' all may be yet well. In this wild hope the Liberal press is ready to sacrifice the acknowledged responsibility of the State for the education of the people. One of the noblest gifts of the English Government to the people of Ireland is to be destroyed for the sake of concealing for awhile longer the catastrophe of Irish administration. The Irish Bishops assembled at Marlborough-street demand what, members of their own body admit, amounts to the whole control of education. The entire evidence of the recent Commission proves that they are not competent for the work, even if they undertook it in good faith. Whatever might be their qualifications for the conduct of small ordinary schools, they are manifestly disqualified for the conduct of training-schools, as the condition of their own large schools, their statements of opinions about training, and their estimate of the position of the teacher clearly prove. Still it is not impossible, from what we have seen of Liberal policy on this question, that Mr. Chichester Fortescue or the Marquis of Hartington may offer them some such instalment as the possession of these model schools, if Parliament can be induced to consent to the proposal. The instalment will be important for what it brings, and it will leave the Bishops quite free to use this increase of power in pushing their further demands. And this policy on the part of the Government is the more criminal, as the inquiries of the Commission prove that if Parliament, relying on the character which the national system has won amongst the Irish people, once made it clear that it intended to maintain that system, the difficulties which at present beset education would immediately fade away. Let the condition of the teacher be improved, and the exertions of the State be directed not to twist or lop away the system, but to secure it room for free growth, in accordance with its nature, and not only will the Ultramontane designs in Ireland be baffled, but the English Government will have vindicated its self-respect, and have established a real and lasting claim to the goodwill and gratitude of the Irish people.

- ART. XI.—1. *Political Problems for our Age and Country.* By W. R. Greg. London, 1870.
2. *The Rights of Labour and the Nine Hours' Movement.* By a Lady. Edinburgh, 1871.
3. *Chambers' Social Science Tracts.* Edinburgh, 1864.
4. *Secret History of the International.* By Onslow Yorke. London, 1871.
5. *Address to the Social Science Association.* By William Newmarch, F.R.S. London, 1871.

ONE of the saddest spectacles on earth is the spectacle of misdirected energies and wasted resources. It is also one of the commonest, the most provoking, and the most disheartening. There is activity in abundance, there is ability, there is zeal to overflowing, there is industry, there are good intentions, philanthropy, and wealth, adequate to the extirpation of many of our social miseries, and the mitigation of many more, if only they were rightly applied, and worked with ordinary vigour and ordinary sense. But—what with want of philosophy and want of thought, want of patience and want of courage, prejudice which stops one road, fear which bars another, and the defects of administrative capacity inherent in our clumsy and stupid way of managing public business—all these means and resources of rectification are thrown away, and social miseries spread, deepen, and gangrene as before. Simple and obvious remedies are scouted or neglected, while the silliest and wildest ones are propounded, and gain a ready hearing from the classes which are maddened by suffering; and, sick of the present, are prepared for any experiment, any struggle, any destruction, which promises, or seems to promise, a better future. We need go no further than our own doors for a startling illustration. The metropolis teems with ignorance and pauperism; its paupers reach 150,000; its totally untrained and uneducated children no statistics have yet accurately numbered; yet the sums annually distributed or available for charitable purposes would suffice to extinguish destitution, and to instruct the whole poor population of London. These funds amount to the enormous figure of seven millions and a half; * enough, as Dr. Hawksley has shown—assuming that one-eighth of the population, or four hundred thousand persons, are wholly destitute and dependent on their fellow-citizens,—to allow eighty-five pounds per annum to every such family for sustenance and education. Yet the evils, against which all these vast resources are provided or can be directed, go on increasing from year to

* 'The Charities of London,' by Dr. Hawksley.

year. In this, as in so many other matters, we endure so much evil and do so little good, because we manage so badly, and are so constantly sailing on the wrong tack.

None of us are more perpetually or more obviously on a false scent than the working-classes and their leaders; and in no case is error so mischievous or so formidable. The Proletariat—to adopt a much-needed foreign word—are right and warranted as to their miserable condition and sensations:—they are wrong only in the causes they assign, and the remedies they would apply. We sympathize with them in every fibre of our frame. We are ready to paint their wretchedly unsatisfactory state and prospects in language as strong as any of themselves could use. We agree with them that their condition is an opprobrium to half the countries in Europe, and more especially to our own. Millions of them lead a life which intelligent beings should not consent to live, and exist in a condition of struggle and wretchedness which makes existence a burden and not a boon. They have a right to be discontented. They do well to be angry. Nay, more:—the rectification, speedy and thorough, of the evils of their condition, is the first duty of every statesman, and the most urgent necessity of every State; and all legislation which does not address itself, mediately or immediately, to this supreme purpose, is of secondary moment, and involves a postponement of higher to lower claims. The improvement, the rescue, the comfort, the well-being (in every sense) of the classes of which we speak, constitute the primary obligation of all who influence opinion or rule the country; first, because these classes are the most numerous, secondly, because they are the most helpless, thirdly, because they are the most unfortunate and suffering;—and we share to the full in the burning indignation they express when questions vital to their interests are pushed into the background to let party conflicts have a fair field to fight in. So far we go along with the loudest and most violent of their leaders. But there we part company as widely as may be. Our indictment against these leaders is, that they systematically and persistently, and ignorantly even if honestly, divert the people's attention from their real grievances and the true causes of their sufferings, and urge them to measures and objects either wholly irrelevant or certain to aggravate what they seek to cure. They are for ever hounding the people on a false scent, guiding them away from the right track, misinforming them or blinding them as to facts, misteaching them as to principles, and confounding their perceptions as to friends and foes.

The great central truth which lies at the root of the whole problem is that, with few exceptions and slight qualification,
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the mischiefs under which the working-classes suffer, and which most of them call for legislation—and many even for the overthrow of the actual social system—to remove, lie at their own door, and are remediable by and through themselves, and themselves alone. It is this doctrine which it is, beyond all things, essential to convince them of, and to ingrain fixedly in their minds; and it is the wilful ignoring or denial of this doctrine which, in our opinion, constitutes the fundamental error and the great sin of the men who have got the ear of the Proletariat, and whom alone at present those classes listen to and trust. We have our own country chiefly in mind in saying this; but we believe it to be true in the main not only of France, but of most of the really civilised countries of the Continent as well. To guard against misapprehension, we must add one remark. When we say that most of the sufferings of the labouring classes lie at their own door, primarily at least, we merely mean that they are distinctly traceable to their own ignorance, insobriety, improvidence, and unthrift. How far their rulers and their betters are, even more than themselves—directly or indirectly, in the past or in the present—responsible for this ignorance, insobriety, improvidence, and unthrift, is a painful question which each man ought to ask himself; but the answer to which we forbear to discuss as not relevant to our immediate argument, which is confined to practical conclusions.

It is not long since we had a long and quiet conversation with an active member of the late Parisian Commune, who had taken refuge in this country after the final catastrophe. We endeavoured to obtain from him something like a precise statement of the objects for which so many thousands of French artisans, proletaires, and their half-educated but enthusiastic sympathisers, showed themselves so ready to fight, slay, and die—for which they were prepared to overthrow the established social hierarchy, and which they believed could be attained by no other means. He was an intelligent and not at all an uncultured man; but he had never thought things out, and was full of watchwords and high-flown phrases, and in consequence it was difficult to nail him to any distinct definition or platform. But when by a little Socratic questioning he was run to ground, his view of the aims and inspiration of the originators of the Communal insurrection appeared to be this: 'The artisans and poorer classes of France—i.e. of Paris and the great towns—are ground down (*exploité*) by the capitalists, their employers; they wish to reap the fruits of their own labour; they wish, in fact, to work for their own benefit and not for that of others; they think that all capital ought to belong to the State, and be lent out on moderate interest to

to associations of operatives, who would thus enter into the full enjoyment of the products of their own industry. They believe that only a Republic, of which the working classes should be the directors, would give them this result; and they know that a Republic of this sort can only be established by a revolution, and therefore they are willing to hazard everything and upset everything in the cause of such a revolution.' Our interlocutor had never distinctly made out either the correctness of his premises or the beneficence of his anticipated results, even if attainable or attained; but the dream was a grand one, and it had intoxicated his imagination. There were to be no more idle and luxurious profligates, scandalising decent livers by their orgies; no more bloated millionaires, buying power by the corrupt use of their ill-gotten gains; no more wretched toilers, ground to the dust by hardfisted employers, forced to labour from the cradle to the grave for the barest minimum of subsistence, scarcely knowing what true life is, and shaming Heaven by their misery and degradation. Every man should sit under his own vine and his own fig-tree, none daring to make him afraid. What generous nature would not willingly lay down his life for the realisation of such a dream?

We have no doubt that his account of the proletarian aims and state of mind was in the main correct, for Mr. Frederick Harrison, in the August number of the 'Fortnightly,' gives much the same description (p. 154):—

'They say that where in a common work labour is no less necessary than capital, and labourers are as worthy of the profits as managers, the system by which the gross result is appropriated to capital, and under which the self-indulgence of wealth soars to yet unimagined heights, whilst the area of misery, ignorance, and exhaustion sinks ever deeper, is a system which is doomed to end. And this their claim is good.

'Let us turn to the remedy they propose. The whole social force, they say, which so long has been directed by capital in its own interest, shall be directed by workmen in the interests of workmen. The laws shall no longer be made and administered so as to handicap the labourer in the race of industry. The power of the State shall step in to neutralise competition, and to restrain the selfish abuse of capital. The land, at any rate, they say, must be resumed by the State for the benefit of the whole community, and farmed on social, and not on proprietary, bases. Ultimately, in short, the whole existence of capital, and the ordering of the lives of the community, must be subject to the will of social authority.'

It is the more important to understand that these *are* the views entertained by the French Communalists—by those among them,

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at least, probably the main body, whose aims and inspirations were social and economic rather than definitely and immediately political—because it is generally believed that the first impulse to the Parisian insurrection was given by the members of the ‘International Working Men’s Association,’ of which we have heard so much in that connection. In the beginning it is nearly certain that many of the leaders of the two movements, as well as their objects, were identical. This International Association has its central seat in London, and includes many thousands of English artisans among its members. It is true, no doubt, that the secretary of that body, who assumes to direct it and to speak and write in its name, is a mischievous, hot-headed, and intemperate German, named Karl Marx. It is true, too, that many of his English colleagues are disgusted at his violence and resist his imperious behaviour, and altogether refuse to be dragged through the mire and blood which have no repugnant qualities for him. It is true, again, that the aims of the English element of this Association are principally and primarily business-like and economic—not political, republican, or revolutionary; and that the practical good sense spoken at their various congresses by the delegates from this country, offer a marked contrast to the vague and inflated declamation which passes for eloquence among their continental associates. But it is no less true that many of the current notions about the tyranny of capital and its unfair monopoly of profits, and its hostile position in relation to labour, prevail in England as well as in France and Germany, though in a modified and less irrational shape; and it is certain that the most earnest efforts are being made by the foreign Chiefs of the International to drag their English colleagues along with them in their political crusades—to commit them to their wild schemes and theories, and, in fact, to change the Association from a Trades-Unionist into a Revolutionary organ. If they should ever succeed, even partially, it will be an evil day for English industry and English peace.*

Meanwhile

* See the manifesto recently issued by the General Council of the Association in London, which runs thus, its language betraying unmistakably its un-English authorship:—

‘CONSIDERING,

‘That the emancipation of the working classes must be conquered by the working classes themselves; that the struggle for the emancipation of the working classes means not a struggle for class privileges and monopolies, but for equal rights and duties, and the abolition of all class-rule;

‘That the economical subjection of the man of labour to the monopolizer of the means of labour, that is the sources of life, lies at the bottom of servitude in all its forms, of all social misery, mental degradation, and political dependence;

‘That the economical emancipation of the working classes is therefore
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Meanwhile, the point we desire to seize hold of is the absurdity that lies at the root of this wide-spread notion that capital is the oppressor and the enemy of labour, in place of being, as virtually it is, its offspring, instrument, and indispensable condition. The thinking class of British workmen, and nearly all their leaders, perceive this; while maintaining that, partly by custom, partly, as they fancy, through favouring laws, and partly owing to the evil influence of excessive competition, capital manages always to obtain more than its fair share of the profits arising from the joint exertions of wealth and toil. But French operatives, especially the enthusiastic theorists, are slow to be convinced of our fundamental thesis. It was easy to point out to our Communalist friend that capital, in whatever hands (where not the result of mere robbery), is distinctly and certainly nothing more than the produce of industry and skill, either of the actual possessor or of those from whom the actual possessor has inherited it; that it is that portion of the produce of his industry which he or his ancestors have laid by instead of consuming—nothing more, in fact, than accumulated savings; that, as all capital arose out of labour, it is the rightful and inalienable property of the labourer who has first created it, and then stored it up; and that it would be just as fair for the State to lay hold of the savings of the frugal peasant or operative of to-day, as fast as he made them, as to appropriate, on any pretext, the capital of the rich man, which is simply *his* savings, or the savings of some one from whom he has received them by gift or by inheritance. It was easy to remind him that this formidable imaginary foe, 'capital,' the accumulated savings of the labour of preceding times, was, in truth, not only the best friend, but the *indispensable* condition and material of all profitable industry—that which supplies it with its implements and its machinery—that which *enables it to wait* for the

the great end to which every political movement ought to be subordinate as a means;

* That all efforts aiming at that great end have hitherto failed from the want of solidarity between the manifold divisions of labour in each country, and from the absence of a fraternal bond of union between the working classes of different countries;

* That the emancipation of labour is neither a local nor a national, but a social problem, embracing all countries in which modern society exists, and depending for its solution on the concurrence, practical and theoretical, of the most advanced countries;

* That the present revival of the working classes in the most industrious countries of Europe, while it raises a new hope, gives solemn warning against a relapse into the old errors, and calls for the immediate combination of the still disconnected movements;

* **FOR THESE REASONS—**

'The International Working Men's Association has been founded.'

realisation

realisation of its profits, for the ripening of its crops, for the sale of its produce—which, in a word, gives the workman wages which are not yet earned, profits which are not yet made, bread which is not yet baked, harvests which are not yet reaped. Give the labourer what his thoughtless advocates demand, his share of the earth's surface, his seven acres or his ten, but deny him capital (which belongs to others who made and saved it, and which he cannot *claim* either as a boon or a right), and he will starve, the first year, on his fee-simple property. It was not a matter of much greater difficulty to show that it was unreasonable to expect, and would have been unjust in the State to concede, that this indispensable capital should be loaned or advanced to the labourer, without interest or consideration, or security for its repayment. Every labourer who has saved a few hundred francs on his own score, and wishes to invest it, sees this at once. But when we proceeded to point out to our Communalist that all the private capitalist and employer does is to ask that very interest for his money which the State itself would have to require—that the return he obtains, and which he calls sometimes interest, but oftener profits, consists of three portions (all undeniably equitable in character), namely—*first*, the mere annual value or rent of his accumulated savings, that which others are willing to give him for the use of what is undoubtedly his; *secondly*, the insurance for risk he encounters by investing this capital in a fluctuating and uncertain business, or in lending it to men who might fail or defraud him; *thirdly*, the remuneration for *his* labour, skill, and knowledge in managing the business; and, finally, that if artisans began a trade or manufacture on a co-operative system, and on their own behalf, they would equally have to pay all these three considerations—that is, ordinary interest, security, or insurance, in some shape or other, and the salary of a managing superintendent;—when we pointed out these obvious considerations, in addition to those previously enumerated, he seemed altogether puzzled and astonished; for, never having really reflected patiently upon the matter, these things were as new to him as to most of his fellow insurgents. And when, to close the conference, we expressed a sort of mild and hesitating doubt whether—considering that any body of workmen who could lay by money and club it together, or could obtain credit, or give security in character or otherwise, might start in business for themselves, as many had done from small beginnings, and with considerable success—it was absolutely necessary, or even at all worth while, to overthrow a Government, to inaugurate a revolution, to shed life wholesale in a sanguinary civil conflict, in order to try a precisely similar

experiment on a somewhat larger scale, and in a decidedly more hazardous fashion—our friend was silenced and perplexed, but, to judge by his countenance, not one whit convinced.

We have always been favourable to the trial and extension of those co-operative partnerships, which, under one set of modifications or another, have been often suggested and occasionally carried out. They are feasible and they are serviceable. Where at all successful, or where even fairly tried, they do good in various ways. They instruct and practise the working classes in the conduct of business, its difficulties, its drawbacks, its multifarious but inseparable considerations. They disabuse their minds of the exaggerated estimates of employers' profits and habits of monopolisation so commonly entertained. They teach the operatives forethought; and if they do not actually augment their aggregate earnings very materially, they do so virtually and most effectually, inasmuch as funds which come to them at the end of the year in the shape of interest and profits, are far more likely than mere weekly wages to be husbanded. The system, too, will no doubt often enrich them directly, inasmuch as by becoming capitalists and virtually employers, they will reap their fair share of capitalists' and employers' gains. There is no reason whatever, so far as we can discern, why such partnerships should not in time become numerous, if not general. There are benevolent and just-minded employers in Great Britain. There are also fair, intelligent, and saving artisans. These may easily combine on perfectly equitable terms. There is no reason why all employers should not be just and kindly, and all artisans economical, reasonable, and energetic. Then all employers and all operatives might become ostensibly and legally partners,—just as they are by the necessity of their position virtually partners now. Neither is there any reason why working men, as their education rises and their habits mend, as they learn to control themselves and trust each other, should not combine for most industrial undertakings without a master, and be their own employers and choose their own directors. When that time comes, the vexed and perplexing question of Labour *versus* Capital will have lost its vexations and perplexities, and will have been solved. Trades Unions and most other schemes and theories are but false scents, and only put off the advent of the golden day. How easy it would be for a large proportion of our artisans and skilled labourers in every line to become capitalists few reflect, and few even are allowed to know. Yet of the fact there can be no doubt. It can be proved by the testimony of all who are practically acquainted with the wages earned

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earned by competent and steady workmen in all the great industries of England where skilled labour is in request. Among the colliers of South Wales, for example, a man can earn 6s., and even 8s., and even more in special cases. The family income, therefore, cannot be estimated at less than 3l. a week, or, say, 150l. per annum. If it were not for the exhausting, unnecessary, and (as will presently be seen) noxious drafts made upon the means of these people by the Union funds—perhaps even *with* this drawback,—a man might easily lay by 50l. a year, and live in comfort on the remainder. A skilled operative in various branches of the iron trade can earn also 3l. a week, with the aid of an assistant (often his own son), to whom he pays 10s. or 15s. In the Cotton trade, the more skilful and industrious hands can often earn 30s. or 40s. a week; and, as three or four of a family are often employed, their aggregate income often reaches 50s. or 60s. or more. And so on. Now in all these cases—and, though we do not say they are *average* specimens, they are assuredly very frequent and widely attainable ones*—the workman might in ten years have 500l. in the Bank; and twenty such men, combining their savings, would be able to commence business or to join other industrials with a capital of 10,000l., and a credit, owing to their character and their funds, which would readily command 5000l. more at least. It is, therefore, obviously in the power of industrious, steady, skilful, and frugal workmen to become capitalists before middle age; and it is their own fault if they do not. †

So

* We have now lying before us returns which have been furnished to us from various establishments of the staple industries of Lancashire. These show that the earnings of really good workmen range from 25s. to 40s., and in a few cases to 50s. a week. The weekly earnings of families, where, as is usually the case, two or three are employed besides the father, are often very large. The following are a few specimens, and not the highest we have heard of:—(1.) 4l. 5s.; (2.) 4l. 7s.; (3.) 5l.; (4.) 3l. 17s. 4d.; (5, 6, 7, 8.) 3l. 5s.; (9, 10.) 4l. 2s.; (11.) 2l. 18s.; (12.) 3l. 8s. Here are families with a regular income ranging from 150l. to 250l. a year, and *paying no income-tax*.

† It is argued, with considerable justice, by Mr. Thomas Wright (Journeyman Engineer), in 'Fraser's Magazine' for October last, that the *income* of operatives cannot fairly be estimated from their weekly *earnings*, inasmuch as owing to periods of slack trade, vast numbers of them are not employed, or at least not fully employed, all the year round. The argument is valid as far as it reaches, but the extent of its range is enormously overstated. There are, no doubt, many occupations where work is casual and fluctuating, but in the larger industries of the country full work is the rule, and 'short time' the exception; and, moreover, the steady and reliable skilled workmen are the last to be thrown out, and are rarely unemployed. There are cases, of course, such as that of dockyard labourers in the metropolis, where occupation, being dependent on winds and other varying influences, is necessarily uncertain; and others, such as railway and to some extent shipbuilding industries, where periods of briskness and slackness alternate, and cause much mischief; but in these cases the wages in good

So much for direct proof. Now for still more irrefragable and convincing circumstantial evidence. We have seen what operatives might save. We will now show what they do waste. The annual expenditure of the population of the United Kingdom in fermented liquors and tobacco exceeds 100,000,000*l.*; that in beer and spirits only reaches 75,000,000*l.* In England alone, the consumption of intoxicating liquors would allow an expenditure of 10*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.* to each adult male. Now, according to the best estimates that can be formed, the expenditure of the working classes alone in drinking and smoking is not far from 60,000,000*l.*—of which 40,000,000*l.* is mere extravagance and excess.* Every year, therefore, the working classes have it in their power to become capitalists (*simply by saving wasteful and pernicious expenditure*) to an extent which would enable them to start at least 500 cotton mills, or coal mines or iron works, *on their own account*, or to purchase at least 500,000 acres, and so set up 50,000 families each with a nice little estate of their own of ten acres, in fee simple. No one can dispute the facts. No one can deny the inference. After this, what must we think of the sense or honesty or morality of the Proletaires who wish to confiscate the land or the capital of others, or of the leaders who would persuade them it would be right and wise to do so? Were we not warranted in saying that the fate and future of the working classes, their salvation or their ruin, lie in their own hands,—and in no others?

Another false scent along which many popular orators and writers are leading the Proletariat of our country is the division of the soil among a class of peasant proprietors. We cannot but regard this as an erroneous direction to give to the general aspiration after an improved condition, though one incomparably less unsound and less mischievous than that we have been considering. The leaders of whom we speak, often sincere patriots and earnest philanthropists, who seek to foster the 'land hunger' in Ireland and to create it in England, unquestionably do much harm in the former country, and excite futile and extravagant hopes, even if they do not waste and pervert energy by turning it into a channel which is nearly certain to lead to disappointment, in the other.

good times are extraordinarily high. On the whole we are satisfied that as regards the iron, coal, pottery, cotton, and woollen trades, we have not overstated facts. Still it must be admitted without reserve, that periods of 'flush and reaction' constitute one of the most unmanageable mischiefs with which labour in England has to contend.

* See 'Companion to the Almanac,' 1870,—*"Self-imposed Taxation."* See also 'Companion' for 1871, for very valuable information as to Mutual Partnerships.

We will deal with the case of Ireland first, as being far the clearest and simplest. The love of a poor man for his native country, even when it is mere ignorant attachment to the soil, to the scenes he is familiar with, to the cabin in which he was born, to the fields he has helped to till, has something in it, no doubt, at once respectable and touching, and occasionally even beautiful. It is a healthy instinct, even where it is nothing but an instinct. But under the circumstances of the country it is indisputably one which every true friend to the Irish peasant should labour to enlighten and control, rather than to laud and exaggerate as most of the priests and prominent 'Nationalists' are wont to do. In all old countries, especially in thickly peopled and increasingly populous ones, and where agriculture is the main industry, those who wish to improve their condition and not deteriorate it—to rise, and not to sink—must seek their fortune in more prolific fields of industry. Middle-class Englishmen and mechanics and Scotch shepherds have come to know this, and why not Irish labourers? In plain truth—so plain that no one who sees it fairly stated can resist conviction—it is the 'land hunger' of the Irish cottier, or rather his hunger after *Irish* land, that keeps him poor. The wonder is how any Irishman, a friend to his countrymen, can wish to keep him at home.

Nearly every one (says Mr. Maguire in his account of the condition of Irish settlers in Canada and the United States) had the same tale to tell. 'I landed in New York or Halifax eight, ten, or sometimes only five years ago, without a shilling, or only with an axe; I went up country, worked for wages till I could purchase a few acres of my own; laid by and struggled hard, and now I have a good house and a comfortable farm, all my own property, of 200 or 300 acres, am worth 2000*l.*, 3000*l.*, 5000*l.*; and every one of my sons can be certain of doing just as well.' Yet, observes his reviewer, these men when in their native country had, as a rule, only a miserable holding of three or five acres—for which they were often unable to pay rent—a wretched cabin, no hopes and no ambition. Now, compare for a moment the average, nay, the *certain*, prospect which awaits the sober and industrious Irishman who emigrates to America, with the *best* prospect he could dream of at home, were he ever so sober and industrious. Suppose Ireland 'governed in conformity to Irish ideas,' tranquil and prosperous almost beyond rational anticipation, manufactures introduced, wages trebled, 'fixity of tenure' conceded, and what would be the brightest possibility within reach of the ordinary Irishman? To earn 18*s.* a week, to hold on lease (say) ten or fifteen acres of not very rich soil, to feel that

that his sons, if they did not emigrate, could hold only five or three, to live in a hovel comfortable, perhaps, according to his poor notions of comfort, to forget the future, or, if he remembered it, to remember it with deep anxiety. What lies before him ten days further west? In a very few years a position as landed proprietor on a considerable scale, a career, a political career if he desire it, yearly increasing wealth, ample plenty and comfort, and absolute freedom from all anxiety either for himself or his children. What country in the Old World, what government in Ireland, though 'native' to the core, could offer him anything like this? And wherein lies the secret of the marvellous contrast? Not in government, not in race, not in religion, not in that he is oppressed in the one country and free in the other; but simply and solely in two circumstances which no people and no sovereign can alter:—that in Ireland men are redundant, and that in America they are scarce; that in the Old World labour commands only a shilling a day, and land costs 50*l.* an acre; whereas, over the water, labour commands five or eight shillings a day, and land can be bought for five shillings an acre, or less. In one case *one day's* work can purchase one acre; in the other case not less than *three years' work*.

The case of England is different, though not in the feature essential to our present argument. We feel as strongly as either Mr. Mill or Mr. Odger that the condition of the agricultural labourer in most districts is an opprobrium and a calamity to the nation. He ought not to be suffered to remain in it; and he cannot (unassisted) raise himself out of it. We need not describe what has been over and over again depicted and proved *usque ad nauseam*. The thing is a disgrace and a danger—and we need say no more. We are not sure that the condition is not even growing worse year by year. Certainly it is worse in many essentials than it was a century or a century and a half ago. The wages these labourers obtain are a shame. The general and inescapable prospect of the poor-house for their old age is a shame. The condition of their cottages is a shame. Their often having no cottages at all in the parish where they work is, perhaps, the greatest shame of all. But the enthusiasts who hope permanently or materially to mend this condition by facilitating the acquisition of land, by subdivision, by allotments of small acreages, in a word, by endeavouring to force into existence a class of peasant proprietors, leave out of their calculations two essential facts—two elements of the problem—alike indisputable and conclusive. We feel the full beauty of the pictures they draw of the smock-frocked labourer sitting at his own door, under his own fig-tree, looking out on his own ten acres, and with

with his ten children (which he is sure to have) lying on the sward around him. But when we think of the next step, and picture each of these ten children needing his ten acres also, the economic imagination breaks down before the unrealisable ideal. These peasants are *too thick upon the ground already*—that is the fundamental cause of their wretchedness: unless they emigrate they will become thicker still, and rapidly so—and what then? This question must not be evaded, and as yet has not been answered.

The other element of the problem is this: When you have given the peasant his acre, or his five acres, or his ten, *how are you to secure that he shall retain it?* Short of a jubilee year like that which the Israelitish legislator is said to have enacted—short of declaring this peasant's farm inalienable, sacred from any claim, untouchable for any debt, unforfeitable for any negligence, misuse, or drunken incapacity, indivisible among any heirs—how is he to keep it? We once had a race of small proprietors in certain counties of England. They have all died out, drunk themselves out, been bought out. When common lands have been inclosed, what has always become of the few acres allotted in actual property to the commoners adjoining? In every case they have been sold to tempting bidders or forfeited for debts. Why shut our eyes to the fact that in densely-peopled countries land (like jewels) becomes a luxury only attainable to, or retainable by, the rich; it can only be purchased or possessed by those who have spare means, and can *afford themselves a superfluity*. The rich man can afford to be satisfied with 2 per cent. for his money (and land rarely yields more); the poor man must have 5 or 10 per cent. The peasant has inherited a farm worth 100*l.* in fee simple, or he has given 100*l.* for it, or a land society has enabled him to pay 100*l.* by difficult instalments. He is proud of it, and attached to it. But a neighbouring proprietor, or a retired tradesman who wants a villa and a garden, offers him 250*l.*, 350*l.*, 500*l.*, for it—is he likely to refuse the offer? Ought he to refuse? Men will always be at hand to give him for his acres more than they are worth: they want them for pleasure, not for profit. They desire them, as they desire jewels, for fashion, for beauty, not caring the least for the return they yield. Five hundred pounds an acre to the millionaire is nothing—to the peasant owner, it is wealth. Therefore, we say that, create as many peasant properties as you please, they will all be swallowed up in a few years by the natural process of sale—unless either peasants become fewer and better paid, and possessed therefore of a superfluity, able to afford themselves a luxury, and an *ostensibly bad or inferior investment*—or unless
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you actually forbid the sale of such properties:—that is, add a new and more stringent restriction to those which these very enthusiasts are seeking to remove—tie up land in a stricter settlement than any of those against which their clamour is just now so righteously directed.* Encourage peasants as much as you like to claim allotments and to rent or buy cottages, gardens, small farms; enable artisans to live in houses of their own, with paddocks and flower plots attached;—all that is good, very good, as far as it goes—but do not hope to regenerate or rehabilitate their class by the process. And do not forget the dangers which beset the process in its course and might be fatal to it when successful (unless population became absolutely stationary)—the danger, namely, of leading the labourer, like the Irish cottier, to use his potato-fields as a staff instead of a crutch, and work only for himself and not for hire—and the certainty that when you have made all your labourers into peasant proprietors, the class of employers would have died out of the land.†

The various Land-law reformers of the day all assume as the foundation of their reasoning and the justification of their schemes, that the land of a country, by the undeniable conditions of the problem, must belong in proprietary right to the people of that country; because, as no man made it, it was the free and general gift of God to all men, and because, being limited in extent, the monopoly of it by some is an obvious wrong and injury to all others; and that, therefore, those who hold it in actual possession can only rightfully do so on the ground that the system of private property in land is a more beneficial arrangement on the whole to the people than any other mode of joint or State tenure. Various plans, more or less well thought out—usually less rather than more—have been suggested for gradually

* It is a singular instance of the degree to which fanatical or sentimental devotion to one cherished idea can cloud the mental vision and disturb the logical consistency even of the clearest and most trained intellects, that reasoners of the stamp of Mr. Mill should at one and the same moment question the right of private property in land and endeavour both to limit its absolute ownership and to confiscate one of the accessories which cause it to be so valued and cherished—viz. its almost inevitable rise in value with the lapse of time—and yet should seek so eagerly to create a class of peasant proprietors, and dwell so enthusiastically on the enormous economic, sentimental, and patriotic value ('magical' they call it) of the sense of absolute ownership which they would confer upon those peasants. It is scarcely less curious that the same men are arguing and labouring with the deepest earnestness to facilitate and cheapen the transfer of land in order to get it into the hands of a class in whose possession it could only be made to remain by the prompt enactment of the most arbitrary and severe prohibitive fetters against any re-transfer.

† 'Essays on Political and Social Science,' by W. R. Greg, i. pp. 131-139, where the entire question of the secondary consequences of peasant proprietorship on the condition of a State is clearly worked out.

putting the great mass of the population in possession of this their rightful inheritance. Mr. Mill would at present content himself with directing the State to assume the ownership of waste lands, and (on such terms as might be arranged) of estates held by corporations, and of all the increment in the value of the soil arising year after year in consequence of the increase of numbers and aggregate wealth in the country. Mr. Odger would gradually bring back land from the present owners by the produce of a special tax levied upon those owners, and then have the State let that land in small farms, and 'at reasonable rents,' to all and sundry—forgetting apparently, among a variety of other forgets, that as there would not be farms for all claimants, some would offer higher terms than others, and rents would soon become as 'unreasonable' as ever. Mr. Atherton would solve the matter by the simple plan of decreeing that every baby born should at once become entitled to an acre of land (again at a 'reasonable' rent) in the parish where he first saw the light.*

Now, without caring to contest the fundamental premiss of these gentlemen in its abstract shape, we submit that a manifest and fatal fallacy lies at the root of their proposed practical applications of it—a fallacy which vitiates every conclusion they have drawn from their original thesis—a fallacy so obvious that, if they had ever patiently *thought out* their theory instead of merely playing at bo-peep with it, it could scarcely fail to have occurred to them. It is very true that man did not make the land or any portion of it, and therefore, it may be said, can have no right to monopolise its produce or its use. (It is equally true, however, that man—*this* man or his predecessors—did, by his labour, skill, or capital, make the productiveness of the chief portion of this land, and therefore may be held entitled to enjoy and to bequeath it. But this by the way). It is very true that the earth was given by the Creator for the benefit of the whole human race, and not of any particular class or favoured individuals. But it by no means follows—and yet this is universally assumed by these reasoners and forms the foundation of their whole argument—that any special portion of the earth was created for that special section of the human race which happens to be located there. A man *may* have a natural right to as many acres of the surface of the earth as he can cultivate or as he needs to enable him to live. But it by no means is to be inferred from thence that he has a right to those acres *in any*

* 'Land Tenure Reform Association,' Mr. Mill's Inaugural Discourse. 'Contemporary Review,' August, 1871.

given locality;—whether he grounds that claim on individual preference or on propinquity, or on the fact that he first dropped from heaven in that latitude and longitude. He may be entitled to it from the great land Bank of the Universe;—there is nothing to show that he is entitled to a bank-note of this or that particular number. Mr. Atherton holds, as we have seen, that he is entitled to it in the parish in which he was born—a claim manifestly absurd because impracticable, inasmuch as in a generation or two in several parishes, if not in all, every acre on this principle would be allotted, and none would remain for the next comer. (Who, therefore, must not be allowed to come,—for we always run upon this same rock at last.) Mr. Mill,—a thinker of different calibre and of a larger order—holds that a man is entitled to his native inheritance of acres in the land, kingdom, political or geographical division of Europe, in which he lives—i.e., in Great Britain, in 'his country' as it is called;—and if in a large island, then by parity of reasoning, in a small one equally,—in the Isle of Man, in Jersey, in Alderney, in Heligoland;—if in England or Ireland, then why not in Devonshire, in the parish of Plumstead, out of the park of the Duke of Bedford? We may grant—for it is not worth while to dispute it, perhaps it would not be easy to controvert it—that man is entitled to claim a sufficient portion of the surface of the earth as a field for his labour—as long as there is land enough. We may even grant, to come nearer home and nearer the practical application of the doctrine, that every Englishman who needs it is entitled to be helped to his ten acres;—it is a long step to admit that he is entitled to have them *where he likes*. You may perhaps even stretch a point, and concede for the sake of argument that he is entitled to have them somewhere in the British empire, if he prefers Australia to America, or one side of Lake Ontario to the other. But he is no more entitled to insist upon having his ten acres in England or in Ireland, than to insist upon having them in the parish of Havering, in the county of Surrey, in the climate of Penzance, or in the neighbourhood of London, because he has a personal predilection for any of those localities.*

The

* In pursuing this argument to its legitimate conclusions, we find ourselves wrecked upon yet another rock. The citizens of one State—i.e. the inhabitants of one 'country'—say France, have multiplied slowly out of providence, and have land to spare. The inhabitants of a neighbouring country, say Ireland, have multiplied recklessly, and have no longer any land to apportion to new comers. Is France to allow Irishmen to overflow into her boundaries and divide her 'superfluity' of soil among them? *Ought* he that hath two coats (one of which he had provided for next year) to give to him that hath none (because he pawned his only one for drink)? Yet if the Irishman may not claim French acres, why may

The plain truth is that the primary assumption on which is based the entire fabric of the argument we are questioning is distinctly and notoriously false. Land is NOT limited in quantity. There is enough for all, and to spare. Our own conviction is that there always will be. There certainly will be for countless generations. Vast areas of the richest soil of the globe have not one man per square mile. The land in Canterbury parish may be limited; the land in Kent or Essex may be limited; the land of England may be limited. But practically the land of the world knows no limits; the land of the British empire virtually knows no limits;—it can be purchased of excellent quality at the rate of a day's labour per acre;—and the whole edifice of the argument of the Land and Labour League, foundation and superstructure, falls to the ground.

Another false scent by which the Proletariat have long been led astray is that of attempting to better their condition by Trades Unions and strikes. Few of their errors have been more persistent or more pernicious. Few, it may be added, are more natural to uneducated men, ignorant of the principles of Economic Science. This subject has been so often and so fully discussed that we need only and very briefly point out the chief considerations which serve to show that this scent is inherently a wrong one, and must ultimately lead to harm. In the first place, these associations, so far as their object is to raise the wages of labour, aim at a result which either cannot be attained at all, or could equally well and surely be obtained without them. If Labour is redundant—if two men are looking for one employer—no Trades Union, no power on earth, can permanently raise wages, or prevent them from falling. If labour is scarce—if two masters are looking for one man—no master can prevent wages from rising, and no union is needed to raise them. In the second place, Trades Unions, in order to gain their object in the face of adverse circumstances (and it is in such alone that their operation is even apparently required) can only succeed by means equally unjust, oppressive and violent. They have to prevent redundant labourers from competing with employed ones—to prevent those who have no work from offering to work on lower terms than others in order to obtain employment—to prevent those who are starving and anxious to earn 3s. a day, from replacing those who

may the improvident parishioners of Winslow demand the acres of the prudent parishioners of the adjoining district of Evershed? Why ought I, who have toiled and pinched to get together fifty acres for my old age and my infirm wife or child, to share them with my neighbour who never worked and never fasted, because the soil of the earth is limited?

insist

insist on 4s.* Of course they can only do this by bribes, by persuasion, by threats, and in the last resort by violence. Historically we know that in all difficult cases—i.e., wherever there is a real and chronic excess of labourers, often even without this excuse—violence is inevitably resorted to, leading on to crime, and frequently culminating in murder. Thirdly, strikes and unions, it has been clearly shown, can never (or scarcely ever) pay. Even in the few instances where they temporarily raise the rate of wages, they never raise the actual net earnings of the operative. Even where strikes are successful, and extort the 5 or 10 per cent augmentation demanded, the balance is almost invariably and inevitably against the workman—i.e., the loss of wages while on strike, added to the constant contribution to the union funds, amounts to a sum larger than that of the increased wages during the period when the state of trade allows him to

* The injustice and iniquity of this has been brought in so clear and original a shape by the lady whose address we have placed at the head of our article, that we cannot do better than quote the passage here:—"The great employer must now weigh with himself, whether it will be better for him to give you what you want or to let you go. If he decides to let you go, you must remember that it was you yourselves who put him to the option, you must abide by your bargain, and go honourably to look for labour elsewhere, without seeking to molest him in any way, or to interfere with his future arrangements. "Ab, but," you will say, "the contest is not a fair one. He has got Capital to back him, and the moment we turn away, he can bring men from the north of Scotland or the south of England to fill our places." Now, just think for a moment: will his capital induce a man who is earning twenty-one shillings in Scotland, to come and work for him for twenty, or a man who is working nine hours elsewhere, to come and work ten for him for the same pay? Certainly not; his capital will only enable him to induce a man who is earning nineteen shillings, to come and take twenty from him; or a man who is working eleven hours, to come and work ten for him. And as long as there is a man anywhere who would be glad of such a rise, what business in all the world have you to try and stand between him and his good fortune? What right have you to tell others, that they shall not be content with something because it did not satisfy you? *How would you like, if you saw a loaf marked 6d. in a baker's shop, and you wanted to go in and buy, how would you like if a rival baker placed himself in the doorway, and declared you should not buy the loaf under 7d., which was what he charged? You would say that he had no right to stand between you and your bread; and no more right have you to stand between any other man and his bread.* I have read in the papers how, at some of your meetings, your delegates have spoken of the employers bringing over men from abroad "to undersell the British workman," in a manner that implied that they considered this a shabby and unpatriotic proceeding. Now, frankly, is not that rather nonsensical? When you sit down to eat your loaf at breakfast, do you hesitate about partaking of it, because the corn was grown by Foreign Labour? If you want a cheap knapsack to put your clothes in, should you deem it unpatriotic to buy it, because it was of German make? Yes; but then you may object, this Foreign Labour was at any rate carried on on Foreign soil. Well then, if a German tailor lived at one end of your street, who would sell you a coat for fifteen shillings, and an English tailor lived at the other end of the street, who charged twenty shillings for his coat, would the idea that it was unpatriotic deter you from buying the coat from the German? I think not. You would say: "I shall buy where I can find the article that best suits my purse."

enjoy

enjoy them.* In most trades, moreover, where these associations are in active operation, the tax levied on the employed workmen, in order to support in idleness the unemployed, and buy off their menaced competition, amounts to a permanent and very material diminution of his earnings; and it is only where there are such unemployed workmen that unions and strikes are needed to enhance wages or to keep them up. It is probably not overstating the case to say that in many trades every ten operatives have to maintain a possible rival out of their earnings. Fourthly, and lastly; it is undeniable that the operation of unions and strikes is, directly or indirectly (often both) to raise the cost of the article produced—indeed that is usually the avowed aim and expectation, and must be the result if the *capitalist* is to secure his remuneration. Therefore it is demonstrable that, as the effect is to raise the price of the article the workman buys (his house, his clothes, his shoes, his coal, &c.), and fails to raise the net price of the article he has to sell (his labour)—these unions must be noxious and impoverishing to him. Yet, notwithstanding this unexpugnable process of reasoning, driven home as it has been by the disastrous experience of the operatives during scores of bitter conflicts, they are still persuaded or coerced into supporting these associations, which have driven away or ruined more trades than one already, and we fear will end in expatriating many others. The taxes levied by the unions are far heavier in most departments of industry than those levied by the State.

One other wrong scent remains to be noticed—one on which the masses have been more persistently, and sometimes wilfully, led astray than on any other. It has been the vulgar radical cry for years—too often echoed by politicians who were neither radical nor vulgar—that the people are ground down by heavy taxation; that much of their poverty is owing to extravagant government expenditure; that the revenue burdens of the country are shamefully oppressive, and that of these burdens the proletariat bear more than their fair share. These are common hustings cries; they form the staple of demagogic agitation; they are put forward, in the most ludicrous exaggeration, in all the pomp of figures by popular orators and financial reform associations; yet, whatever may have been the case formerly, every one of these allegations is now demonstrably and notably untrue.†

* 'Political Problems,' by W. R. Greg, pp. 110-134; where the whole question is concisely discussed in its practical bearings.

† Even Mr. Bright, at no very distant date, did not disdain to encourage and indorse these misleading and disturbing fallacies, by raising the cry of a 'free breakfast-table.'

Their fallacy was exposed, and the true facts of the case carefully worked out in an elaborate paper which appeared in the 'Edinburgh Review' for January, 1860; and the whole question may be seen briefly elucidated in Mr. Greg's 'Political Problems,' chap. xii. It is there proved incontestably that the taxation of the country is diminishing rather than increasing, in proportion both to numbers and to wealth; that England is less heavily taxed than either America or France; and that both the cost of collecting the revenue and the severity of its incidence are mitigated by our financial system to a remarkable degree. It is further shown that the proletaires, or 'wage class,' constituting more than *three-fourths* of the population, pay less than *one-third* of the taxes; and 'that taxation is now so equitably apportioned between the rich and the poor (property and proletarianism), that the former pay more than *six* times as much in proportion to their numbers, and *half as much again* in proportion to their means.' It is proved, too, conclusively, that 'no necessary of life is taxed;' that the working man need not pay to the State revenue one shilling unless he pleases; that if he does pay anything, it is because he chooses to indulge (like the rich man) in superfluities and luxuries, *i.e.*, in articles which are not essential either to health or strength. And, finally, Mr. Greg points out an indisputable but somewhat demoralising consideration which, whatever other effect it may produce, ought at least to shut the mouths of the popular declaimers of the fallacy we are demolishing, namely, that large sections of the working classes are directly enriched, instead of being impoverished, by a lavish Government expenditure; 'that the utmost amount of retrenchment that could be practically carried out would not relieve their taxation more than a penny or two per week, while an increase in Government activity and outlay would increase the wages of hundreds of thousands of them several shillings per week. They know well enough—what the hustings advocates of economy seem always to forget, and what some of its most zealous preachers deliberately keep out of view—that three-fourths at least of the expenditure on the army and navy goes directly or indirectly into the pockets of their class; in the pay and keep of soldiers and sailors, in wages to artificers, in naval and military stores which they manufacture, in gunpowder which they fabricate and the materials for which they procure, in arms which employ the factories at Birmingham and Enfield, and the iron works in Staffordshire and Lanarkshire. They believe, in short (and they are about right), that, of every additional four millions laid out on the national defences, in reference to which the Tories are said

to

to be so wasteful, three millions are *paid* by the middle and upper classes, and are *spent* in the wages of labour.*

Few facts show more clearly how little, in reference to this question, the proletariat grasp or consider the simple truth of the case, and how systematically their chosen instructors abstain from enlightening their ignorance or correcting their misconceptions, than the recent clamour against the burden said to be laid upon the people by the expense of Royalty in Great Britain. The entire sum annually paid to Her Majesty and other members of the Royal Family (exclusive of the revenue of the Duchy of Cornwall, an appanage) is, including the last dotations of Prince Arthur and Princess Louise, just 517,000*l*. Now, as we have seen that only about one-third of the revenue of the country is levied on the working classes, who number 23,000,000—their share of this burden is not quite *two pence* a head, or ten pence for each family of five—equal to the cost of about five glasses of beer per annum. At the same time, as we have shown above, they spend more than three hundred times this sum in drinking and smoking. The pauperism of the land eats away ten millions yearly, and the monarchy only half a million. Yet the complaint of the labourer is concentrated upon the latter. *Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas.*

Early in October last the public was startled by the announcement of a new social alliance said to have been entered into between the recognised leaders of the working classes and certain Conservative peers and eminent politicians of the Lower House of Parliament, with a view of securing the attainment of a number of objects which the people have much at heart. It was alleged that the senators, whose names were given, had agreed to a programme, drawn up by some persons well known as connected with extreme popular movements, and had pledged themselves to use their best exertions towards carrying it out by legislative measures. Many of the politicians named, indeed, took immediate steps for the disavowal of any such agreement, and repudiated most of the schemes in question; and it appeared that the whole affair was due to one officious and unauthorised individual who seems to have mystified, if not misunderstood, both of the parties between whom he was attempting to negotiate.† But the programme,

* 'Political Problems,' p. 336.

† It is, however, only fair to state that Mr. Scott Russell's explanation (published since the above was written) exonerates him from participation in the graver errors of the programimists. Indeed, few things can illustrate more clearly into the hands of what mismanaging leaders the organisation of the working classes

gramme, consisting of seven resolutions (selected, we are told, most carefully out of twenty-four) has been published, and is well deserving of attention, as indicating, almost for the first time, some correct though rather vague perception on the part of the artisan chiefs of the real *needs* of the working class, and of the objects to which their demands should be directed; while curiously crude in their conception of the form in which those claims should be urged, of the modifications requisite to render them rational or just, and of the means by which alone they could practically be worked out. The text of the resolutions is as follows:—

'1. The families of our workmen shall be rescued from the dismal lanes, crowded alleys, and unwholesome dwellings of our towns, and placed "out in the clear," where, in the middle of a garden, each family shall have its own detached homestead, and where in wholesome air and sunshine, they may grow up strong, healthy, and pure, under the influence of well-ordered homes. 2. There shall be created a perfect organisation for the self-government of counties, towns, and villages, with power for the acquisition and disposal of land for the common good. 3. A day's labour shall consist of eight hours of honest work. 4. In addition to schools for elementary education, there shall be established schools for technical education and practical knowledge. 5. Places of public recreation, knowledge, and refinement shall be established and maintained as parts of the public service. 6. Public markets shall be erected and maintained in every town for the sale of goods of the best quality in small quantities at wholesale prices. 7. There shall be provided a great extension and reorganisation of the public service on the model of the Post-Office.*

classes has fallen, than the comparison of Mr. Scott Russell's original sketch, as he gives it, of the *wants* of the operatives with the *demands* of Messrs. Potter and Co. in the form assumed under their manipulation. Mr. Scott Russell says:—'Six months of last year I devoted to the purpose of studying the real evils which depress the condition of the working men. I conversed with the least educated and the most educated, the less skilled and the more skilled, with the object of learning, not their imaginary grievances or their political fancies, but the real griefs of their daily life. I was soon able to reduce these by careful classification to the number of twelve, and afterwards of seven, and it was thus that the seven points of our movement were not the invention of any one, but grew naturally out of the actual condition of English society. The seven evils which we thus discovered were—I. The want of family homes, clean, wholesome, and decent, out in pure air and sunshine. II. The want of an organised supply of wholesome, nutritious, cheap food. III. The want of leisure for the duties and recreations of family life, for instruction, and for social duties. IV. The want of organised local government to secure the well-being of the inhabitants of villages, towns, counties, and cities. V. The want of systematic, organised teaching, to every skilled workman, of the scientific principles and most improved practice of his trade. VI. The want of public parks, buildings, and institutions for innocent, instructive, and improving recreation. VII. The want of the adequate organisation of the public service for the common good.'

* Mr. Odger's name does not appear among the Working Men's leaders who concocted this programme, but the names of Messrs. Howell, Applegarth, Hughes, Broadhurst, and Potter do.

It

It would not be easy to put forward *aims* in themselves legitimate and desirable, in a more undigested form, or in one more open to honest criticism and objection. Let us take them *seriatim*—it will precisely answer our purpose to do so, as they will bring us at once upon the track of those *true scents* which it is the object of this paper to point out, in contradistinction to the false scents which, in our opinion, the working men of England have hitherto pursued.

But first we must notice a singular omission, strongly suggestive of the inference (we believe a correct one), that this programme proceeds not from the real heart of the artisan class, but from their political or professional leaders and spokesmen. Not a word is said as to the regulation of the liquor trade: yet all who know the internal lives and sentiments of the working classes, especially in the manufacturing districts, are aware that this question not only affects their condition far more directly and powerfully than any other, but lies nearer than any other to the hearts of the best and most thoughtful of their order. They fully recognise that drunkenness is the bane of their people, that it stands incomparably more than any other influence in the way of progress, family comfort, and domestic respectability; that, but for it, squalid poverty might be almost unknown among them. They long to be protected against the temptations to drink which beset them on every side, and against which the weaker and perhaps more numerous brethren have not moral strength to protect themselves. They ask to be protected against those adulterations which are sometimes almost as noxious as the drink itself. There is no question as to the extent or the consequences of this evil influence. No one doubts them; no one is ignorant of them; no one has been suffered to be blind to them; no one can exaggerate them. Yet in a programme professing to contain the well-considered objects, demands, and social purposes of the masses, and the matters on which they call for legislative aid, not one word is said upon the subject; not a sentence indicates that this point, of all others, needs parliamentary intervention on their behalf; and moreover, never yet, so far as we know, have any of the recognised organisers, or self-named chiefs of the working class, directed the powers which their organisation would enable them to wield, either to demand such a reform and regulation of the liquor traffic as would meet their wants, or to aid, with the least unanimity and determination, the attempts volunteered from time to time by private members of parliament, or by different administrations, to grapple with this prolific and pervading evil. The practical difficulties in the way of legislative action on the subject are,

we know, immense; it is not easy to feel more confident as to what ought to be done than as to what can be done; false steps, no doubt, might be only one degree less mischievous than helpless inaction; but this much is certain, that if either statesmen, or the leaders of popular organisations, or the sincere friends of the working classes in public life, or even the great body of the inarticulate masses themselves, were adequately alive to the paramount urgency or the fearful dimensions of the matter, parliament would be compelled to face it and deal with it, without a year's delay, and to deal with it in such a resolute and earnest spirit, with such a concentrated and persistent purpose to arrive at a prompt and beneficent solution of its difficulties, as would overcome alike all habitual inertia, and all interested opposition. What is wanted—what the labouring men have a right to demand—is not that this or that measure shall be passed, or this or that panacea adopted, but that the question shall be grappled with, and not let go till it has been mastered.

Next to this in importance stands, no doubt, the question of decent and healthy dwellings within reach of their work, alike for the rustic labourer and the city artisan. This is about the truest scent they can pursue. It is probably their most indispensable need. The want of such dwellings lies at the root of much of their wretchedness. The absence, or rather the unattainability, of them constitutes a most legitimate and crying grievance, perhaps the greatest of all. It is impossible, we consider, to repudiate their claim, not to have such houses *provided for them*, but (what is a very different thing) to be *enabled to procure them*, to have them within reach of practicable exertion. We need not waste words in pointing out the *essential* character of this necessary of life—a home of some sort in which an existence not wholly unworthy shall at least be possible. This is not asking much. To the want of it, as we all now know and admit, may be traced much of the vice and squalor and much of the destitution of our population—bad health, impure living, craving for drink, frequentation of public houses and gin-shops, and the early death of the breadwinner, spreading epidemics, constant sickness, and all the wretchedness which these involve. This ground has been gone over, even to nausea, assuredly to conviction, in volumes of evidence innumerable. Of course the *form* which this desirable object and legitimate claim is made to assume in the programme we are criticising is extravagant and absurd, and would seem expressly devised to repel sympathisers, and to expose the shallow unreason of its propounders. But the essence of the claim—still more the general character of the aspiration—is

irrefragably

irrefragably just. The real need of the labouring class, whether in town or country is, that they shall find suitable homes *within reach of their daily labour*. The foolish declaimer who drew up the demand 'that the families of our workmen shall be rescued from the dismal lanes, &c., of our towns, and placed out in the clear in the midst of a garden,' and so on, might have perceived, if he had given a moment's thought to the matter, that he was requiring for the vast mass of his clients—the entire artisan and handicraft class of our citizens—that their houses should be *far removed* from the scene of their daily labour, precisely the opposite of what they want and wish. But passing over all the nonsense of this framework, the nucleus of the claim is neither irrational nor unjust. Without wishing to lay down any general principle too broad for the occasion, and perhaps, therefore, open to controversy, it does not seem much to allow that, in a community such as ours, the State, the municipality, the central, local, or legislative authorities, should do that for the people which is needful for their good and for the welfare of the nation, and which, from the nature of the case, *they cannot do for themselves*. The labouring poor, whose position and wants we are considering, form part of the community, and the largest part; they contribute to the funds of the State and help to choose its rulers, and they pay municipal rates and taxes in some shape or other. The principle, no doubt, may be mischievously stretched or misapplied, but its correctness is assumed in every public and administrative department. Roads are made by the local bodies or the central government, because individuals cannot make them for themselves, or make them so well. So with the Post Office, so with the police, so with the national defences. Now it is obvious that the working classes in large towns (and we may take the instance of the metropolis as a crucial and a flagrant one), cannot provide themselves with decent, or wholesome, or suitably placed dwellings, however sober and industrious they may be, and however willing they may be to pay a fairly remunerative rent. They cannot purchase sites, they cannot lay on water, they cannot secure good air, they cannot provide drainage. They are constantly dispossessed by 'improvements,' demolitions,* new streets, new railroads; and they cannot, unaided, re-establish themselves in other suitable quarters near their work. They are, therefore, at the mercy of the harpies and the fates. They are simply helpless in these matters. What is this but to say that in matters essential to their well-being, essential to their workmanlike efficiency, essential

* It is calculated that in the last ten years upwards of 150,000 persons have been thus unhoused in the metropolis.

to the interests of the community, within their reasonable and fair requirements, within, therefore, the range of simple justice, they are utterly powerless to obtain what yet they are perfectly ready to earn? They need, in a word, and have a perfect right to ask for, things which can only be procured by combined effort, by exertions directed by some controlling authority,—that is, by the municipality, or the State, or some association acting under the auspices of the State.

Now, not only is there nothing foreign to sound political economy in this popular demand for decent dwellings for the vast labouring population of our cities,* but in the measures required for carrying it into practical operation, there need be nothing at all at variance with our recognised principles and mode of action. We have laid rates for providing drainage, and we have languidly and ineffectually ventured on legislation to secure something like decent sanitary arrangements in the crowded quarters of the metropolis. We have long admitted and habitually act upon the doctrine that, private property, in land and buildings, may be taken from the owners at fair prices for public objects, for any purpose, in fact, which their promoters can persuade the Legislature will be useful. Nay, we have been far too lax in this matter, and have often expropriated most unwilling owners and handed over their property to associations who could only plead their desire to carry out what promised to be a profitable commercial speculation. We have too often acted in such cases recklessly, unprofitably, unjustly, and for no adequate good to the community. Now, what we habitually do for providing means of locomotion for the richer classes and the furtherance of commercial enterprise, why should we not do for the far more important and more urgent purpose of putting decent dwellings within the reach of the crowded labouring population of our cities—more especially of London. No railway company can prove a preamble half so forcible or half so indisputable; for what is saving half-an-hour

* One of the most substantial grievances of which the rural labourers have to complain is suffered at the hands of those landed proprietors who, with a view of keeping down the poor-rate in their parishes, have pulled down or refused to build cottages on their estates for the labourers habitually employed thereon; thus forcing them to live in other districts and to walk long distances to their daily work. It is difficult to characterise this heartless proceeding too severely. Something was done three or four sessions ago to remedy it by Mr. Charles Villiers' Union Chargeability Act; but we believe the evil still prevails in some counties, and few evils are graver or more indefensible. The provision of suitable house accommodation for the agricultural population, of such a description as the programme we are considering specifies would be very easy, and we confess appears to us to be among the most obvious and peremptory social obligations of the landed proprietors of England. Many, indeed, and those among the most extensive, have nobly recognised it and fulfilled it.

of time to busy citizens, or facilitating goods traffic, in comparison with rendering a million of workmen comfortable, healthy, prosperous, sober, and respectable—or enabling them to become so. That one set of the schemes *pays*, and that the other will not or may not, even if a decent objection would not be a true one. Railway companies on an average do not yield a five per cent. return;* and it has been proved by some at least of the Associations for the Improvement of the Dwellings of the Metropolitan Poor, that a steady dividend of five per cent. can be obtained under sound and business-like conditions of administration.† Therefore, we say, no valid objection can be raised to the proposal that henceforth Parliament should grant powers to companies having such an object in view, to purchase land and suitable sites in the heart of the metropolis, as readily and as amply as they have parted with them to railway companies. Nay more: it is not easy to say why, if such companies were not forthcoming in sufficient numbers, or with sufficient capital to meet the urgent necessities of the case, the State or the City, acting in the interest of the community, should not lend money to them at any rate of interest beyond that at which they can borrow it, *plus* an addition for the cost of management; or on such terms as they have ere now and repeatedly loaned public funds to private proprietors, especially in Ireland, for drainage of estates and other improvements.‡ We are not generally advocates for multiplying State action and intervention where it can be avoided; but in a case like this, we should not greatly object to some initiation, at least tentative and experimental, by the Government itself. Not that we believe this will be necessary; but we are certain that, in scarce any instance, could so strong a case be made out for departing from a rule, which we admit is usually a prudent and a sound one.

Thus much, at least, we may say with confidence—and it is amply sufficient for the practical inferences we desire to enforce, and it is, in every point, irrefragable:—that scarcely any social

* The interest on capital expended in the last twenty years, 1851-1870, has never once reached 4½ per cent., and in seven of those years has fallen below 4. The dividends of several lines have reached upwards of 5 per cent., but in these cases they had borrowed much of their capital at lower rates of interest.—(See Supplement to 'Economist,' March, 1871.)

† See the Reports of these several societies, especially that connected with the respected name of Sir Sydney Waterlow. A general account may be read in a valuable paper by Mr. Plummer in the 'Companion to the Almanac' for 1871.

‡ If we are not misinformed, the Corporation of London has already broken ground in this direction; and the 'Improved Industrial Dwellings Company' has already borrowed 125,000*l.* from the Public Works Loan Commissioners to assist their operations. But all that has yet been done only provides house-room for about 10,000 persons, not by any means either all of the artisan class; and we need dwellings for many hundred thousands.

object

object is so great, so urgent, or so beneficent; that the vast proportion of the working classes (and the class even below them), in London, are destitute of suitable and wholesome dwellings, and can by no effort obtain these for themselves; that such dwellings can be provided so as to pay a fair interest for the sums expended; that there are extensive localities in central and crowded quarters where sites could be obtained, and where it would be most desirable to obtain them—some even where the expropriation of the existing occupiers and owners would, of itself, be a vast public gain; that the needful measures cannot be carried out with the needful rapidity (even if at all) without Parliamentary powers, nor perhaps without Government action;—and, finally, that, in conceding this, we shall neither be violating any sound principle, nor introducing any novel or unsanctioned practice. One thing is absolutely undeniable:—that if half the millions expended during the last twenty years in starting and carrying out *unprofitable* railway undertakings, and half the land taken under the authority of Acts of Parliament for such projects, had been devoted to providing fit and comfortable dwellings for the labouring poor of our great towns, much waste of capital would have been avoided, larger money interest would, on the average have been realised, an enormous proportion of the people—2,500,000—would by this time have been satisfactorily housed, and a change moral, social, and sanitary would have passed over the aspect of Great Britain such as imagination can scarcely paint in too glowing colours.

It is not necessary to discuss at length the 2nd, 4th, 5th, and 7th paragraphs of the Programme. We all of us desire an improved system of local and municipal self-government. The absence of such a system is among our most pernicious social incapacities; though, as to the mode and the means of securing it, considerable differences of opinion and crudity of views still prevail. As to the power to be given to such municipal authorities 'for the acquisition and disposal of land for the public good,' we must know more distinctly what it means before we can pretend to form a judgment as to its desirability. 'Technical and practical, as well as elementary education' we, equally with the framers of the Seven Resolutions, hope to see ere long placed within the easy reach of all classes. Possibly taxes levied upon all could scarcely be applied, if applied judiciously, to an object more directly or indirectly serviceable to all. 'Places of public recreation, instruction, and refinement' we too should wish to see 'established and maintained' in all quarters. Whether they should be maintained as parts of the public service

service is a secondary question about which we need form no opinion at present. Much has already been done by the liberality of individuals in many districts towards the creation of such parks and museums as are pointed out by the resolution, and, in some instances, these have been aided by public funds; and we believe that even now there is no law to prevent municipal bodies from meeting the wishes of their respective citizens in this direction. What precisely is meant by 'the extension and reorganisation of the public service on the model of the Post Office' we confess we do not understand. It may, if properly defined, turn out to be a desirable object; but assuredly it cannot be regarded as an urgent social want.

But the third and the sixth resolutions demand more detailed examination. 'A day's labour shall consist of eight hours of honest work.' Now, have those who urge this claim, or indeed the claim for any specific limitation of the hours of labour to ten, nine, or eight, ever taken the trouble to analyse their own scheme, or considered the means, the feasibility, or the cost of realising it,—or the purposes to which it would be turned? We concede most cordially the importance to the working man, as to all others, of some daily and weekly leisure from the ceaseless toil of mere bread-earning. Few have preached this doctrine earlier or more zealously than ourselves. It is most desirable that the men should have time for reading or any favourite occupation, the women for learning and practising housewifery, and all for rest and recreation. Therefore it would be desirable that the regular working day should consist of not more than eight or nine hours, *provided* the time thus gained were turned, or were likely to be turned, to good account,—*provided* also that productive labour could be so limited without reducing earnings below the amount needed for comfortable and healthy sustenance,—and *provided* further that the cost of production were not so enhanced by the limitation of the productive period, as to imperil the prosperity or curtail the extension of the special industry to which it was applied. These are the indispensable conditions to the solution of the problem and the attainment of the end. Let us see a little more fully what they involve and what they postulate.

A reasonable amount of leisure may be, and ought to be, a blessing; but if ill used it is not a blessing but a curse; and if a blessing, like all other blessings, it must, as Burke says, be 'bought with a price.' No one acquainted with the average mental and moral condition of the mass of our labouring population, whether metropolitan, mining, or manufacturing, will contend that *at present* the gift of three or four hours of added leisure per diem

diem would be in any sense a boon. Education and civilisation must be further advanced than they are yet, before anything but almost unmixed evil would be the result. The instance of the colliers and other miners in South Wales, whose strike has so recently brought them prominently before the public, is a case in point, and though perhaps an extreme, is a most instructive one. They are among the claimants for a day of eight hours: their wages are enormously high; their work while it lasts is unquestionably severe. Yet what is their position, to their own great injury and the indescribable annoyance of their employers? They idle more or less completely, as was admitted and blamed by one of their own leaders, the first part of the week (too often prolonging or resting after the Sunday's debauch), and then on the remaining days work nearly to the extreme of physical exhaustion.* Here it is not the masters, but the men who stand in the way of the adoption of an eight hours' system.

In many cases, certainly in that of the colliers, a limitation of the working day to eight or nine hours is within the reach of the labourer, if only he wishes it and is willing to purchase it at the necessary cost and sacrifice. It virtually lies within the option of the men themselves. In other cases it does not lie within their power to obtain or within that of their employers to grant. A very few words will make our meaning clear, and establish our dictum beyond question. But let us call attention *in limine* to the significant fact that the demand for an eight or nine hours' labour-day means two very different things, according to the parties by whom it is put forward. Among the workmen themselves, in their various strikes, and in most recent discussions with the masters, it means not longer leisure, not that work should cease after eight or nine hours, but simply *that overtime* (i.e., pay at a higher rate) *should begin then*. It meant that in the mouths of the Newcastle Engineers, as was obvious from the terms on which the dispute was ultimately compromised. In this shape it may be perfectly legitimate and admissible, or it may not; but in either case it is neither more nor less than a demand for an advance of wages, put forth under the thinnest of disguises,—indeed scarcely with a pretence of disguise, for the mechanics in the case referred to avowed their perfect readiness to work whatever over-hours were necessary from the condition of the trade, provided only they were paid for them. In the mouths of the political or ostensible leaders of working men's organisations, however, the demand really signifies, and resolves itself into, a claim to be paid *ten hours' wages for eight hours'*

* 'Report of Miners' Conferences at Merthyr Tydfil' in October.

labour, i.e., for shorter hours and the same pay,—cloaked under the fair seeming of a desire for leisure for mental improvement and wholesome refreshment. Well: this is a legitimate claim too,—provided only it be honest, feasible, and not indirectly or subsequently pernicious. Our sole ground of objection—waiving the frequent insincerity of it—is that its concession is simply impossible, without incurring consequences which the working classes could not endure, and sacrifices which they will not make. The whole question lies in a nutshell:—the facts cannot be impugned, and the inferences cannot be escaped.

A reduction of the hours of labour in any trade may be established and, as a rule, can only be maintained, *on condition that the cost of production shall not thereby be enhanced*. This is the *sine quâ non* which must always be borne in mind. The quantity of coal, iron, calico, silk, boots, which can be produced in eight hours is considerably (if not quite *proportionately*—which may be a disputable point) less than can be produced in ten hours. The wages of labour, interest of capital, wear and tear of machinery, and sundry contingent expenses (nearly or quite the same for eight hours as for ten), have to be spread over a smaller amount of production, and must consequently increase its cost. Now, if the cost be thus increased, foreign nations will produce cheaper and undersell us, in the articles in which we come into competition with them,—and where will our trade and the wages for our artisans be then? And who, that knows how vast a proportion of our industries are supported by foreign demand, dare face the slightest risk of such a result? And who, well acquainted with the subject, does not know that this risk is something very like an imminent certainty? Moreover, putting out of view foreign trade and the export demand for our goods, it is evident that whatever enhances the price of any one article of consumption, takes an increased sum out of the consumer's pocket, and *pro tanto* diminishes the purchasing power of the labourer's wages, and so far impoverishes him. And if the price of coal is to be thus enhanced by the shorter hours of the collier, why not that of calico by the shorter hours of the weaver and the spinner? Why not that of houses by the shorter hours of the builder, the carpenter, the bricklayer and the plasterer? Why not that of clothes and shoes by the shorter hours of the tailor and the shoemaker, and so on? So that, obviously and undeniably, the first and most certain effect of a general limitation of the hours of labour must be a general advance in the price of everything which labour produces, and *which the labouring man buys*. His wages may be the same, but they will not buy nearly as much.

This has been so clearly put by a most intelligent friend of the

the working-classes in one of the soundest and cleverest Pamphlets* we have seen on the subject, that we cannot do better than quote a passage bearing on this argument:—

‘My “few words” have grown into many, and I have not yet spoken to you about the Nine Hours’ Movement. What I have to say about that will be very brief. If the masters agree to grant you what you have asked for, can you afford to take it? Of course, what you think right for yourselves, you must think right for other people, if they want it. If you think it right that you should only work nine hours yourselves, you cannot deny that the tailors, the shoemakers, the bakers, the cotton-spinners, the power-loom weavers, the carpenters, &c., &c., have the right to do likewise. This will mean that everything you buy will cost you one-tenth more for labour than it does now. The man who shears ten sheep will only shear nine, and the price of his labour must be divided over nine fleeces instead of ten. The man who cards, can only card the wool of nine fleeces instead of ten. The man who spins, can only spin the wool of nine fleeces instead of ten. The weaver can only weave the wool of nine fleeces instead of ten. The wages of all these must be divided over nine fleeces instead of ten, and finally, the tailor who makes the coat can only make nine coats instead of ten, so that when you come to buy the coat, you see how much dearer it must be, owing to the increased cost of labour on it throughout. It will be the same with houses: for all the labour required in building them, and collecting and preparing the materials, one-tenth more must be paid. Not only will this drive up rents, but, as the landlord who lives upon the rents, will have to pay one-tenth more for the labour expended on all that he consumes, he will charge more for his houses. Again, if we produce less than before, we shall have less to exchange with foreign nations; and tea, and corn, and cotton will be dearer. The question then is, Can you afford to reduce your labour to nine hours?’

But, we may be asked, is it not possible to reduce the hours of labour without thereby thus mischievously enhancing the cost of production, and the price of the article produced? Unquestionably in many cases it is; but by means which the working-man does not contemplate, and at a sacrifice he is little prepared to meet. The aim might be attained, nearly but not quite, if the workmen would be content to receive only *eight hours’ wages for eight hours’ work*—that is, to be paid at the same rate as now for the amount produced. We say ‘nearly, but not quite;’—and the reason of the guarded phrase will be clear from a few moments’ consideration. The cost of production of any article consists of two elements—the wages of labour, and what are technically called ‘contingent expenses’—*i.e.*, the interest of the capital invested, both fixed and floating, the wear and tear or de-

* ‘The Rights of Labour,’ by a Lady.

preciation of the 'plant' or machinery and buildings, and the outlay on sundry articles used in the processes, such as coal, oil, leather, &c., whose consumption does not bear a strict proportion to the hours of work. Now, these 'contingent expenses'—this second main element in the cost of production—are the same, or nearly the same, whatever be the hours of work; they are almost as great for eight hours as for twelve, and must be reckoned rather by the year than by the day. The proportion which these bear to mere wages in the calculation of the cost of the article produced, varies of course enormously according to the nature of the trade; but probably it is a fair average to reckon that labour constitutes *two-thirds*, and 'contingencies' (interest, &c.) *one-third* of the total. Now, the shorter the hours worked, and consequently the smaller the quantity of goods produced, the heavier will these fixed expenses—this unvarying and inescapable one-third—weigh upon each pound, or yard, or hundredweight of those goods. It is obvious, therefore, that the workman, who determines to work only eight hours and so limits himself to only eight hours' production, must, in order to prevent the total cost of production being enhanced thereby, content himself not with eight hours' wages in lieu of ten or twelve, *but with something like seven hours*. This is the condition on which alone he can solve the problem of limiting the hours of labour without mischievously and onerously, and perhaps ruinously enhancing prices, restricting sales, and sapping the prosperity of the particular industry by which he lives. On no easier terms can he obtain his cherished object; for the laws of economic science, being neither more nor less than the laws of Nature, are stern and unrelenting, and no theorising or enthusiasm can shake off their grasp.

Well, then, is the boon of a labour-day of eight hours worth securing at this price? To many it may be; let such purchase it with their eyes open. Again,—could the operatives live in comfort and adequate plenty on the earnings of the day's labour thus reduced? In many trades, and in some years, unquestionably 'yes,' provided they had learned, and were content, to live frugally, soberly, and skilfully; provided, that is, they knew how to make their money go as far as money might do. For, as we hope to show before we have finished, something like twenty per cent. of the operatives' earnings might, as a rule, be saved or spared; and because of late years wages have risen in most branches of industry out of all proportion to the cost of articles of consumption,—some of which, indeed, have on an average fallen in price. We purposely avoid burdening our argument with statistical details, but, on the whole, we are distinctly within

within the mark in stating that between 1851 and 1871 the general advance of artisan and manufacturing wages has exceeded twenty per cent.; while in perhaps our largest industry (the cotton trade) it ranges between forty and fifty per cent. Moreover, we have returns lying before us from a locality where business has been by no means exceptionally prosperous, nor wages exceptionally high, nor living exceptionally cheap, but rather the reverse of all this; and these returns show that the average of earnings of all families (including nearly 300 persons) reach 103*l.* a year; and, as nearly as can be ascertained, their average family expenditure (drink of course excluded) is 71*l.*

The irrefragable conclusion from all this is that the limitation of the labour-day to eight hours, if really desired by the working-classes, and desirable for them, must be *purchased by them*, not *bestowed upon them*; that it *can* be purchased, and *cannot* be bestowed; that, in a word, it is idle in them, and either ignorant or insincere in their leaders, to seek from Parliament or from any conceivable legislation, or from any external operation whatever

‘A gift of that which is not to be given

By all the blended powers of earth and heaven.’ *

We now come to the 6th resolution—the crudest and most startling of the whole:—‘Public markets shall be erected and maintained in every town for the sale of goods of the best quality at wholesale prices.’ If in every town, then, as a matter of equity, of course in every village, and wherever men do congregate. If at wholesale prices, why not at cost price. Surely the profit of the manufacturer or the wholesale dealer is not more sacred or

* Some objectors may be disposed to urge that we have omitted to notice two other ways in which the limitation of the labour-day may be effected without any (corresponding) enhancement of the cost of production,—namely, by the masters foregoing an adequate proportion of their (supposed) exorbitant profits,—or by increasing the productive powers of their machinery by improved processes. In answer to the last suggestion, it is enough to say that this course of improvement is perpetually going on, quite independent of the ‘hours’ question; and that though it cheapens the cost of production *positively*, it does not so *relatively*, and therefore can in no degree protect us against fatal injury to our industry from the competition of foreign nations which work longer hours than we do, and adopt all new inventions as soon as we do. With regard to the first objection, we reply that (taking those who lose as well as those who gain) the profits of capitalists are by no means exorbitant; that capital, if debarred from its legitimate profits, would soon cease to accumulate or to produce, or would remove into other trades and other countries; and, finally, that even if the entire average profits of the employers were to be surrendered, it is very doubtful whether they would compensate (in keeping down the cost of production) for the diminution of productive power by the adoption of an eight hours’ labour-day. In most cases they certainly would not.

legitimate

legitimate *per se* than that of the retailer. The very form and character of the demand is an excellent specimen of the perverse ingenuity with which the spokesmen of the labouring classes so constantly contrive to caricature their reasonable claims, to provoke opposition and repel sympathy by the shallowest extravagance, and to clamour for the impossible while neglecting and despising the attainable. The defective and unsound state of the retail trade of the kingdom, owing mainly to the redundant numbers who attempt to live by it, is, as we are about to argue, one of the most serious misfortunes and grievances of the poor. It demands prompt and earnest attention, and we believe admits of great mitigation if not of complete rectification. But the claim of the Resolutionists is neither more nor less than this:—that the State shall take into its own hands the entire management of the largest and most wide-spread trade of the country, and should transact the business for nothing,—*i. e.* through the instrumentality of official shopkeepers, who shall be paid out of the produce of the general taxation. Let us reflect for a moment what this claim involves—we may be pretty sure that the promulgators of it did not so reflect. It implies that the Government shall become retail tradesmen. It implies sweeping away at one stroke the occupation and the livelihood of probably not less than a million of distributors, and reducing them to destitution, or sending them to seek support elsewhere. It implies the creation and State supervision of a vast army of paid officials, who will have no personal interest in the work of distribution, and must therefore be expected to discharge it in that perfunctory fashion which is the besetting danger of the Civil Service. It implies, further, a gain which is in a great measure deceptive and disguised; for, judging by the usual experience of State action (which has never the repute of economy), the aggregate cost of distribution under the new system is scarcely likely to be less than it is at present, only it would be paid out of the Consolidated Fund. But this would only be in the first instance; for (though our Resolutionists find it convenient to forget or to ignore the fact) this same Consolidated Fund is provided by taxation, and that taxation is levied chiefly by indirect means and by duties on articles of consumption, *which would require to be enhanced* in order to meet the four or five millions needed to pay the cost of gratuitous retail distribution. That is to say, the consumer, instead of paying 6*d.* per pound on his tea, or 2*d.* a pound on his sugar, or 1*d.* on his ale, to the shopkeeper as now, would have that sum levied *in limine* at the Custom House, or by the Inland Revenue Department. Finally,—and this possibly was in the minds of the framers of the strange demand, though

though they are prudently silent on the subject—the arrangement would be likely to effect an insidious shifting of the public burdens from one class to another,—would change the incidence of taxation without appearing to do so; for two-thirds of the saving effected by this suppression of retail profits would go into the pockets of the wage-classes (who are the principal consumers), while two-thirds of the expense of this system of gratuitous distribution would be paid by the propertied classes (who are the largest tax-payers). In short, if the cost of gratuitous distribution were laid upon the article sold, as it in fairness ought to be, there would be no gain, or a very slight one, and the change is uncalled for. If it were charged to the national expenditure in general, the middle and upper ranks would simply be mulcted in order to lower prices for the poor; the employers of labour would be forced to give their labourers a portion of the price of their food in addition to paying them their stipulated wages. It is well thus to analyse these seemingly beneficial and plausible demands, and see how they look in the nakedness of honest English words.

Nevertheless it is certain that the unsound state of the retail trade is one of the greatest evils of which the workmen have to complain, and its rectification one of the truest scents to which their attention can be directed. The poor are deplorably victimised by the shopkeepers; yet the shopkeepers, as a class, do not realise exorbitant or even adequate gains. The simple explanation of the apparent contradiction is that they are far *too thick upon the ground*.* In many villages, and in the worst quarters of large towns, in London and the manufacturing districts more especially, the number of each man's customers is too restricted to make a comfortable livelihood compatible with a moderate rate of profits and strictly fair dealing. If a tradesman has 500 customers, and turns over 5000*l.* a year, he can afford to be content with 10 per cent. profit on his goods. If he has only 50 customers, and turns over only 500*l.* a year, he can scarcely live upon less than 20 or 25 per cent. Any man can set up a shop who pleases, and the race of competition for employment is so keen, that many more persons set up shops than are needed, or can live by doing so. It is a great mistake to fancy—as a few years ago we fancied (also erroneously) in the case of railways—

* Returns of occupations were given far too loosely in the Census for us to pretend to state actual numbers with any accuracy. But in 'Dodd's Food of London,' p. 504, there is an attempt to estimate the number of persons employed in retailing food alone (of all sorts, eatable and drinkable) to the inhabitants of the metropolis. They are reckoned at 100,000, including 24,000 master tradesmen.

that

that competition always or necessarily lowers prices. It often has practically just the opposite effect. It certainly has in many of the quarters and towns inhabited by the artisan class, where we have been able to push close inquiries. We believe we are not overstating the case when we say that probably two-thirds of the existing small shopkeepers *cannot* make a decent livelihood without an extravagant rate of profits, practising adulteration, or using short weights and measures—or all three.* One reason for this is, as we said, their too scanty *clientèle*. Another is their frequent and often heavy bad debts. Any contrivance (or regulation, if that were possible) that should reduce the number of retailers by 50 per cent. or 70 per cent., would be probably the greatest practical and immediate boon to the working classes that could be devised. Any squire of a populous village or parish, any great employer of labour in isolated districts, who would establish and maintain one comprehensive store, and enable it to beat out or eat up all rivals, on condition of its adopting honest prices, sound quality, full measure, and no credit, would be rendering a service to the neighbourhood, which scarcely any other boon could equal.

We have taken a good deal of trouble to collect reliable information from different parts of the country on the subject of the difference between wholesale and retail prices, but it is not easy to arrive at any general results. The following may, however, be taken as a summary:—Where articles are contracted for in vast quantities, as in the case of soldiers' clothing and boots, in the supply of meat and bread for prisons or work-houses, the difference between the price paid to the producer and that at which similar goods are sold to the small consumer by the small shopkeeper is enormous—often 50 per cent. But this is scarcely a fair mode of comparison. Again, when the articles, as is often the case, pass through two or three hands before reaching the actual purchaser and wearer, two or three profits or commissions have to be paid, and the cost is proportionately enhanced. But on the whole, in the case of large

* The extent to which adulteration—sometimes innocuous, sometimes pernicious in the extreme—is carried on, with the object of illicitly increasing the profits of retail dealers, we have no means of ascertaining. In the case of tea and beer it is known to be practised to a scandalous extent among the lower class of shopkeepers, and the law offers no efficient means of detecting or punishing the practice. It is earnestly to be hoped that this subject may engage the attention of Government at an early period. No law, however, will ever be effectual without public prosecutors whose *duty* it is to enforce it by unremitting vigilance. Some information on the subject may be gathered from the Reports of Dr. Hassall and Dr. Letheby; but it is vague and inadequate. The convictions of retail tradesmen for the use of false weights and measures were as follows:—(1868) 6595; (1869) 6139; (1870) 5757.

retailers who carry on business on an adequate scale, and among a safe and respectable class of customers, the rate of profit is by no means extravagant—with the exception of tailors and shoemakers. What the former charge it is hard to say; the latter we believe gain often 50 per cent. at least. The difference between calicoes and shirtings, as they leave the manufacturer and as they reach the consumer over the counter and per yard, ranges from 12 to 15 per cent. and upwards. The retail profit on bread, *i.e.* the difference between the price of flour, *plus* the cost of baking, and the price of the 4-lb. loaf, appears to be from 16 to 25 per cent., supposing there to be no credit and no adulteration. Retail grocers nearly all agree in asserting that they make no profit at all on sugar, but often lose by it, and we incline to believe their statement. To balance this bare or unprofitable branch of trade, they usually put on 25 per cent. to the wholesale cost of their tea; but probably on an average their net gains do not much exceed 12 per cent. The profits on butchers' meat vary greatly, and we can arrive at no satisfactory data. The retail profit on malt liquor is, however, indisputably excessive. Between the brewer and the drinker, bitter beer we believe increases in cost 100 to 125 per cent. Porter, being *let down*, even when not adulterated, 50 to 75 per cent. 'Fourpenny ale,' from 33 to 50 per cent.

The regular prices of the larger retail dealers, however, afford no criterion whatever of those charged by the smaller shopkeepers, who chiefly supply the handicraft and manufacturing classes, especially where (as is too commonly the case) their customers, by getting into their debt, are helpless in their hands, cannot leave them and complain in vain either with regard to quality or cost. It is, of course, impossible to ascertain with accuracy the extent of the tax thus virtually levied on the weekly earnings of the poor; but in reckoning it at 10 per cent. as a minimum, we have one irrefragable piece of evidence to justify us. We mean that the poor in most cases pay on an average 10 per cent. more for the articles they consume than, under a sounder system of distribution, they would need to pay—quality and measure considered. The accounts of the Co-operative Stores,* which are now pretty numerous throughout the

* 'The idea of establishing co-operative associations for the sale of articles of food at reasonable rates to the poorer classes was canvassed at the beginning of the present century, and there is a curious letter in the 'University Magazine' for August, 1809, in which the writer points out the very great difficulty, then, as now, experienced by the agricultural labourer in procuring, "with tolerable advantage, even the humble necessities to which his earnings are equivalent." In many instances, he says, a town is several miles' distance from the secluded village

the country, afford us the data for this conclusion. Last year, on the motion of Mr. Morrison, a return (imperfect but still extensive) relating to 749 Industrial and Co-operative Societies was laid before Parliament, from which it appeared that the average dividend these paid, after all expenses were deducted—i.e. (usually) the yearly sum returned to customers in proportion to their custom, was 555,435*l.*, out of a total of goods sold to the amount of 8,202,466*l.*, or 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. But, as this return appears to have included some industrial co-operative undertakings in addition to mere shops, and as the value of the document for our purposes might be thereby to some extent vitiated, we have been at the trouble of procuring exact accounts from four of the best managed Co-operative Stores in Lancashire and Cheshire, which have been at work for many years. The prices at which the articles are sold are generally the same that prevail among the retail shops in the neighbourhood—the quality is genuine and unexceptionable, and the measure given, of course, full and fair—good salaries are paid to shopmen and superintendent, and rents and taxes, as well as all other con-

village in which the labourer lives. As frequent journeys to this town are impracticable, very small shops are consequently opened in the scattered hamlet, and thither the scanty stipend of the peasant family uniformly goes:—

“As these shops are supplied with the various articles in which they deal from no better a source than the largest retailer of the neighbouring county town, and as nothing bordering on competition can be supposed to exist in the seclusion of a confined village, it naturally occurs that the peasant pays nearly fifty per cent. more for his homely commodities than the mechanic, who possesses the advantage of purchasing of more extensive dealers at a market rendered advantageous by a spirit of rivalry. The countryman’s ten shillings a week therefore undergo a most afflictive reduction in point of absolute value: an evil that requires little illustration, and which falls with particular severity on the man whose nominal remuneration for labour has not kept pace with the actual decrease evident in the value of money. In consequence of this local deterioration of the labourer’s income, he gradually incurs a debt, which binds him more firmly to the necessity of expending his earnings with the village trader, and compels him to purchase without a murmur indifferent articles at a price still more exorbitant than before.”

‘To remedy these evils, the writer suggests that “a shop be opened by the parish officers of every country neighbourhood, at which the poor might be served with unadulterated articles at a profit just sufficient to defray the expenses of the undertaking. The comparatively extensive capital, arising from the rates of a parish at large, would enable the proprietors to purchase goods at a desirable market. The charge of the establishment would be trivial. Some minor officer of the parish would be willing and able for a small salary to superintend the sale of articles in so limited and unembarrassed a concern; and the whole might be periodically inspected with little additional trouble by the churchwarden or overseer. Even admitting that the profits of the institution might not altogether defray the expenses, the parish would,” the writer maintains, “certainly be gainers in the aggregate, for the debt of the pauper generally becomes an indirect burthen on the payers to the poor-rate, under the present order of things.” The writer did not take into account what objections and difficulties lay in the way of his scheme.’—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

tingent expenses (interest on shareholders' capital included) are fairly calculated; but the sum returned at the year's end to the customers, in proportion to the amount of their custom, is in one case 5 per cent., in another $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., but in the two largest stores it averages rather over 10 per cent.* Notice especially that this result is arrived at after all the cost of distributing (in salaries, rent of shop, carriage of goods, supervision, &c.) has been paid; and that this cost represents the necessary—the *minimum* we allow, but still the necessary and adequate—profits of the retailer;† for the distributors in both cases live out of the expenses of management.

Now, let us realise to ourselves what this means. It means simply this: that under a sound system of retail trading—for there is no reason to believe that these shops are more skilfully or economically conducted than establishments guided by private interest would be: the reverse is almost certainly the case—the poor might supply all their household wants for one-tenth less than they pay at present, fair weights and measures and reliable quality taken into consideration;—that is, *might virtually add 10 per cent. to their earnings*, or actually save 10 per cent. out of them, without asking their employers for a shilling more than they receive at present.‡

There yet remains for notice another means by which a further large percentage—whether 5 or 10 per cent. we will not pretend to say—might be gained by the working classes. Such frugality, management, and culinary skill as most French housewives of the poorer class usually possess and habitually practise—nay, even such as we find in isolated cases among the more notable in England and Scotland—would, it is notorious, enable families to live better and feed far more comfortably and nutritiously than they now do at a much lower cost. The waste that goes on at the tables of the artisan population, arising partly from carelessness, but still more from ignorance, inefficiency, and unthrift,

* The accounts of the Civil Service Supply Association (a co-operative store for the middle classes) show a somewhat different result. In this case the gross profits on the sales reached very nearly ten per cent., but as the working expenses, rent, &c., are unusually high, the net dividend does not much exceed 2½ per cent.

† The total cost of distribution in these co-operative stores averages about 5½ per cent. on the amount turned over.

‡ The better class of operatives are well aware of the immense benefits they gain from well-managed stores of this sort; and they would spread far more rapidly and widely but for two obstacles:—*first*, the too general *indebtedness* of the labouring classes, which renders them almost helpless in the hands of the shopkeepers with whom they deal and who have given them credit; and *secondly*, the difficulty they experience in finding capable and strictly honest men of their own class to conduct their co-operative stores, and (we are sorry to say) of trusting them cordially even when they have found them.

is deplorable. Not unfrequently actual and reckless extravagance is added. Those who have the best opportunities of knowing assure us that no class of consumers are so wasteful as the London skilled artisan; and his brethren in Birmingham and elsewhere are not far behind him. The care that squanders nothing, the science and vigilance that make the most of all materials, which we find among French and Swiss peasant families, are here almost unknown. Large employers of labour tell us that if they were allowed to feed their workpeople they could economise very largely on their present household expenditure,* and yet improve upon their actual meals in every particular. We are acquainted with one considerable manufacturing establishment where, for a long course of years, the proprietor *maintained*—fed, clothed, housed, and superintended—from 70 to 100 apprentices, growing children from 13 to 18 years of age, for 5s. a head per week; and nothing could be more nutritious or appetising than the food supplied. Examples on a far larger scale have shown what may be done in this direction. In Paris Madame Robert many years ago set on foot an establishment for supplying working men with good dinners for 2d. a head, which allowed her $\frac{1}{4}$ d., or $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent profit.† Mr. Corbett's admirable cooking depôts in Glasgow have been singularly successful. They supply the best of breakfasts for 3d.—and dinners which may even be called sumptuous for $4\frac{1}{2}$ d., and smaller meals at 1d.—and yet are self-supporting.‡ These dining halls are comfortable in the extreme, and much frequented. Ten years ago there were 13 of them in Glasgow, furnishing 400,000 penny rations per month, and attended by 140,000 customers within the same period. There are now 27 branches attended by 10,000 daily. Similar establishments have been started in London, Manchester, and elsewhere, and with similar results. Very substantial dinners are advertised as supplied to working men by Mr. Clark and Mr. Tallerman, in Lambeth and Norton Folgate, at 2d. a head.§ Nor is this combination of economy, with good feeding, the consequence chiefly of the wholesale character of the proceeding. Mr. Corbett 'has satisfied himself, by the most thorough investigation, that any

* Sir Titus Salt's vast manufacturing establishment near Bradford is a case in point. There very adequate breakfasts and dinners are provided for the workpeople in a comfortable hall at a cost of 1d. to 2d. for breakfast, and 2d. or 3d. for dinner. And the concern is self-supporting at these prices.

† Dr. Letheby's 'Lectures on Food,' p. 197.

‡ See 'Chambers' Social Tracts,' Cheap Cooking Depôts.

§ See 'Report by the Council of the Society for Organising Charitable Relief and Repressing Mendicity,' just issued—a pamphlet which is full of valuable information and suggestions.

really thrifty, managing housewife, can provide her husband and family with meals quite as good, and at even less money. The cooking at the dépôts is quite plain and simple, and is attended to by persons no more experienced than a tradesman's wife in the higher and more difficult departments of the culinary art.' Of course the housewife must waste nothing, must turn everything to account, must have something like a decent fireplace, *must know how to market as well as to cook*, must not neglect fish, as is so commonly done, and must not turn up her nose at Australian preserved meat, obtainable *net* at 6d. per lb., and prefer English beef and mutton, which, when stripped of bone and other innutritious parts, is calculated to cost *net* nearly 1s. 7d.

Let us now conclude this paper with a concise summary of the principal conclusions. It appears, from the calculations of Mr. Greg and Mr. Baxter,* that the aggregate income of the working classes in this country may be taken at about 300,000,000*l.* Mr. Smiles (as shown in an earlier portion of this article) estimates, on pretty sure data, that the expenditure of those classes in drink and tobacco cannot be less than 60,000,000*l.*, of which two-thirds, or 40,000,000*l.*, must be deemed to be *excessive*,—that is, extravagant and noxious. But, in order to be indisputably within the mark, let us assume it to be only *thirty* millions. It thus appears that the working classes spend *ten per cent.* of their earnings in needless and mischievous outlay in these articles alone. We have shown, further, that another ten per cent. is lost to them by the unsound condition of the retail system which supplies their weekly consumption. It appears, moreover, that a proportion of their means—certainly not less than five per cent., and probably much nearer ten—is wasted by mere unthrift, that is, by unskilful or careless marketing, house-keeping, and cooking. Finally, in the case of a large section of them, another voluntary and most unprofitable mulct is levied upon them in the shape of contributions to Trades Unions and strikes (a tax secretly resented, as we well know, by thousands who yet find themselves practically *forced* to pay it). The total result, then, is this, and it would seem impossible to question its accuracy,—that, at least as regards the manufacturing and artisan class—the skilled or half-skilled labourers of Lancashire, Yorkshire, Cheshire, Staffordshire, Northumberland, Durham, South Wales, and the metropolis—the very classes, be it observed, by whom or on whose behalf Republicanism, Trades Unionism, revolutionary schemes, wild political or social theories of all

* 'Political Problems,' p. 309. Baxter, 'Taxation of United Kingdom,' p. 142.

sorts are talked—they might easily, beneficially, by the directest means and in conformity to the soundest rules, reduce their expenditure, and so *virtually increase their wages* by THIRTY PER CENT.* And they might do this of their own mere motion by a simple act of intelligent, resolute, persistent volition, without upsetting society, without demanding an additional shilling from their employers, without asking any aid from the Legislature, without traversing one principle of the most rigid political economy, without any political action whatever. And if they would only do this, every social problem that now harasses them and gravels the statesman and philanthropist alike would, *ipso facto*, be solved, or be placed in the way of speedy and certain solution. And if the Legislative and Administrative authorities respectively did their part likewise, simply in the way of facilitation and encouragement, ere a generation passed away the artisan classes would be sober, they would be educated, they would be well housed, they would be happy; and, to sum up all, they would be capitalists, and might determine the great controversy between capital and labour (which now menaces social peace and order) in their own way; or, more probably, might discover that it had melted away in the healthier conditions of a satisfied and prosperous community.

But, because they can do all these things for themselves, there is no reason why legislative and administrative aid should not be afforded them with all possible promptitude and zeal, wherever a legitimate opening for such aid can be pointed out. We have already intimated two or three of the modes in which they can be materially helped in their efforts to bring about better days. A wise and equitable regulation of the liquor trade is one of these, and this surely cannot much longer be refused to vast masses of men painfully conscious of their weakness and their dangers, and whose prayer, after all, is only that touching one, long ages ago hallowed by the most sacred of authorities, —‘Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.’ The granting of liberal facilities for providing decent and comfortable dwellings for the poor, and for the sanification of existing ones, is another mode. Such a firm and just execution of the law as will effectually protect both masters and workmen from the tyranny and violence of Trades Unions is a third. And, finally, such an education beyond mere elementary teaching as shall spread a competent acquaintance with the simplest principles of political and domestic economy, and really enable

* Messrs. Chambers, in their tract on ‘Mis-expenditure,’ estimate these details at a still higher figure.

the artisan classes, to help themselves and to protect themselves, would amply repay, both to them and to society, all the trouble and outlay that could be spent upon it. To such matters as these the most earnest attention of Parliament and of Government ought to be directed without delay and without interruption. No mere political or party question should be suffered to divert us from this urgent work. The Ballot, Irish Education, Church Disestablishment, may be topics well worth discussing in their turn; but they do not press and they do not directly affect the well-being of the masses in comparison. For the next three or four sessions, at least, social questions must take precedence of all others. No doubt, such a programme of proceedings will render the Parliamentary arena somewhat dull to militant politicians: to unregenerate humanity fighting is naturally far more interesting and exciting than working. But the labouring classes have a right to demand that the questions which most vitally and immediately concern them shall, at length, engross the attention of those assemblies which assume to represent them, and which assuredly do rule their destiny. Nay, more: this right it lies in their power to enforce as well as to assert; for we are too apt to forget amid the strife of faction, and we may yet be rudely reminded, that into the hands of these classes a deplorable combination of party ambition, party rivalry, party recklessness, has given over the potential, if not yet the actual, command of the electoral body. At present they only insist that their affairs shall be attended to. Before long, they may insist that their schemes and crotchets shall be carried out. Much ridicule has been cast, and not without justice, upon the late pompous announcement of a 'New Social Alliance' between the aristocracy and the working classes. But this much we may take to be undeniable,—that whichever political party shall first grapple, in a courageous and generous spirit, with those great topics which, beyond all others, stir the hearts and come home to the daily life of the proletariat, and shall show a determination to deal with them in the interest of the country at large, and especially of the more helpless part of the community, will reap a well-merited popularity which, if it does not confer office, will at least be power. Only the task must be undertaken in all singleness of mind, without *arrière pensée*, and with no party aim.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

- ART. I.—1. *The New Courts of Justice. Notes in Reply to Criticisms.* By George Edmund Street, R.A. London, 1872.
2. *The New Law Courts and the National Gallery. Facts relating to the late Competitions.* By Edward M. Barry, R.A. London, 1872.
3. *A History of the Gothic Revival in England.* By C. L. Eastlake. London, 1872.
4. *Some Account of Gothic Architecture in Spain.* By George Edmund Street. London, 1865.
5. *The Choice of a Dwelling. A Practical Handbook of Useful Information on all points connected with Hiring, Buying, or Building a House, &c.* By Gervase Wheeler, Architect. London, 1871.

FOR several years past the public mind has been prepared for an earnest endeavour to obtain a decent building for our courts of law. The attempt has been strenuously made. Time, money, abundant zeal, and superabundant counsel have been lavishly expended. Never, perhaps, in the history of art has so much general intelligence been brought to the preparation for a single work. Never has there been a more unanimous desire that the best thing possible, or even impossible, should be discovered and achieved; and yet the result has been failure and universal dissatisfaction. Our most conspicuous Gothic architects sent in designs, and their exhibition was a severe but salutary lesson to the art-loving public. The old faith in names of familiar notoriety was rudely shaken. It became evident that this notoriety had its foundation in anything rather than good work, and that a dozen architects could not only make the competition one of mere extravagance but had openly assumed the incapacity of their judges. The exhibition was melancholy and hopeless, almost without exception,—an artistic *inferno* and a national disgrace.

The whole affair had by general consent sunk into oblivion,
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vion, out of all sight or willing memory, when one of the competitors raises his head and mutters that his plan had 'forty marks' or more. The effect is like a ghastly resurrection. The plan in question had become offensive by its connection with the corpse-like elevations. If it did meet the requirements of the judges, so much the worse for the plan. These requirements were extremely complicated, and their practical result would have been that fidgeting cleverness which becomes a constant nuisance. Mr. Street's plan is quite clever enough, to say the least of it; and our present relief from the apprehension of another building by the designer of the South-Eastern Hotels and the Westminster Palace Arcade, should make us thankful even for the small mercy of Mr. Street's weak-minded elevations. We have only to revive our readers' recollection of the fact, that Mr. Street's design just reached a painful mediocrity, and that all the rest were positively bad.

Before leaving this question of competitions, the reference in two of the Law Courts' pamphlets to the late competition for the National Gallery should not be overlooked. For that competition ten selected architects, or architectural firms, sent designs; several of them in duplicate; all bad, and most of them egregiously absurd. The design that was said to be the best was fairly on a level with those which arted clerks prepare for their admission to the questionable benefits of a Royal Academy studentship. Perhaps it was in fact the praiseworthy effort of one of these young gentlemen. In other drawings were a few patches of more graceful work; and these, it appeared, were just those parts of the present façade that one of the competitors had cleverly incorporated in his own design. Of the rest no words can tell the melancholy tale; and we would not attempt it. Yet the author of the 'successful design' quite gravely assures the world of the surpassing merit of his own work, very unkindly gives the names of his competitors, and with amusing unconsciousness makes us note, with something of sympathetic pity, the vain endeavour of 'My Lords' to get themselves well rid of their successful man. Poor Mr. Wilkins was not considered very 'successful' when he built the National Gallery, and the public have waited in patient expectation that, when the Gallery had to be re-designed, our supposed advance in architectural taste and skill would be gloriously manifest. But this vain hope the competition quickly changed to anxious fear, lest the successful architect might be allowed to carry out his plan. And now we all give thanks that Mr. Wilkins's old façade remains to screen us from whatever the new architect may threaten in the rear. We cannot yet afford to
exchange

exchange the National Gallery elevation for the Charing Cross Hotel.

The competitions for the Foreign Office, the National Gallery, and the Courts of Law, have caused a great expenditure of money and of time, without apparently one good practical result. As exhibitions of wild studentship, they made a great impression on the public mind, and doubt and discontent thus took the place of confidence and hope. Everything about them was delusive and absurd. The judges were ignorant (of course), or even worse, by *dilettante* inexperience. The competing draughtsmen were certainly shrewd speculators in this judicial incapacity and want of skill; and the wondering public were ignorant, inexperienced, and inartistic altogether. Thus we have had our times of tribulation. And now to have got well rid of all our vain expectations from this Law Courts' competition, is, perhaps, the greatest satisfaction that the present state of the business can afford. Let us, then, consider the design that has been accepted by the authorities, and of which the architectural and illustrated newspapers give us very detailed plans and views.

The frontage towards the Strand is some five hundred feet long, which is about the length of St. Paul's, and of others of our larger cathedrals. In the design of the elevation there was, consequently, no difficulty on the score of dimensions. The rooms are not of any special importance, and there is no apparent reason why the front should not have been treated in a simple and dignified manner. The roof, however, is broken into fourteen distinct compartments, and there are, moreover, just as many angles in the line of wall. This infirmity of outline naturally gives the elevation a very feeble, dislocated look; and, unfortunately, it has no positive redeeming merit. The windows are ugly and mean, the pinnacles absurd, and the tower not worth the cost of its foundations.

This will never do. Simplicity must not be diligently lost, nor dignity and power be frittered all away. These necessary characteristics would be at once attained if the lines of roof and walling were made continuous and straight, interrupted only by the gable of the hall, which might be brought forward to the front, and by the projecting tower, which must be re-designed. The octagon staircases can be changed in form with no loss of convenience, a range of dormer windows might decorate the roof, and an arcade of shops would enliven the ground-floor frontage abutting on the Strand. The pinnacles and carved bands would be omitted with advantage in every way; and if Mr. Street is unable to design windows and tracery in the graceful manner of

the fourteenth century, an advertisement in the 'Builder' will discover plenty of help for him in this rather important branch of Gothic art. Many a 'professional' reputation has been made by the 'assistance' of some clever drawing clerk, whose name, however, does not transpire beyond the narrow range of 'office' notoriety. A successful railway jobber of 'pushing' habits, or a bankrupt builder with efficient patronage, may do wonders as an architect by a judicious expenditure in office salaries.

Now what we have proposed for Mr. Street's design is, in fact, extinction; but there is small blame to Mr. Street for this necessity. He, like the rest of his class, has to please or satisfy a public whose taste in all that concerns the building art is universally degraded. Accustomed through life to the most hideous extent of building that the world ever saw, regarding any knowledge of the house in which he lives as common and vulgar, fit only for builders and low fellows of the baser sort, the average Londoner, in presence of the art that most affects his comfort and his life, is supercilious and ignorant, conceited and debased. Even of the external aspect of the streets he has no clear perception, and has never formed an intelligent opinion. With the architecture of Wigmore-street he feels quite at home: Cromwell-road and Grosvenor-place he thinks are 'very fine,' and the British Museum, he is instructed, is a masterpiece.

This, then, is the quality of person or mind that an architect who would be successful must seek to satisfy. And, if he has ordinary experience and knowledge of the world, he naturally adopts the most direct and easiest method to command success. Prettiness is, of course, essential. What else is architecture for, if not to be pretty? Of the shortcomings and bad taste of his design he may be perfectly or imperfectly aware, but he overlays it with ornament, and encrusts it with carving, until the whole is pronounced to be beautiful. In this great requisite of modern architecture Mr. Street fails. He has no sense of 'prettiness,' and he substitutes confusion. He was afraid of simple expressiveness, and he has become incoherent. He has grievously erred, not, however, from negligence or want of will, but merely from natural incapacity. Every man is not a born confectioner; and if his work fails through subjection to the influence of a depraved and vulgar public taste, which yet he is unable to satisfy, Mr. Street can hardly be reproached for this unfortunate result.

But there is also the class of *dilettanti* who have to be appeased. These are the people that know all about styles and dates—travelled men, sketchers, ecclesiologists, and the like. Among these Mr. Street appears to have fallen, and to have found

found their patronage to be as damaging by its priggishness, as the demands of the public are from their ignorance. The influence of this class is occasionally useful, but many a well-meaning architect must have found himself grievously burdened by their equivocal patronage, which becomes a weight quite as often as a support. Mr. Street has been greatly injured by their awkward advocacy. The knowing talk about 'skylines' and 'fenestration,' and all the cant of the literary amateur, has for some months been the language of a certain class of newspapers and magazines. Such 'knowingness' is, however, only that half-knowledge 'that puffeth up'; but its habitual effect is painfully evident in Mr. Street's buildings, which seem either to be paralysed by a pseudo-clerical infirmity, or designed by some sacerdotal epicene. Mr. Street is not the only sufferer from this cause. A large number of our recent churches evince the pernicious influence of this emasculated tone of criticism, and are made mere specimens of the transient ecclesiastical fashion, instead of permanent monuments of art.

The true artist, however, rejects all these influences and works to please or satisfy himself, regardless alike of public or patrons. That such is the only sound method of practice may be clearly shown by examples of success and failure due to the observance or neglect of this very fundamental law of good design.

In the remarks which we think it our duty to make on the present state, and practical difficulties, of English architecture, we are influenced by no personal or professional prejudice or feeling, and, to avoid at first all questions about styles and schools, we will begin by referring to the works of modern engineers. Rennie and Telford had little or no need to regard the opinion of the public. They had the intelligent support and generous confidence of a few men of influence and good sense. And, as the result, the Menai and London bridges are two of the most simple, dignified, and noble buildings in the world. Times and methods have changed. Now we have competitions even for bridges; and engineers, being men of business, and careful to keep safely on the road to professional success, most readily abandon all reserve, and start on a career of extravagance and pretence.

Their success may be held to be their justification. With Blackfriars Bridge, for instance, we find the public thoroughly well pleased, though the design is really a wonder of depravity. Polished granite columns of amazing thickness, with carved capitals of stupendous weight, all made to give shop-room to an apple-woman, or a convenient platform for a suicide. The parapet is a fiddle-faddle of pretty cast-iron arcading, out of scale with the columns, incongruous with the capitals, and quite unsuited

suitied for a work that should be simply grand in its usefulness; and at each corner of the bridge is a huge block of masonry à propos of nothing, a well known evidence of desperate imbecility.

On the Thames Embankment, again, these big blocks, which were probably suggested by the late Mr. John Martin's architectural vagaries, are very freely used, so that, from the river, it would appear that they were the chief object for which the embankment itself was made. The new lamp-posts, of which we have heard so much in the newspapers, are a senseless jumble of 'objects,' from colossal and very ugly fishes to miniature and meaningless faces, thrown together without reference to scale or order of any kind. The garden railing is little better than the lamp-posts, and is even more vexatious from its greater quantity. The comparatively simple railing round Hyde Park is far preferable to this pretty panelling, which will completely hide the flowers when they grow, and which is in curious contrast with the heavy granite parapet and piers on the other side of the road. This parapet, with its pedestals and piers, is a sad waste of space and money. If it were all cleared away, and replaced by a simple stout iron railing, and a narrow sloping bank of grass, we should have the true effect of an embankment, instead of a mere parapet wall. The road and the river would both look considerably wider, and the prospect along the curve of the embankment would be unobstructed. A clear view of the river would be gained for pedestrians, who now see little but the smoke of the passing steamboats; and the view from the river itself would be less dismal, and not so unpleasantly suggestive of canal locks where 'drags are in constant readiness.' The river, in fact, would look beautiful instead of ghastly, and the saving in hewn granite would be sufficient to provide for every care and protection that could be required. On the outer face of these parapet piers there are large metal lions' heads and rings. They look like door-knockers; but, supposing they are meant for mooring-rings, why are they hung up high in the parapet out of reach, instead of being fixed solidly down in the quay wall, at or below the high-water line? As mere ornaments they are childish; their large size diminishes the apparent scale of the work to which they are attached; and their repetition every thirty yards for some five or six miles will be a weary monument of the dullness of the engineer who designed them.

At Westminster Bridge, the engineer has spent his energy in devising another gimcrack pattern of lamp-post, and a series of bad imitations of Gothic detail; and while so neglecting his special engineering duty, he has committed a very unworkman-like blunder. The *fascia* of each arch is much broader than the

the *fascia* of the bridge, which spreads over all the arches. Where these two intersect at the crown of the arch, the greater width is lost in the narrower. The mere statement of this in words is sufficient to show that every arch must appear to be crippled, suggesting the idea of weakness and instability, which the construction and the remarkable vibration of the bridge seem further to justify. These are a few specimens of the absurdities that the proverbially 'practical' engineers commit when they pretend to gratify the public taste. Let us now turn to the architects.

In the immediate neighbourhood is the railing round the grass-plats in Palace Yard, bad in every possible way, and very manifestly so in the extravagance of such an expenditure for the preservation of a few Tom Thumb geraniums. Why cannot architects and engineers learn that the object of a fence is not to distract attention from, but to be subordinate to, that which it encloses? The new arcade or cloister is a similar mistake, with a terrible look of permanence about it. The railings we may hope to clear away, but these deformities in stone are too heavy to be easily moved. It happened that the base for a tall building was remarkably high; and in making the addition of a very short building, this very high and heavy base was continued as part of the new design. Perhaps ineptitude could do no worse. We do, therefore, call special attention to this bit of recent Gothic; and if our readers will take a few dimensions, showing the proportion of area to pier, and will compare these with the cloisters at Westminster Abbey close by, they will be able to understand the value of 'names and things' in the architectural profession.

Of St. Thomas's Hospital it is scarcely fair to speak in this category of public favourites, or candidates for public approval. Public opinion is divided on its merits; and probably its designer, now that he discovers what his drawings really meant, may in this respect agree with the public. About the Midland Railway Terminus, however, there are not two opinions. Here the public taste has been exactly suited, and every kind of architectural decoration has been made thoroughly common and unclean. The building inside and out is covered with ornament, and there is polished marble enough to furnish a Cathedral. The very parapet of the cab road is panelled and perforated, at a cost that would have supplied foot-warmers to all the trains for years to come. This monument of confectionery is a fair specimen of the result of competition among architects for the approval of judges whom they know to be incompetent. The 'Midland' directors are able administrators of the railway business,

business, and probably of their own; but was there any evidence that they were qualified in any way to decide upon the respective merits of the competitors, or to select a design to be built in an important Metropolitan thoroughfare? Is any one of these gentlemen furnished with the necessary knowledge? and if not, how can their accumulated ignorance become efficient in its stead? These are questions that—in the interests of the art, about which they are so very careful when their own interests are equally involved—the competing architects ought, as a condition precedent, to have had satisfactorily answered. Judging by the building, however, we imagine that quite a different course was pursued; and in the successful design, at any rate, the noble art of building has been treated as a mere trade advertisement. Showy and expensive, it will, for the present, be a striking contrast with its adjoining neighbour. The Great Northern Terminus is not graceful, but it is simple, characteristic, and true. No one would mistake its nature and use. The Midland front is inconsistent in style, and meretricious in detail; a piece of common ‘art manufacture’ that makes the Great Northern front appear by contrast positively charming. There is no relief or quiet in any part of the work. The eye is constantly troubled and tormented, and the mechanical patterns follow one another with such rapidity and perseverance, that the mind becomes irritated where it ought to be gratified, and goaded to criticism where it should be led calmly to approve. There is here a complete travesty of noble associations, and not the slightest care to save these from a sordid contact. An elaboration that might be suitable for a Chapter-house, or a Cathedral choir, is used as an ‘advertising medium’ for bagmen’s bedrooms and the costly discomforts of a terminus hotel, and the architect is thus a mere expensive rival of the company’s head cook in catering for the low enjoyments of the great travelling crowd. To be consistent, the directors should not confine their expression of artistic feeling to these great buildings only. Their porters might be dressed as javelin men, their guards as beefeaters, and their station-masters don the picturesque attire of Garter-king-at-arms. Their carriages might be copied from the Lord Mayor’s show, and even the engine wheels might imitate the Gothic window near their terminus at York. These things, however, will eventually come; the water tank, we see, is moulded in the Gothic style.

Yet who is to blame for all this? The directors meant well, no doubt, and are in a state of childish or other ignorance. And if the architect is held responsible, he may refer at once to the system. Of course the work is mechanical and unimaginative; but does the public demand anything better? Are there those
among

among us, who are able to judge of work and to sympathize with and efficiently to support a genuine workman? We have, in fact, no real artist workmen, like Fischer of Nuremberg, or John of Padua, and our enterprising directors must, therefore, put up with what they can get—an eminent architect, ‘art manufacture,’ and sufficient money.

Here, then, is Mr. Street’s lesson and example. We are not dealing with an art that ennobles, but with a profession that pleases, or is supposed to please. And now that so much nonsense has been written about ‘Temples of Themis’ and ‘Palaces of Justice,’ it is possible that an architect may have really good common sense, and yet find his courage unequal to the determined assertion of the doctrine that Courts of Law should be simple even to plainness in their general appearance. Law personified is of majestic presence, and were we engaged in preparing a palace for an ideal representative of justice, perhaps our highest efforts would fail to produce a fit abode for so august a sovereignty. But we are now concerned with no ideal, but with a very homely common law, and precarious Chancery practice. We are providing a place for the settlement of miserable disputes, originating in folly or knavery, or in the very imperfection of the law, or it may be in all three combined. It requires but a glance around a Court to see that a grave, not to say a sad simplicity of style, will best reflect the mental, moral, and material condition of those whose interests compel their unwilling attendance. Comfort, cleanliness, tranquillity, and air, are of course essential; but what is called grandeur or magnificence is merely impertinent. It would do to gape at for a day or two, and then be either forgotten or offensive. The Court would not be ennobled, but there would be so much grandeur, and so forth, thrown away or brought into contempt. In fact, the association of Courts of Law seems to be rather with lunatic asylums and debtors’ prisons, than with palaces and temples; and, taking a middle position between the two groups, a style neither grandiose nor mean, splendid nor sad, but a happy medium of decent plainness, seems to be the most satisfactory and appropriate.

The Strand front of the building, seventy feet high to the eaves, with an additional seventy feet at the Hall and the Tower, must be effective when designed with simplicity of outline and rhythm of parts, and with such variety of detail as may be necessary to give characteristic expression to the several rooms; and this may easily be done by slight modifications of the windows and their tracery. Above all, we must, in the name of the public, express an earnest hope that the lower part of the Strand front may form a continued extension of the line of shops. The intrusion

sion of a blank stone wall will be a constant and incalculable injury to the neighbouring property. The slightest observation will be sufficient to show that if the lower arches of Somerset House were treated in the same way as those round the Royal Exchange, the Strand would gain immensely in business value, and the building itself, though still a dark cloud over the street, would have a golden lining. Besides, it should be borne in mind that the Strand frontage of Somerset House is only one-fifth of the entire length of the building.

The design for the Law Courts is, however, but of transient interest, in comparison with the popular ignorance of the building arts which the competition has brought to light, and the cause of this ignorance we shall now endeavour to explain.

The fact is that we have at present no such thing as a building art. This is entirely lost. We have what is called the profession of architecture, which, as it pretends to the practice of art, is in the nature of an imposture. The essence of art is handiwork, not the preparations for work, such as the 'designs' and drawings compiled by the architect, his 'assistant,' or his numerous 'staff,' any more than the scaffolding erected by the Irish labourer. Art is the practice of the instructed, free, and self-guided workman—the conjoint operation of head and hand; not the painstaking of an imitator, the dull labour of a draughtsman, nor the dry mechanical drudgery of an artisan. There is no absolute refusal of mechanical assistance or of any worthy tools, but there is a constant tendency to give the utmost play and freedom to the intellect and the imagination—to the well-trained hand and thoroughly instructed mind. The best buildings of all ages have been made, not by professional gentlemen and their drawing clerks, but by labouring handicraftsmen of various schools of art. The chief buildings of the last three centuries of the Art history of Europe have been designed by 'architects.' They are scholarly, elaborate, imposing, expensive, and of late pretty, vulgar, childish, or grim, as the prevailing fashion or individual fancy may have required.

At present there is no help for this substitution of the imposture for the reality. In olden time people, both in public and private, built on their own freeholds with honest intention, and with the prospect of endurance. They employed workmen whose delight was in the product of their own skill, and with whom the employer was in constant and familiar intercourse. The style of work was national, and as well understood by the people as their own language. People no more thought of building in 'styles' than of talking in 'tongues.' The mason could build simply for a cottage, or gloriously for a cathedral. His perfect familiarity

familiarity with his work, his good sense and cultivated imagination, were his only guides; and to these plain working men, whom our modern architects are very proud to imitate, we are indebted for the chief remaining glories of the middle ages. The system was universal until the classic revival. The Art of Egypt, of Greece, of Nineveh, and of Hindustan, was evidently in each case genuine, the product of the workman. No architect, as we understand the word, would have designed the Parthenon, with its amazing delicacy of curve and its rich variety of sculpture. The need and value of these curves would never have been discovered by an architectural draughtsman, and their recognition and adoption show that the builder was a genuine workman. Ictinus, the so-called architect, was a cunning master-builder (*σοφὸς οἰκοδόμος*), the *working* head of a band of *working* men. The same is unquestionably true of Phidias and his helpers. Their carvings are clearly spontaneous—not imitative second-hand work. The metopes—some of them archaic in style—prove that even under the prince of sculptors, the older carvers held their own; and the Panathenaic frieze appears to be the direct expression of the chisel, without even previous modelling. The very failings and imperfections of the buildings on the Acropolis are conclusive evidence of this rule, and of the independence of the working mason. Of course there was subordination, but the subordination was all within the workman class. So in our own old churches and cathedrals, the design was obviously done by the workman; in fact, there is no record of design at all. The work was 'built,' or the stone was 'cut'; and that included what we call the design. The constant activity of thought, indicated in slight modifications of plan or detail—the quaint and often exquisite winding up of portions of the work—the natural and spontaneous outgrowth of the carving—the boldness and even coarseness of idea and treatment, in conjunction with surprising delicacy and tenderness of feeling—reveal the master and the workman in a single mind.

But now instead of a class of noble working men, we have the 'architectural profession,' a number of soft-handed 'gentlemen' who may or may not be able to make sketches, or 'plans and elevations,' but who at any rate can get them made—who prepare what are called 'designs' in any 'style,' and submit them to people ignorant of every style for their approval and acceptance. Of course this approval is not gained by real merit, as members of many a building committee can testify, and it argues little for the business sagacity, with which professional men are sufficiently endowed, if the design is not made carefully bad, should the employers' whim demand the effort. We remember
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to have seen this method exemplified in a certain competition with very marked success. Nor is this designing to order the only evil of the system; the profession is, in fact, a mere trade. Designs are made and sent to any distance, to be contracted for by any speculator, who will make money of them if nothing else; and to be built by mere slaves of workmen, who will make sad work of them if they can. The architect's superintendence, instead of being constant and careful, and in a sense almost affectionate and paternal, is scanty, heartless, perfunctory, or altogether wanting. How, then, will the building fare? The only hope would be in the 'clerk of the works,' but he is a sort of stepfather or trustee, who has to adhere strictly to the drawings. There is, consequently, no motive for expression in the work, and none of that 'handling,' the evidence of the artist's presence and effort, which is as valuable in building as it is admitted to be in painting or in sculpture. Nothing is more to be regretted in the so-called restorations at our ecclesiastical buildings than the total loss of this pervading evidence of the workman's mind.

This customary trading in designs has now become absurd. Architects are so little like 'chief builders,' that they almost cease to be builders at all; and there are ludicrous but authenticated tales of their ignorance of their own nominal works. One large building, on which the 'commission' amounted to some thousands of pounds, is said to have been visited by the architect for less than half an hour during its entire construction. We have recently seen the statement, that nearly sixty 'restorations' have been superintended for an 'eminent architect' by one clerk of works. Let our readers translate this fact into the sphere of any other profession, and imagine the Attorney-General, for instance, composing speeches for every circuit in the calendar, and employing law stationers to recite them; or an archbishop 'designing' sermons on commission, with an additional allowance for 'pulpit clerks' to deliver them; or a surgeon receiving heavy fees for operations to be performed, and handing over the necessary 'drawings and specifications' to various country chemists and druggists; and they will be enabled to understand something of the present practice of the architectural profession. It is quite time that the system should be exposed, condemned, and thoroughly exploded. The public should be taught to understand that the names of 'eminent persons' in the profession are delusions, and that they are themselves the sufferers by the continuance of a deceptive custom, and are deeply interested in its abolition.

There is another remarkable contrast between the old method and the new. On examining any of our ancient buildings, it becomes

becomes clearly evident that, however commanding and impressive the work may be to the beholder, it was not so to the builder. His power of intellect and imagination could demonstrate itself in stone, and overcome those minds that had less comprehensiveness of idea in that special direction and form. But his own mind was in no subjective condition. He had no awe of, and little reverence for, his work. He was a 'master worker' and a creator, or an associated 'chief master,' and superintendent of 'creators;' and his work was simply a delight to him, the outward form and expression of a mind sympathetic and serious, but not in the slightest degree superstitious or debased. Nothing can be more opposed to this than the modern counterpart. There is no evidence of delight or power, but only that the architect was intensely eager for applause and painfully careful for further employment, or else that his mind being weakened by subordination to a vain imagination, he became a feeble worshipper of his own poor work.

The interiors of most of the high ritual churches are marked by the latter peculiarity, and some clear evidences of this kind of mental debasement are seldom wanting: The font at St. Alban's, Holborn, for instance, which has been 'designed' with much care, would be beneath the genius of a manufacturer of Tonbridge ware; and the speckled and spotted coloured brick patterns on the walls, here and at All-Saints', Margaret Street, are precise reminiscences of a favourite nursery toy. These several characteristics are, however, generally more strikingly manifested in what is called the 'reredos,' not the old eastern choir-screens, which are sometimes so called, but a comparatively recent importation from abroad, an un-English innovation, favoured as giving an opportunity for a much-desired patch of prettiness, or the exhibition of such superfluous folly as is not entirely used up in other details of the church, and which gives the communion table the appearance of a quasi-mediæval sideboard.

The old builder had not heard anything about the 'profession' of art. He was a simple workman, and would make the plan, arrange the elevations, and be in fact the foreman of the work. The general requirements might of course be suggested to him, but he and his fellow-workmen contrived the building and perfected its details. In those times, when handicraftsmen were acknowledged to have brains, and were in the habit of using them, building was not recognised as a 'fine art,' but only as a common and very noble *work*. These handicraftsmen were evidently men of high culture and powerful mind, with great faculty of expression in their workman's language—a language that for purity, variety, copiousness, and dignity, has never been excelled,

excelled, and which every one in those days perfectly understood. The enormous quantity of building during the fourteenth century, compared with the then small population of the country, shows that the Englishman of that day must have been at least as well informed on the merits of a house as his very enlightened descendants pretend to be about the favourites for the coming Derby. In those days the working men made the building of a church, or the progress of a cathedral, their great delight and glory. Now we have those superior persons, 'the valuable middle class,' who are 'not working people,' and whose crown of rejoicing may be the 'Derby' or the 'Chester Cup,' but who are utterly ignorant about the construction and architecture of their own dwellings, and have even a conceit of their ignorance.

In those days the mason worked, not in a mental solitude under a greedy contractor and a driving foreman, nor was he instructed by a dainty architect, who as a true builder would be half ignorant and wholly incapable, nor superintended (*overlooked* would be the better word) by a committee destitute alike of knowledge and discernment. He worked at home among his family and his fellow-workmen, who perfectly comprehended, and could at once appreciate, every idea and thought as quickly as the chisel expressed it. The man's circumstances were entirely sympathetic. He had not to send competition drawings to be approved by a dozen men who happened to be rich or well placed; but he was judged by his works, and his judges were his peers. His work was a social one, the direct and lively manifestation of the sentiments and habits of the time. He had to adopt no 'style.' His own homely language was sufficient, and hence the perfect ease and endless variety which charm us in old work. Though the expression is constantly changing, there is nothing incoherent or obscure. There is, moreover, no vanity in the work, and though the workman is direct and simple in the expression of his own mind, he does not think about himself, nor at all about a possible critic. There is no dull care to be correct. There is, on the contrary, a constant development of thought and detail that makes the buildings appear to live, and, in an undetected way, we find our sympathies engaged and our interest excited by the very waywardness and seeming errors of the workman. There is no constant or even habitual endeavour at ornament or display. Nothing is more remarkable than the way in which opportunities for decoration are neglected. The builder goes on working in the quietest way until he has a worthy idea to express, and then he does it in the most unconscious manner.

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The most beautiful thoughts are often thrown into the work as if they were mere common-places. There is no painful striving to make the greatest possible display with the money and material. The man and his associations are the real stamp and informing spirit of the work. How many a village church can be brought to mind where there is not even an external plinth, but the rudest unsophisticated walling, a stumpy 'ungraceful' but very sensible and useful tower, and scarcely a moulding or ornament about the building, until in some unobtrusive doorway, or aisle window, we find the gem of thought that gives dignity and refinement to the entire work. It is true that in many of their largest buildings this simplicity of method did not appear. Men in all ages differ, and there are defective spirits at the best of times. As a rule, however, a profusion of ornament, by which the work is mechanically overlaid, is an indication that something in the nature of a modern architect is causing this artistic aberration. William of Wykeham seems to have been a great transgressor in this way.

In total contrast with what we have thus described is a very marked and nearly universal characteristic of our modern churches. Whether they are 'high' or 'low,' 'correct' or 'impure,' original or eclectic, there is a general and constant straining for effect. It seems as if each architect thought that he would have no other opportunity, and must seize the present chance to make his mark, and light his pound of candles all at once. There is a want of dignity and repose about the building, a consciousness that it will be looked at, and a vain hope that it will be admired, leading to a sort of architectural posture-making and display, that no affectation of propriety, and even asceticism, will save from a charge of meretricious vanity. Now all this is very unbecoming and inconsistent. A church requires nothing of the kind. It is in fact a very ordinary common-place building, and only particularly remarkable now because domestic architecture is so excessively debased. In olden times, the church was as a rule rather plain in comparison with its surrounding houses. Little of the old domestic urban architecture remains; but careful search and examination will show that in most cities there was more expenditure on house than on church decoration. Crosby Hall, and the adjacent churches of St. Ethelburga and St. Helen's, may serve as a convenient, though perhaps not quite a fair illustration; and at Canterbury and Chester, Lincoln and Exeter, examples might be multiplied. Churches were then known of all men as houses of prayer, and were appropriately humble and unpretending, and even almost obscure. Of public buildings, churches are the most numerous, unless indeed 'public-houses'

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are included in the category. There is little necessary difference in their plans, excepting what the exigencies of the site require. There need be none of that agonizing superfluity of contrivance and detail that we are compelled to observe and painfully to regret. We know all about the sacred character of the building, the superlativeness of its requirements, and the 'lamp of sacrifice;' but we say that the sanctity of its dedication, and the dignity of its character, would be best demonstrated and maintained by the abandonment of all the frippery and excess of detail that architects find it to be their business to display. There is no 'sacrifice' in this elaboration: its removal would in fact be a purification. The real sacrifice is the offering, genuine, hearty, intelligent, and refined, of the simple working man. The true mason, being serious and unselfish in his work, is generally satisfied with the mild excitement of his ordinary care, and, working in his homely modest way, gains all the variety and change he needs in those occasional hours of imaginative and ornamental work which give all the needful and appropriate enrichment to his worthy building.

This method is impossible for architects. They have none of this healthy mechanical plodding. Their business is not to build but to make drawings. The work that would occupy a mason several weeks or months is indicated by perhaps a single line or at most a few hours' labour at the drawing-board. The professional designer feels and knows, that the public would soon discover that for sound and simple work *his* help is not required, and to save his existence he must needs employ his pencil and bow-pencil pretty freely, until at last it becomes impossible to get the architect and his cleverness, or want of it, out of the mind, and the building is permanently desecrated.

The church of St. James the Less, at Westminster, has been greatly praised for its decorative work, though it really is but a baby house. Its particoloured tower is built with polished marbles up among the clouds, and of ungainly brickwork level with the eye. Its preposterous ironwork, designed by an architect and manufactured by a mechanic, is so disproportioned as to be absurd, and is quite incongruous with the mean walling that it screens. The interior, chequered all over with bits of colour, is not the serious effort of a man, but mere effeminacy and child's play, giving the same wide-mouthed pleasure as a new trick of sleight of hand. The decorations of the roof are for the most part invisible. The mental debasement which we have already referred to has in this and in many other churches shown itself by making it what children would call 'a place for bogies.' There is a great deal of nonsensical scorn of those who object

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to Gothic work that it is dark and gloomy; but these childish church architects are the cause, and their works are a justification of this at first sight very reasonable objection. At St. James's the aisle windows are mere slits in the wall, not to admit daylight evidently, but to show some small panels of indifferent stained glass, which cause this dismal darkness, and serve to mystify the weakheaded people for whom such work is sympathetically designed. At St. Michael's, Cornhill, is another of these follies, but there the nonsense was carried so far, that some glazed 'coal plates' have been inserted in the aisle ceilings to light the people, the windows having been given over to the glass painter.

There is no objection to coloured decoration when properly done, and judiciously applied, the work of an intelligent and skilful workman. But this spurious work, designed by draughtsmen, and worked in or stencilled on by drudges, is mere imposture, and no assumed correctness or consistency of style can justify its character. The same rule will apply to decorative mason's work and carving. These may be perfectly correct as to date, and accurate in finish, and still be so mechanical and lifeless as to be repulsive, and a mere defacement of the building. Or they may be rude in workmanship, coarse in material and detail, and even incorrect in style, and yet the whole effect may be glorious. The old builders were men of original and simple thought, which they learnt to express in their work, and by this expression they gradually formed their style. Now we have men who imitate the old styles but are destitute of true artistic workman's thought and incapable of expression. Such is the rule, and it is curious that these same men are very apt to object to the works of their worthier modern rivals, on account of their little architectural improprieties.

And here we have the key to the vexed question of the monuments at Westminster. In them we have a perfect history of our modern sculpture. Frequent proposals have been made that the more recent works should be removed, and then the church entirely 'restored.' Of these intruders many are of genuine and noble workmanship, and so become in character and fact consistent and appropriate additions to the building, which is itself of gradual construction, and in varied and successive dialects of art. Among such more worthy works the choir-screen, reredos, pulpit, and communion table are not to be included. These are particularly weak and *jejune* specimens of the dull clerkmanship that architects of eminence live to supply, and thus, we venture to affirm, are mere expensive 'lumber unremoved.' Compare them with the gateway to the Chapter-house, or the De Valence tomb, and their sad worthlessness

becomes immediately clear. We therefore cannot yet presume to touch our monumental buildings, except most carefully to uphold them. When we have men again to do the work and fashion it, then we may venture, but till then it would be safe to wait.

It is quite time that the public should understand what is really going on under the name of church and cathedral restoration. The architects of the present day are not at all reticent about the 'improvements' done by their equally eminent predecessors, and the ghosts of Wyatt and Nash must have a sad time of it. But never has there been such wanton destruction of the historic associations and genuine artistic character and expression of our ancient buildings as they have suffered during the last thirty years. The game began with the Temple Church; and, as an historical and venerable relic, the building is destroyed. The exterior is new, the interior is scraped, and polished, and painted, and glazed, until it would puzzle an archaeologist to put his finger on anything that the Knights Templar actually saw. Then there came the inevitable 'reredos,' and the 'consistently designed' pewing, which we were told was in good taste, and exhorted to imitate. Would it not have been better, if the Benchers must needs have a showy and luxurious chapel, that they should have built one for themselves, and have left the old Templars and their historic chapel quietly alone? As it is, we have lost an interesting monument, and have obtained merely a fashionable church.

This propensity to scrape and daub spread like a disease among the clergy. They studied Rickman and Pugin, Whewell and Britton, and became very learned in the 'styles.' Their intention certainly was good, and manifestly they had no want of zeal; but from the influence of their bookish education, and of the common ignorant contempt of handicraft, they failed to see that the merely literary study of an essentially practical art must of necessity be defective, and that, to avoid the dangers of a little knowledge they should have sought the useful and necessary aid, not of an architect, who is probably no more practical than themselves, but of the village mason, carpenter, and smith. Had this been generally done, and working men been cordially led to join in careful study of the neighbouring relics of the olden time, they would soon have become the 'masters' of their work; and instead of the false and delusive system called a 'profession,' under which we vainly suffer, we should have had a genuine, homely, and noble 'practice' of the building arts by a widespread class or school of cultivated workmen.

Nor would architecture alone have been the gainer. The spread

spread of intelligence among the workmen would have had other great results. There would have been no need then for 'celebrated' engineers or 'eminent' contractors. Our railways, though they look so big and like other things become impressive from their length, are for the most part very simple common-place affairs, little above hedging and ditching. They seldom require more constructive ability than a ten-roomed house or a parish church arcade, and might well have been undertaken in detail by the instructed and intelligent local working men. The country would have saved scores or even hundreds of millions of railway capital, and have had a perfectly developed system of judiciously-constructed lines. George Stephenson was a working man, and it was not he that made the costly blunder of the Britannia Bridge or the lavish experimental waste of the Great Western Railway system.

The movement soon found itself involved in the strifes and struggles of the parties in the church; and, without sturdy power of its own, founded on the broad influence of common knowledge and popular opinion, it sank to mean subserviency, and became for many years a means or cause of grievous injury and evil. Its progress conducted far more to clerical pride than to architectural improvement, and was in fact the great opportunity for social and professional vanity and display. Ecclesiastics pretended to be ecclesiologists, became knowing about metal-work, that it should be wrought and not cast, and wood-work, that it should be 'stopped' rather than 'mitred;' not discerning that of all metal-work none is so debased as the modern trade specimens of wrought iron and brass. They fell then into the hands of ecclesiastical decorators and furniture dealers; and having been plundered and imposed upon in every way, they are still blind to their losses, and proud of their work, and have yet to make the unpleasant discovery that instead of having churches decorated and restored, they have spent their substance on mere ecclesiastical toy-shops.

Of course there have been architects employed, but this, as the reader is aware, is not an assurance of hope. We have already endeavoured to describe the class, and we now venture to say that these eminent persons have been the bane of art for the last three hundred years. They are, as we have shown, a mere fashion; and their works are like them. If we examine the greatest works of ancient times, such as the Abbey Church at Westminster, with the workmanship genuine, free from sham, and every stone of the building alive with energy of power or beauty of enrichment, we see that such buildings are, in construction and detail, entirely and distinctly the expression of

human thought and feeling; that even in ruin they would be charming. Their Renaissance rivals have no such hope in dissolution. Being a mere manufacture, they are in the same category with machine lace and cotton prints, and often vastly their inferiors in design. The old buildings are subjects for our drawings; the new ones but imitations of drawings, and they are related to the drawings from which they are copied as engravings are to the pictures that they feebly represent. There is, perhaps, no better, as there is no more melancholy test of the value of artistic work, than this of dilapidation and decay; and if, without destruction, we mentally apply the idea, we shall find that buildings, and other works, begin to arrange themselves in an order of merit very different from that which is generally accepted. The details of the new India Office might possibly, in such a case, be disposed of in the Wardour Street of the future, but would never be treasured up in an architectural museum. The 'Vulcanian' style of our iron age would suffer grievous degradation, and the Crystal Palace itself might find its precedence disputed by an old piece of ordnance or the dilapidated framework of a worn-out parasol.

Architecture seems to have been in all countries a very trustworthy indication of the ruling characteristics of the people. In Egypt, the sacerdotal and royal powers combined have given their influence a record to the end of time. In Egyptian work nothing is weak or sordid. Faith and power thoroughly excluded all the meaner motives. Mere vanity and love of display do not waste themselves in works of such enormous difficulty and endurance, and requiring so many years for their construction, as the Pyramids and temples of the Valley of the Nile.

In Greece the Parthenon, in its refinement of architectural outline, is an evidence of the intellectual culture of the ruling class. And the carvings that enrich the work show the perfect acquaintance of the Athenian people with the unrivalled beauty of the human form, a knowledge in which the meanest of the Athenian mob would probably exceed the most cultivated cockney of our time.

In England the massive Norman, bulky with material, but scanty in detail and ornament, grand in idea and costly in execution, may be taken as an illustration of the crushing power of the conquering race. The 'Early English' work of the following century is a symptom of the rising spirit of the working men. Confidence and sympathy were not yet perfectly established, and the English workman, though growing in imaginative power, and in the expression of details, was somewhat chill and formal, yet charmingly graceful in the outlines of his work.

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To his upper and outer world he could not be genial and unreserved, but among his brethren his cordiality and sympathy were perfectly aroused; and the lavish richness, chastened fancy, and perfect form of the details, moulded and carved, of Early English work, are perhaps the most beautiful memorial of the reviving spirit and happiness of a nation that the history of art can show.

Under the Edwards the national spirit was thoroughly restored. King, Church, and People, each had honour, and all were for the most part on very friendly terms. The genius of the nation then became completely manifested, and the England of that time reached, as the spontaneous expression of the most wonderful age of political formation, the very climax of national architecture in the history of the world. Egypt, Greece, and Rome, each had its peculiar glory, but they had neither a climate that compelled, nor a building material that readily lent itself to, the development of a national domestic architecture such as ours, which was, in fact, the 'prentice work for all the noble monuments that glorify the land. These have a character quite distinct from coëval works in France and Germany, Italy and Spain, a character most evidently due to the greater influence of our domestic buildings.

The workmen then were quite at ease. They worked among intelligent and sympathizing friends. The clergy, who were the main dispensers of the surplus income of the nation, were men of the people, and they planned and built in a dignified and manly way. Even when, in the course of the fifteenth century, mere commercial wealth became a predominating influence, and the workman was gradually sinking, as the man of trade rose higher in the financial world, the churchmen still maintained the architectural dignity of their order, until at last the tide of luxury swept merit all away, and the Italian fashion took its place. Still in this Italian style Englishmen have succeeded as well as their neighbours. Castle Howard, Whitehall Chapel, and Greenwich Hospital, and more recently the Travellers' Club, and last and best, the Sun Fire Office—the most beautiful work in Europe of its style and dimensions,—show that there has been an artistic spirit among us that could bring good out of evil. But now we have sunk down so low, that a work of such painful incapacity as the London University building is praised by the leaders of the 'profession;' and the Government are presenting to us, on the Piccadilly side of Burlington House, the most contemptible public building that the architectural profession has achieved.

It is necessary to bear in mind that building and architecture
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are two different things. The one is essentially the workman's work, the other merely a fine name for a spurious—we had almost said—a quack profession. The modern 'chief builder' is, in fact, no builder at all, but only a drawing-master. The ancient Egyptians and Greeks, and the Italian and Western 'Goths' were simple workmen, and built in a truthful manly way. Roman building was principally the imitation work of slaves, and very often bad in taste. But the Renaissance Italian is the 'professional style.' With it the profession of architecture became established. Its foundation was a 'knowledge' of 'the orders,' and its practice was that of 'composing' these orders in various fanciful displays. In fact, it might be called a school of architectural 'deportment.' Any draughtsman, with a reasonable knowledge of these 'orders,' might become an architect; and with an eye for outline, and some cleverness in arrangement, he might produce on paper an endless variety of classical combinations. The style was expensive, but when it arose questions of expense were of secondary importance: it was, somehow, seldom the proprietor that had to pay the bill. But the great success of the style was due neither to its novelty, nor its variety, but to the facility with which the architect could prepare, at any distance from the work, the drawings for an entire building, and the little personal superintendence of the handicraftsmen that the work required. Instead of giving his constant attention to one building, the architect found that he could accept commissions for a dozen or a score. The amount of drawing in each case was comparatively small. A little shuffling of columns and windows revealed some new accident of combination that passed for design; and as for detail, the classic orders served for all. Thus then all parties were well pleased. The employer was in the fashion, and piqued himself on his classic refinement and exceptional good taste: the architect had large practice in a gentlemanly profession: and both, with the vanity and self-gratulation of ignorant conceit, could despise the Duomo of Pisa or the Choir of Westminster, as the rude relics of a barbarous and unenlightened age.

In England Vanburgh and Lord Burlington have made us see how quickly men of literary culture and of noble rank could master the designing 'knack,' and then provide new luxuries of architectural display to put their wondering and confiding friends on the high road to ruin. Blenheim House is critically known as 'picturesque,' but it is a 'scene' rather than a dwelling. There may be a house imbedded in the stonework, but the real effect, which is geological rather than architectural, more suggestive of a quarry than of a palace or a home, is due entirely to non-essentials,

non-essentials, to the mass of superfluous material symmetrically disposed, and yet altogether hideous and unseemly; in fact a sort of well-arranged architectural elephantiasis. Burlington House, though an exotic, was a very respectable and praiseworthy effort, and the colonnade was no doubt a grateful memento of the Italian tour. Both the houses have been much admired, and may be acknowledged to reflect great credit on the 'professional' skill of their respective designers.

Gradually, however, the classic enthusiasm wore away. The style ceased to be new, and it was found to be costly. And when what is called the Grecian style had passed through its brief period of public favour, and urgent want arose for some new thing, it happened that a few careful publications about Gothic work appeared, and gained the attention of the artistic world. Here, then, was another chance for the 'profession.' The 'style' was not new, but it was practically unfamiliar. True it was made or developed by working masons, at a time when there was no classical artistic knowledge, and so was merely the picturesque effort of semi-barbarous 'knaves.' It was not classical, but it would bring business to the profession. The public thought it pretty, the clergy sympathized, as it was 'quite in their line,' and it became curiously enough the fashion to be very proud of any weak imitation of the poor rude workmen that heretofore had been so very much despised. The imitation was faint enough certainly, for the 'profession' had no intention of giving up their gentlemanly position, and becoming real builders, carpenters, and stone-masons. A class of quick-fingered draughtsmen soon prepared 'examples,' gathered from the old masons' work, which their professional customers might mix and mingle, with almost as much facility as the classic orders, and it was really found that designs in the various 'styles' of English and Continental Gothic might be manufactured with such 'correctness' of detail, and so much promptitude and rapidity, that the *dilettanti* could be satisfied, the public hoodwinked, and clients thoroughly pleased; while the trading element of the profession was profitably extended, and its returns increased to an amount that was never dreamt of by the half-experienced professional architect of thirty years ago. We had exchanged handicraft long since for finger-work, and the new method is neither an advance nor a reform. We have taken no step towards the necessary and essential change of system, but only made a prudent and remunerative change of face. We have 'instruments' as formerly in place of tools, fingers instead of hands, and 'examples' to serve for brains, just as in the Italian of classic work. We are only moving with the times, and as
customers

customers increase in numbers, and correspondingly decrease in average wealth, 'Gothic,' which may be made both cheap and pretty where required, brings more and easier business to the trade. We have, as in the classic revival, compilers instead of artists, and machines instead of workmen, and, worst of all, a public that, constantly advancing in numbers, influence, and architectural ambition, is unable to distinguish good building work and true imaginative art from mechanical copying, scholastic imitation, whimsical conceit, and vulgar pretence.

The new Gothic fashion soon became popular. Firms of competition speculators flooded the market with their illusory but attractive wares. The business had its risks, and for a time expenditure might bring but little prompt return. But names became known, and the constant use of pretty details insured extended popularity. And thus, instead of the quiet local development of the true practice of Gothic work, a fashionable imposture spread throughout the land. 'Art manufacture,' a falsehood in its very name, was duly established, and fittings and furniture, carving and stained glass, embroidery, painting, metal work and encaustic tiles, all were designed by architects or 'drawing-clerks,' and turned out wholesale, at trade prices, by the manufacturing firms. The workman is nowhere seen. He is not even heard of. He is at the 'factory' when the bell rings, and he files and polishes the bit of work that he is set to do. But thought, fancy, and volition all are wanting. The man is but a slave, an imperfect machine, whom we may hope one day to supplant by some new patented contrivance, that will have no brains, and consequently be safe from all mistakes, and automatically true. The workman, who is the very spring and source of art, sinks to a mere tool, and instead of thousands of real artists, handicraftsmen, whose mental energies and poetic fancy would by this time have gone far to elevate and refine the whole community of our working class, we have as the total result of thirty years of painful and expensive building, our parish churches and cathedrals, college chapels and town-halls, country mansions and public buildings, laden and encumbered with a profusion of art-manufactured gewgaws, which are thoroughly debasing both to the buildings and the workmen, but bring enormous profit to the manufacturing firms, give fame and fortune to the successful architect, and enable him to pander with a facility that has never before been equalled, to the childish sensuality of the public, the professional vanity of the clergy, and the vulgar luxury of the rich.

We have not far to go for an example of the spirit and method that we have endeavoured to describe. That St. Stephen's Chapel

Chapel was sacrificed in order that the Lord Chancellor and Mr. Speaker might sit face to face, at the distance of a furlong more or less, is an old grievance. There was no necessity for this mutual gaze, nor for the arrangement that provided for it, but it was just one of those simple, and yet adroit and claptrap artifices, by which a clever architect will astonish and charm a wondering Committee, and secure the approval of a discriminating public. Beneath the chapel was a crypt of unexampled beauty, and this was not destroyed. It was a quiet, retired, unobtrusive place, and there was hope that by a fortunate neglect it might escape uninjured until this Gothic reign of terror had somewhat passed away. Parliament, however, was instructed that it ought to 'have a taste,' and that this could well be shown by lavish votes of money to be spent in bedizening the 'vault.' So this inestimable relic has now been 'restored' and painted, polished and gilded, glazed, burnished and tiled, and furnished with a toy table and some correctly fashionable chairs, so that the memory of the place is entirely gone, and it might pass for an expensive camera obscura, or a mere show place for the vile rubbish of the decorator's trade: This too is popular, and has the zealous patronage of the sanctimonious connoisseurship of the House of Commons, and the stupid admiration of the meekly gaping crowd.

The neighbouring Chapter House has partly been restored, and so far as the work has gone there is little cause for complaint, and happily much to approve. The upper details of the work, indeed, are lamentably feeble, and for the central cross we have a small edition of our uncouth acquaintance on the summit of the Hyde Park trophy; but these are minor failings, and if the restoration is now promptly arrested, and the masonry is saved from the defilement of the decorative 'artists,' there will be a certain satisfaction gained by the completion of the structure. But let Salisbury be a warning, not an example. The reredos at Ely, and the screens at Lichfield and Hereford, are sufficient monumental records of the audacity of an architect and of the simplicity of his employers. The Munich glass at Glasgow Cathedral shows how easily people are led to waste their substance on a vain show; and all these tend to make the prospect of further outlay on the Chapter House a matter of anxiety rather than of hope.

At the other end of the Abbey is a specimen of the domestic architecture of the revival. The front is a crowded and unnecessary medley of breaks and buttresses, bay windows and stone gables; and in the centre is a weak imitation of an abbey gateway, with two incongruous and false projecting turrets. We
enter

enter beneath the arch, and find that the whole affair is a mere frontispiece, of the speculating builder stamp, and that on the front towards the quadrangle, and therefore the more important, if abbey gateways are to guide an opinion, the houses are mere bald brickwork which, had the frontages been reversed, would have been a very suitable extension of the picturesque effect of Victoria Street adjoining. The obscure mediæval workman would not have been nearly so clever as this. It would not have occurred to him to design an elaborate imposture, to make a brave show in front of all the stock properties of the draughtsman's trade, and leave the back all beggarly and bare. There would have been some decent reticence, if only in recognition of the adjoining venerable pile. The Jerusalem Chamber is a pattern of modesty in building, and though forward in position, it is humble in character, and really adds greatly to the apparent height, and to the picturesque effect of the Minster towers. In the new buildings all this is totally reversed, and the contrasted qualities of 'dignity and impudence' are again illustrated by new examples, and on an unusual and inverted scale.

The choir of Chichester Cathedral also is restored, and additions have been made to the oaken stalls and canopies. The old wood-work is not in the best style, but it is simple, and is not inconsistent with the plain Norman piers. The new work is after quite another manner, and everything that the bow-pencil could do for the money has been attempted. The paved floor for such a building should be plain, and perhaps a little rude; but here we have an excessively costly polished particoloured marble work, that makes the old piers and mouldings look coarse by contrast, and itself gives the idea of plate-glass with a pattern, under it, a sort of horizontal *potichomanie*. The metal furniture is said to be supplied by 'the Skidmore Company.' How long would it have taken Quentin Matsys to comprehend such a statement as this, and would he not have been led to inquire whether we could get our pictures 'manufactured' also in this way? Here again is a reredos, a big arch and gable intercepting the view of the eastern triforium and the Lady Chapel arch, and by their size and that of the carved figures, greatly reducing the apparent scale of the Cathedral interior. The work is a finely polished, sharply cut, and altogether well-executed piece of mere trade rubbish. It is said to have cost two thousand pounds, and if the subscribers would kindly remove it, the Chapter might congratulate themselves on an architectural benefit worth quite double the amount to the effect of their church. If a bit of carving is required, there are in the south aisle wall two of the very finest works of their period that might well be

be promoted to the place of honour in the choir, instead of this lumbering piece of furniture statuary. Flaxman's figure of resignation in fortunate proximity might help a visitor to endure patiently this wanton mischief; but restoration is again offensive, and the most charming memorial carving in the country is to be entirely obscured by some stained glass windows that are not worth a glance or a thought of admiration. And this, that we have described, is a favourable specimen of our Cathedral restoration.

The buildings we have quoted are public property (or ecclesiastical), and are therefore under very superior control. As we go further from the centre of the government in Church and State, we may perhaps fare worse. The architectural gibberish of St. James's Club is cognate with similar discordant and incoherent utterances at Manchester and 'Balliol.' Then there is the whimsical variety at the Gaiety Theatre in the Strand, and at Merton and Keble colleges, and the pretty, childish, half exotic work at the new Museum buildings at Oxford, all which show how desperate are the designers' fears lest they should not be personally recognised and professionally distinguishable: the architect being, in fact, the 'chief end' of the building. In churches we have endless variety of affectation and conceit, from the ritual and grim, and the high and 'correct,' to the Evangelical and dull. And the influence of the architectural Gothic Renaissance is ultimately frittered away in the elaborate show and despicable meanness of the Dissenting chapel, and the staring vulgarity of the Marine Hotel.

The reason of all this aberration and decline is easily explained. The work of design, as it is called, being in comparatively few hands, there is a great loss of artistic power which would be saved and employed were each building designed by its working men. Builders are of the nature of poets: they are born, not made; and it is therefore true policy to secure and utilize as large a number of artistic poetic minds as it is possible to employ. To ignore these, and to concentrate the work in the hands of a comparatively few, is an abandoned folly, manifest on its mere statement. It prevents the spread of intelligence and cultivation among the working builders, and from them among the masses of the people. It breeds a class of gamblers in competitions, draughtsmen and surveyors, whose productions are a curse to the nation, and in various degrees of vileness a travesty of art.

We have been endeavouring, in fact, to plant the pyramid on its apex, and, having failed so completely, might we not set to work to build it from its base? For three hundred years we have been trying to build from above downwards. The connoisseurs

noisseurs have pretended to teach the public how to build, and the public fail to learn. Can we not ask the working man to show us what to do? We have spent hundreds of millions sterling with manifestly good intention, and we have succeeded—to the extent of the Law Courts' competition, and Mr. Street's design. Would it not be well to consider whether the profession is worth all this sacrifice, and to endeavour to learn how our forefathers managed? The difference is extreme. We build no decent buildings; they built no bad ones.

Their method is well known: it is very ancient, and of most honourable usage. Tubal Cain, to begin with, 'was an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron.' How he could get on without drawing at South Kensington it is hard to conceive. Still here is nothing about drawings, but only about 'artificers,' and these were 'instructed'; they had not risen to the level of machines. But in Egypt we do get some notion of the primitive 'surveyor.' 'Therefore they did set over them *taskmasters* to afflict them with their burdens, . . . and they made their lives bitter with hard bondage, in mortar, and in brick.' So there is nothing new under the sun. Let us hope then that some providence may arise to rescue our people from their 'hard bondage, in mortar and in brick,' and from the 'taskmasters' that do so grievously 'afflict them.'

Then about a hundred and fifty years later we read of 'Bezaleel, the son of Uri, of the tribe of Judah,' that he was 'filled with the spirit of God . . . to *devise* curious works to *work* in gold, and in silver, and in brass, and in the cutting of stones, to set them, and in carving of wood, to make any manner of cunning work.' Precisely so; and thus it was with our own forefathers. If they had not 'the spirit of God to *devise* curious work, and to *work*,' wherever was such a spirit shown? 'And He hath put in his heart that he may teach, both he and Aholiab.' 'Them hath He filled with wisdom of heart, to work all manner of work, of the engraver, and of the cunning workman, and of the embroiderer, . . . and of the weaver, even of them that *do* any work, and of those that *devise* cunning work. Then *wrought* Bezaleel and Aholiab.' So did our forefathers. But will any one say that either our architects or our mechanics are 'wise hearted men to *devise* and to *make* any manner of cunning work'?

Again, 'King Solomon sent and fetched Hiram out of Tyre'—Solomon did not, it appears, send to Hiram for designs for choice, or proclaim a competition with leave for Hiram to take his chance with the rest—'And he was filled with wisdom and understanding, and cunning to work all works in brass;'—and from the long list of his works, his 'wisdom and understanding'

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were considerable—‘and skilful to work in gold and in silver, in brass, in iron, in stone, and in timber, in purple, in blue, and in fine linen, and in crimson, and to grave any manner of graving, and to find out any device which shall be put to him.’ Hiram had evidently not wasted his time on ‘orders’ or ‘examples.’ He was skilful to ‘find out,’ not to copy. But how he could get on without an eminent ecclesiastical architect and proper detailed working drawings is a wonder, doubtless, to the ‘profession.’

We can proceed again, and some four hundred years later the method seems to be unchanged. ‘And they put the money in the hand of the *workmen* that had the oversight of the house of the Lord, and they gave it to the *workmen that wrought*, even to the artificers and builders they gave it.’ ‘And the king and Jehoiada gave it to such as did the work of the service of the house of the Lord, and *hired masons and carpenters* to repair the house of the Lord, and also such as wrought iron and brass to mend the house of the Lord.’ ‘And they gave the money, being told, *into the hands of them that did the work*. Moreover, they reckoned not with the men into whose hand they delivered the money to be bestowed on the workmen, for they dealt faithfully.’ And these men were Jews, and not Christians at all, ‘that did the work,’ and ‘dealt faithfully.’ Really as one reads on there is a giddy sense of complete inversion. A metropolitan ecclesiastical building, built and repaired without an architect; no hint of such an intermediate Providence! but ‘workmen’ that had the oversight; and no reckoning, ‘for they dealt faithfully.’ Could anything be a greater contrast to our actual system? We have had a dozen architects, and have to admire the Law Courts’ design: Solomon had a clever workman, and he built the Temple. We have very tight contracts, and sufficiently sharp practice, occasionally, about ‘extras’ and omissions, and we are ‘Christians’ of the nineteenth century of *grace*. The Jews twenty-five centuries ago, that had ‘the law,’ were implicitly trusted, ‘for they dealt faithfully.’ Surely *we* ourselves are not so far inferior as this. It must be our *method* that is wrong.

But let us make another imaginary step through eighteen centuries of time, and to the other end of the Mediterranean, and refer our readers to the twenty-first chapter of Mr. Street’s most interesting and accurate ‘Account of Gothic Architecture in Spain,’—a work that does him more credit than any or all of his buildings or ‘designs’; and there we have a full revelation of the practice that achieved the noble works which Mr. Street has illustrated for us with his ready pencil and discriminating pen.

pen. Nothing can be clearer than the rule (with possibly, but not certainly, one exception), that the architect, as nowadays he would be called, was actually the builder; and we know that the builder, or master of the works, was in fact, like Hiram or Aholiab, a working man. There is some symptom of an occasional change of builder, and it appears probable that different men were employed, according to their several ability, at different parts or stages of the building. One man might be entrusted with the main walls, and another might undertake a noble entrance porch, or an elaborate storey of tabernacle work; and this surmise appears to be somewhat justified by the sharpness of the junctions, and the abruptness of the changes in the style of work.

It is quite clear, then, that the builder was a handicraftsman, not a maker of drawings; that he devoted his attention to one work; that he lived at it, and in many cases spent the best part of his life upon it. And in remarkable contrast to the mode of his modern successors, his work was always honourable, and his name was little known, and never advertised or trumpeted abroad. *He* did 'not go up and down; and all his desire was in the work of his craft.' There is in him nothing in the least like our professional class of picture-making, competing, commission-hunting, self-asserting, pamphlet-writing modern architects; of whom truly we could not continue the quotation. 'All these trust to their hands: and every one is wise in his work;' and 'without these cannot a city be inhabited.'

The evidence, direct and inferential, might be accumulated overwhelmingly. Fabric-rolls, history, tradition, muniments and records, and even the building art itself give evidence. In more than one Continental cathedral the effigy of the architect is seen, and nearly always in his working dress; and those conversant with ancient work, not as mere sketchers, but using practised and discerning eyes, will be able to decide almost as easily as if they saw the work in progress, whether it is the labour of a copyist or the expression of an original mind. When all our workmen are again restored to intelligence and thought, and are relieved from the bondage that professionalism inflicts upon them, we may reasonably expect and hope that they will again be filled with the 'spirit of God' to devise curious works, and that these works being well understood and intelligently appreciated by their neighbours and associates, the noble art of building will gradually be recovered, and its gentle, beneficent, and persuasive influence will quickly spread, until all the handicraftsmen of the land 'deal faithfully,' and become 'wise hearted to devise and to make any manner of cunning work.'

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But architects are not the only plague that desolates our buildings; the lawyers also have smitten them with a paralysing stroke. The visitor to London will remember that in several parts of the town there are groups of streets most regularly planned, and lined with houses very similar to one another in their feeble architectural outlines. They are the estates of noblemen and others, which have been covered with houses under agreements for building leases, generally for a ninety-nine years' term. These are the more obvious instances of the practice; but throughout London and its suburbs not one house in a hundred is absolutely freehold. The average term of the leases also is so reduced by lapse of time and by short renewals, that the houses in London will, on an average, be all lost to their present owners within forty years. When this system began is not very accurately known, but the nomenclature of the streets and the style of building shows that it was considerably developed during the last century; and such has been its recent increase, that the buildings of one year would occupy an extent of frontage of something more than fifty miles. This sounds like a careful provision for the increasing population—a business-like anticipation of a public want. Nothing can be further from the fact. The error is one of common sense; but we are far too clever for any such simplicity of method. The houses are built, not primarily as a comfort for the occupant, but as a security for the freeholder. The expression that 'London is a province covered with houses,' has an esoteric significance that the inventor of the phrase was not aware of. London houses and the people of London are merely in accidental contact; there is no community of interests and mutual beneficence between them.

There is nothing that a Londoner will so strenuously condemn as his abode; and this is but an excusable result of all the troubles and inconveniences that his house inflicts upon him. The house in question is generally a wooden booth, covered at the top with slates, enclosed around with a thin film of brickwork, and daubed about with plaster. It can hardly, in fact, be called a building, and for its size it has far less strength and stability than the furniture it holds. The occupant knows nothing about his house; he is in it to-day, but in a twelvemonth he may have forgotten it in the anguish of another equally afflicting domicile. Of the most simple arrangements and details of the building he is utterly ignorant, and is childishly helpless if anything goes wrong. All that is necessary for the health and cleanliness of the inmates, and the preservation and security of the house, is a deep and hidden inexplicable mystery, that tends to derange the stomach and irritate the brain. There is the constant appalling fear of
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the unknown, worse than a skeleton, in every house. And all this torment, ignorance, discomfort, and bitterness of life, with very much besides, as we shall show, is due to the pernicious influence of leasehold tenure. This is a lamentable statement, and yet there still is hope; but we must look for it, as usual, 'at the bottom.' The working man must be invoked to raise us all; but he himself must have sufficient motive. Moses was well conversant with human nature, and first in his detail of prohibited desires was, not the wife, but 'thy neighbour's house.' And yet we systematically ignore the healthy, social and domestic instinct that urges every man to absolute possession of his home. A more demoralizing custom never has obtained than this of urban leaseholds. The working man, for whom so much is being provided, is practically forbidden to provide for himself, and is totally debarred from practising his handicraftsman's skill in the desirable construction and homeish arrangements of his own abode.

This leasehold tenure, with its gambling speculation, extensive and often fraudulent building agreements—its heavy law costs, complicated mortgages, releases, re-mortgages, and second charges—its doubtful titles and dreary waste of title-deeds—the risks of forfeiture, and the shortening term—forbids prudent men of business to erect substantial, well built houses. Small plots of freehold land, except on the estates of building societies, are seldom in the market, and these estates almost invariably become traps for the inexperienced, and opportunities for the scamp; and, while this system lasts, they will, by the mere force of custom, fall very much into the hands of speculative builders. There can consequently be no hope for the workman or his employers, that they will be well and comfortably housed, until this insecurity of tenure is entirely removed. Nothing would tend so much to improve the dwellings, not merely of the poor, but of the whole community. The architectural, social, commercial, and political effect, would be immense. Workmen would build for themselves, and interchangeably for one another; and those who are not workmen, seeing the superiority of the work done by the bricklayer or mason, smith or wright, for himself or for his fellow-workmen, over the ordinary task or day work of the drudging mechanic, would dispense with architects, surveyors, and builders, and all the class of middlemen, and would see their houses built by the working men, who, being constantly on the spot, are always interested and well-informed, and with whom they can freely and directly confer. Art and its employer would go hand in hand, equal, mutually respectful, and confiding, and give no place or opportunity for unions or strikes, or international societies. The great class of
working

working men would be freeholders, having an interest in the capital and the soil, as well as in the labour of the country. Nothing has so much tended to demoralize our urban population as their severance from all local and 'territorial' interest in the towns in which they dwell. This is the real cause of low radicalism, parochial scandals, poor-law mismanagement, and all the dirt and dilapidation of the dwellings of the poor. The working men have no local interest, and therefore seek no status in society, lose all seriousness and self-respect, and become dirty, dissolute, and improvident. This, we venture to say, is a well-established fact. There is in the younger men a very general desire to better their condition—not to abandon it, but to improve their domestic circumstances as working men. The pride, that would be a useful influence in maintaining and multiplying the decencies and comforts of a well-built freehold house, is now wasted on the cumbersome profusion of bad furniture and trashy vanities, that go to form that dreadful institution, the 'best front parlour.'

The greater part of the house property of London and our large towns belongs to no one in particular; there is great division of property, but in the worst possible way, horizontally, we may say, instead of vertically. First, there is the freeholder, who has a ground rent; then, secondly, a leaseholder, with an improved ground rent; and third, the nominal proprietor, with the rack-rent; fourth, the first mortgagee; and probably, fifth, the second mortgagee; and sixth, the tenant, or leaseholder, with, perhaps, a sub-tenant, yearly, and probably some lodgers by the week or month. Besides these 'interests' there are the lawyers, with their bills of costs, collecting agents, repairing builders, water rates, and insurance charges. This, or something like this, may be taken as the probable condition of three-quarters of the house property of London. The whole metropolis is, in fact, under a curse of law. Law has in our great towns destroyed domestic building as an art. Its decadence can be historically traced in proportion to the extension of leasehold tenure. This tenure breeds the class of 'surveyors,' who gradually engross all power, and simultaneously abandon all care, except for the freeholder. These men are, in fact, the spurious successors of the old builders, the ruck of the profession, a mass of struggling impotence, to whom we owe all the mean travesties of Grecian, Gothic, and Venetian 'styles,' that speculating builders use to decorate their ill-conditioned works and satisfy the public taste for ornament and 'art'; and their miserable elevations that we see on every side are a fair illustration of our national 'artistic' condition. Their patrons are the lawyers, the solicitors of the 'estates,' who are, indeed, the chief contrivers

and manipulators of this demoralizing system; and if now their courts of justice find it difficult to get well housed, there seems to be a very satisfactory and fitting retribution.

It is a remarkable instance of the 'Chinese' endurance of Englishmen, that the people of London have not unanimously struck against this system. They have so small an interest in the houses, that they might, with proper independence and moderation, urge the cessation, by legislative means if necessary, of a custom which is in every way so injurious to all, and particularly to those classes that are now the objects of chief national and social care. A great deal that is very severe is said about the working classes; but those who know them in their homes can testify that their chronic ill-condition is very greatly due to the pernicious customs, the injudicious greed, and the bad or defective legislation of their superiors. Peabody Buildings, and others of the kind, are useful, and, in part, exemplary; but the good that they can do is hardly visible in presence of the enormous evil that remains. The real duty of the upper classes is, not to provide the dwellings of the poor, but to remove every hindrance to their making proper houses for themselves. Of these the greatest evidently are—our almost universal leasehold tenure; complexity of title; and litigious transfers; and while these hopeless obstacles exist, the power of immediate self-interest—the only power that naturally seeks the universal national improvement of the dwellings of the poor—can have no exercise. Legislation, even, can do little positively good, but its chief duty is to prevent such evils. The working man, if he rises in self-respect, and fortunately should free himself from one profession, is yet, in all that affects his home, bound and oppressed by these legal fetters, and Parliament alone can utter the command to loose him and let him go. The workman, then, instead of being, like Issachar, 'a strong ass couching down between two burdens,' would be relieved of the double incubus of architects and law, and begin to have his own again. His social status will be restored, his mental energy developed, his self-respect enhanced, and his manners softened. Nothing can be imagined more gratifying in our social progress than such an elevation of the men whose works continually affect our daily life. There will then be no need of the 'profession,' and architects will subside into their proper places as book-makers, artists, business men, students of symbolism and archæology, and, in fact, pupils and illustrators of those very workmen whom they now profess to direct and to control; and it will be again recognised that the glory of a nation is in its men, and not, as lately we have been taught to believe, in its machines.

Leaseholds,

Leaseholds, then, like copyholds, should, in urban districts, be enfranchised, and the freeholder compelled to receive the value of the existing leases. The political effect, as well as the social and material, would be most beneficial. No political or social influence attaches to the possession of urban ground rents. There is no representative of metropolitan real property. Not a single metropolitan borough is clearly influenced by the opinions of its freeholders. Captain Grosvenor's very insecure seat was gained by social, rather than territorial, influences. Nothing more conservative could be proposed than the constituting a great national class of urban freeholders. The thing might easily be tried without any interference with private interests. A dozen or two of civic, ecclesiastical, or charitable corporations hold a large proportion of the London freehold land and ground rents. Such property requires management and care, and must divert the attention of these trustees from their own special duties. Were each ground-rent separately sold, with preference to the leaseholder, and the proceeds invested in Government securities, the corporate incomes would be increased, the care and expense of management would be saved, and the enfranchisement of so many leaseholds would be an incalculable blessing to the metropolitan community. Charitable corporations are at present legally forbidden to buy up and so enfranchise even the leaseholds on their own estates—an evidence of the muddle into which house property has fallen. The tenure being purged, the titles should be certified and registered, so that a transfer might be prompt and cheap. Such measures would greatly enhance the value of all urban property, and house-building would partake in the general improvement. It may be objected that London freeholds are still in the market. We are not discussing accidents, but an almost universal rule, which causes needless injury to fixed and lifelong residents, and to the poor enormous suffering, from which, unlike those who thus afflict them, they never find it possible to escape. We have here a pernicious, demoralizing, expensive, and very foolish custom, which benefits none, and is a bad example for smaller towns. Its abolition would be a real conservative reform, and it ought at once to be undertaken.

We might then begin to learn some valuable lessons from the working-man. He would practically teach us that before hoping to build grandly we must learn to build simply and modestly, and that before setting to work on Temples of Themis and Palaces of Justice, we had better see that the national ability and discernment is up to the level of a cottage or a barn. We should learn that architecture is not to be a luxury, but a constant common daily work ; that all houses should be architectural, and that the

architecture of London should not be sought in a few results of competition designs that one may take a cab to see, but that every street and house should be as worthy and as expressive as a temple or a palace: that, because a building is 'public,' there is no reason why it should be prominent, nor that it should be showy because it happens to be big: that a nobleman's mansion, the abode of luxury, refinement, and hereditary rank, should be distinguished by architectural grace far more than the chief office for the settlement or aggravation of the vain disputes that sordid rivalry continually breeds: and that courts of law should be quiet and unobtrusive buildings, in the use of which publicity is perhaps necessary, but to those most interested, grievously undesirable. Nothing could be more painful to a quondam, actual, or possible 'client,' than a noticeable building for these courts of law. Our judges, in their way, are men of taste; and if those who build the courts would make the simple reticent and serious judgments from the bench their models and exemplars, they would achieve all that is possible for justice to demand. But here is the contrast: the judges are content to speak in the vernacular; the architects are working in a dead language. We must relearn our national speech; every child should understand the house in which he dwells as clearly as the book he reads. We should have a building language of our own, by which we may have natural and easy expression of our ideas. No other way is possible. The hand, like the tongue, can be eloquent only in its own idiom.

But, it may be said, are we to go back to the fourteenth century, and ignore all the advancement that mankind has made for the last five hundred years? Nothing of the kind. We would interfere with no advancement; but we surely have advanced enough in luxury of building since the choir of Westminster was planned, and certainly in building art we have gone retrograding quite as far. We may trace the artistic history of the nation back for, if possible, a thousand years, and we shall not find such a pair of public buildings as has just been planted on the Burlington estate. No! what we have now to do is to press forward to the fourteenth century and endeavour to recover all the simple, noble, labour-loving spirit of our great ancestors, and when we have done this we may then again begin to talk about 'advancement.'

Thus art would be planted securely and intelligently in popular practice and experience, and it may be expected to grow and fructify as it has in bygone ages. How different has been its condition under the learned culture of the Connoisseurs! For the last three hundred years these leaders of opinion have
'directed'

'directed' the public taste. They began with the extinction of the pointed style, and have brought us literally 'down to' the new buildings at the Kensington Museum, where we may note one or two illustrations of our subject. In the entrance-lobby is a cast of Master Mathew's marvellous doorway at Compostella, one of the noblest specimens extant of the workman's art, and worth a pilgrimage to Spain to see. But, looking onwards through the window and across the small courtyard, the eye is pained, and every artistic sense disgusted by the glaring unrelieved red colour, uncouth outline, mechanical details, absurd decoration, and altogether strongly expressed ugliness of the new museum buildings; the nursery, home, and illustration, of what is called 'art manufacture.' It is, in fact, neither 'art' nor in any sense true handicraftsman's work, but mere machine and copy work; heartless, senseless, and absurd; false in principle, and paralysing eventually to the artistic skill of any workman who practises it. The decorations on the columns are only expensive; they have neither ideal beauty nor practical fitness. Were one placed like the central pier of a chapter-house, there might be some excuse for the design. The Trajan column, and the 'apprentice pier,' also, have some similar justification. But these foolish things, placed so high that enrichment cannot be seen from a distance, and on the edge of a platform, so that they can only be seen on one side, the enrichment being continuous and varied round the column, are to be taken not merely as a specimen of 'art manufacture,' but of the imbecility to which such practice inevitably leads.

In the chief hall of the Museum are some large wrought-iron gates that have been removed from Hampton Court, with a very proper sense of their value, and of the impossibility of making good the loss should they unhappily be damaged or destroyed. They are not exquisite, but very bold, manly, and effective works; made, and certainly designed, by a thorough workman; and are as good and gratifying a specimen of out-of-door hand-wrought iron-work as can easily be met with. Close by is a gate from Berlin—carefully designed, evidently by a draughtsman or architect, and the drawing then handed over to a manufacturing metal-worker to get it carried out. Nothing can possibly be baser than this work, which is thought worthy of a distinguished place in the Kensington Museum. The cost must have been very great, and the whole is wrought with perfect care and nicety. The labour was probably far greater here than on the older gates; but in all the genius of handicraft, it is the brain of a caterpillar against the intellect of a man, mechanical tool-work;

tool-work; dead as a doornail or a screw, a piece of stupid luxury of expense; in fact, 'art manufacture.'

Ap[ro]pos of Berlin, we note the recent advertisement of a 'Gothic' competition there. Who the competitors may be, we cannot know; but the deciding judges will probably be Germans or Prussians, and thus accomplished men. This being so, the prospect is forlorn and dreary. The Germans are a scholarly, and not at all an artistic people. Their position in the world of art is essentially that of critics, index-makers, and historians. They 'compose' architecture with great care and refinement. They have a very few works worth looking at, and these not as works of real art, but as exercises of a cultured imitative skill. The Gothic work throughout the country is so well meant, and yet so comically bad, that it becomes difficult to speak of it with properly adjusted thought; and so we simply refer our readers to their memories of the new churches at Wiesbaden, the Town Hall at Berlin, and the Museum at Cologne. Here, at Cologne again, we have the object of a nearly universal admiration. The Minster is a favourable and emphatic specimen of the highest style of professional work. The original design, made at a time when art became stagnant, and composers had begun to take the lead, has been discovered, and for the most part faithfully followed; and shortly we may see completed here the biggest, tallest, most elaborate and uninteresting Gothic cathedral in the world—the very climax of scholastic work. And now for its results and fruit in practical art training. A small thing will be sufficient by way of passing illustration. At the east end of the church the architect had to make a small retaining wall. There is no need to describe it, and we only refer our travelling readers to it, as another evidence of the feebleness of mind, and want of independent, manly skill that the copying profession most engenders. At Brussels the front steps and balustrade are a companion failure. St. Stephen's at Vienna, and not the Minster at Cologne, is still the noblest church in Germany; and this, with the Duomo at Padua, and St. Peter's Abbey Church at Westminster, form the trio of the chiefest gems of mediæval art, in which the greatest effect of building and beauty of detail are attained with moderate dimensions and expense. The interior of St. Stephen's nave is absolute perfection as a work of art and as a parish church, and its great pyramid of roof looks nobly monumental; while all the recollection of Cologne is spikes, and fritter, 'carried out' in pinnacles and flying buttresses, the biggest birdcage in the universe. The two churches are well worth a contrasting visit; they

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show so largely and distinctly what is real art and what mere imitative work.

Let us now take leave of the professions, and see what the connoisseurs have done for our buildings. Some thirty years ago Trafalgar Square became the field for amateur *dilettante* diversions. The National Gallery had been declared a failure, though it would be difficult to find any work of this century that shows more refinement of feeling. The two four-column porticos are gems in their way. Still it may be conceded that the unfortunate conditions imposed on the architect had compelled an unsatisfactory result. A committee was then appointed to decide upon the arrangements of the Square, and the Gallery being low in elevation, it was sagaciously determined to deprive it of the rising ground above which it was fortunately placed, to sink a large pit, build a high retaining wall, with a balustrade above, and thus considerably reduce the apparent height of the façade. At each end of the balustrade an enormous block of masonry completely dwarfs the building, and on one of them is a colossal statue of a man and horse, that in a general view reaches to the cornice of the Gallery. Two large water-pans were placed in the pit, and lest the water should be too plainly seen, these pans were kept a foot or two above the level of the ground. To continue the gradation of increasing scale, the lamps have been considerably made fit for a lighthouse and their pedestals big enough for a statue. Then came the Nelson Column, with gigantic steps, and the big bas-reliefs in turn made these look dwarfish; and then the lions minimized the whole. This is the result of years of consideration by the combined talent and connoisseurship of the nation. It would probably be impossible to find on the face of the globe such a combination of ignorance, inexperience, absurdity, and bad taste.*

The late Sir Robert Peel was a known patron of the arts, and a reputed connoisseur. We were assured by him that the new front of the British Museum was to be 'a masterpiece,' and we have an unconnected number of huge useless columns, a mere dull stoneyard. Were the front court enclosed with a comparatively

* May we venture to suggest that the 'pit' of the square should be raised, with a slope to the upper edge of the water-pans; that the balustrade, pedestals and colossal statue, and lamp-posts should be cleared away; that a bank of grass and flowering shrubs should be formed on the north side of the square, and that the square itself should be planted with good forest trees. If the great fountains were removed, and a raised garden made in the centre of each basin, four small surrounding fountains would be far more pleasingly effective, with the verdant background, than the big jets can be with background of mean dingy buildings or of dirty sky. The great steps of the column also might be banked with grass or clothed with evergreens.

plain stone wall and useful entrances and corridors, these cumbrous columns might be utilized within a spacious hall in area equal to the central dome, with all its adjuncts and annexes. This would be a valuable gain of greatly needed space, a saving of a hundred thousand pounds or more would be secured, all the now hidden marbles would have ample room, and the building would be visible above the gilded iron screen.

We have endeavoured to describe the forlorn condition in which we are left in all that concerns our public as well as private building-works. We have neither artists to build, nor critics to discuss, nor a public worthy to approve of any work. A second competition for these Courts of Law would be but added folly, and a grievous waste of time and loss of temper. If Mr. Lowe and Mr. Ayrton would not be above some little study of the art of building, and, with memory of the errors we have shown, would bring their minds to the consideration of the details of the Law Courts' design, they might be able to help Mr. Street to such a new arrangement of his elevations as will satisfy the uninstructed but perhaps not altogether undiscerning public mind, and might start us once again in the genuine practice of builders' work. But for this end it should be absolutely settled that, whoever has the conduct of the work, should be the master workman, devoting his time entirely and exclusively to this one work, not a professional gentleman of large practice, just the worst person to be entrusted with a building. By all means let Mr. Street be employed, if he will comply with this condition. Let us in any case get rid of manufacturers of designs and competition speculators, with all their nonsense about marks and professional etiquette, and their following of drawing-clerks and decorators, whose petty conceits and impertinent meddling have defaced and degraded nearly every building, ancient or modern, in the land.

We say nothing about salary; let that be all that is necessary, or more. But at whatever cost may be the substitute, if we are to have any more professionalism in our public buildings we richly deserve it.

We have referred to the class of drawing-clerks without a compliment, but not without feelings of compassionate solicitude. These gentlemen, who are the architectural expectation, not to say hope, of the next generation, are in a desperately false position; they are, in fact, the real architects of the present. That the more fashionable members of the profession can properly consider, devise, and superintend the widely-scattered works on which they are engaged, is a perfectly inadmissible idea, and clearly demonstrates how really worthless the profession is. By far the greater portion of the work is designed as well as drawn by these clerks.

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clerks. It has been said that an eminent architect allows no drawing to leave his office without his inspection first received ; but this places him just on a level with a reader for the press. He is not a poet or creator, but a mere checktaker or turnpike-man. The rôles are, in fact, exchanged. The clerk is the architect, and the architect is the 'clerk of the cheque.' Nothing, then, could be of more advantage to the great body of architectural assistants than a complete change in the method of our building work. Instead of spending their lives in miserable drudgery and vain expectations, with minds enervated by dull routine, alternating with the excitement of the paltry jealousies of a precarious and speculative profession, they might themselves become the true successors of the ancient builders, and passing from a chronic state of anxiety, and disappointment, and despair, attain to a life of real work, true, grateful, ennobling, and refined.

ART. II.—*Thomas Carlyle's Collected Works.* London, 1869-71. 33 vols. 8vo.

THE completion of this new edition of Mr. Carlyle's collected Works affords us a favourable opportunity for endeavouring to form some estimate of the literary character of a man who has, perhaps, produced a greater impression upon his generation than any other living writer.

It is unquestionable that the greatness of a man is measured, partly by the range of his knowledge of truth, and partly by the resoluteness of his action on the truth which he knows. But there is no Englishman of the present day whose power appears, at first sight, so remote from those two sources of power as Mr. Carlyle. How, on the one hand, can vigorous practical action be attributed to a man whose life has been spent in writing, and in a kind of writing peculiarly devoid of that speciality and definite purpose which action demands? On the other hand, what system of theoretical knowledge can, even by an admirer, be attributed to Mr. Carlyle as its founder? What single point of scientific or historical fact has been originally discovered by him? What germinating principle has he hit upon that can colligate and embrace our isolated experiences in a grasp of such tenaciousness that succeeding inquirers may safely employ it in help of their own researches? Granted that he has popularized, made intelligible and picturesque, certain portions of history : it need not be said that Mr. Carlyle's fame and influence has greatly transcended that which any mere popularizer could obtain.

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There are, accordingly, those at the present day who hold that Mr. Carlyle's influence has rested on illegitimate grounds; that it has been a deceitful phantasm, a will-o'-the-wisp, luring unstable minds into marshy and unprofitable places. A brilliant writer, a writer of genius, these are words which all will apply to Mr. Carlyle, for these are mere fine words, and do not guarantee any definite opinion on the part of those who utter them; but whether he writes that which is true, solid, and needful to be known, this is not on all sides accorded without dispute. This, then, is the point to which we must address ourselves. Can we, in Mr. Carlyle's works, lay bare any solid core, any framework of reality which remains when all the external appendages have been stripped off, and when it is set before the pure undazzled understanding to approve or reject? We hold that there is such; nor do we exclude even his later writings from this opinion, though assuredly it is no *siccum lumen* which streams from the pages of the 'Latter-day Pamphlets' and 'Shooting Niagara.'

First, what is it that Mr. Carlyle has attempted to do? What is it that we have a right to expect from him? He is, above all things, a teacher, a moral and political teacher. He is, indeed, a historian as well; and one of his most remarkable qualities, his power of picturesque narrative, belongs to him solely as a historian. But still it is in the other aspect that he comes forward most prominently.

Now the moral teacher is in a peculiar position. He stands almost precisely in the middle place between the man of action and the man of theory. No man, indeed, is entirely theoretical, no man entirely practical. Even the chemist and the astronomer, though their main office is theoretical, namely, a declaration of facts, yet by preference choose those facts out of their respective sciences which are most subservient to future utility, to future action. They have an eye for the practical, and therefore the title of practical men cannot be altogether refused to them. Again, the historian, though his main business is to narrate, is not indiscriminate in his selection of events and periods, but narrates those which seem to him most to touch on the needs of the day; so that he also has a partly practical aim. On the other hand, the statesman and mechanical engineer are chiefly practical, but they cannot help having a theoretical bias as well; if they do not accumulate knowledge, and a great deal of knowledge, moreover, for which they have no immediate use, they will be very narrow and feeble statesmen or mechanicians. And thus Watt had in him a great deal of the theorist: Thucydides had in him something of the practical man. But, on the whole,

whole, there can be no doubt that the chemist, and astronomer, and historian, belong to the speculative class of men, the statesman and mechanician to the active class.

The moral teacher, however, has at once and at the same time a knowledge to gain, and a work to perform; and he has not the one more than the other. He must know the right path of conduct; but he cannot know it unless he brings himself into it. He must teach others this right path; but he cannot teach them unless he brings them into it. A purely theoretical knowledge of virtue is no knowledge at all; the true knowledge of virtue is a flame that kindles into energy. To instruct men in goodness is, if the instruction takes effect, identical with making them good: as well could a man know the pain of fire before he ever touched the flame as know the nature of goodness before he felt a good impulse. And thus those philosophers who make morality to consist in the calculation of consequences, in calculating for our happiness, lose the main element of it. They forget that we must have experienced feelings, before we can begin to calculate about those feelings; that unless we are animated and inspired by a virtuous energy to start with, it is perfectly vain to put forward such an energy, and the happiness attending it, as an end to be aimed at.

The greatest moralists have therefore ever taught men to feel and to act, before teaching them to weigh and to calculate. Look at examples. Has Thomas à Kempis, or Bentham turned more men from a selfish to an unselfish life? Is it from his moral theories, or from his delineation of the pure and magnanimous character of Socrates, that Plato gains most power?

This is the first eminent merit we discern in Mr. Carlyle. He has understood and embraced his function truly. With all his breadth of culture, he has never refined himself away into a simple intellectual thinker. He is all on fire, not merely to know what is right, but to have the right done. He ever refuses to confine himself to the office of a theorist. He appeals to the age, to his country, to the men about him, in strong and urgent entreaty: 'Do this; do not that.' When he treats of the men of his time, or of preceding times, he does not discuss merely whether they have held right opinions, but whether they have acted rightly. Voltaire, Diderot, Fichte—these, whom others carelessly think of as speculatists—Mr. Carlyle insists on dealing with as men. He knows what an effect a man's life has on his opinions; and hence he refuses to make any divorce between the two. In the midst of many changes that have come over him, this fundamental characteristic has remained. Hence, too, the simple, obvious nature of most of his precepts;

precepts; for truisms and platitudes, though the bane and abhorrence of the speculatist, have often to be urged in practical life, from the proneness of men to neglect what is most evident. 'Work, work;' 'speak the truth;' 'shun cant;' 'have a clear understanding;'—maxims like these form no small part of Mr. Carlyle's ethics.

But yet over the precepts most easy of comprehension he throws a mysterious splendour by reminding men of their universality. From eternity to eternity these remain the same; Nature herself has ordained them; in every time and in every place those prosper who obey them, those fall into ruin who disobey them. These are the Eternities, the Immensities, of which he speaks so much; nay, they are even the divine Silences, for the force and vigour of these truths lie not in their being spoken, but in their being acted upon. These are the 'unwritten and sure laws of the gods, that were not born to-day or yesterday, but live for ever, and no man knows whence they came,' of which Sophocles speaks. These are what Moses describes; 'the commandment which I command thee this day is not in heaven, that thou shouldest say, Who shall go up for us to heaven, and bring it unto us, that we may hear it, and do it? neither is it beyond the sea. . . . But the word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth, and in thy heart, that thou mayest do it.' Taking these laws as his rule and standard, Mr. Carlyle throws himself into the broad life of his own age and of other ages; narrating, criticizing, preaching, advising, with reverence or with scorn, with laughter or with anger; passing in review statesmen, soldiers, writers, even quacks and impostors. To none is he indifferent.

We are dealing here with the general line Mr. Carlyle has proposed to himself, and not with his special successes or failures in that line; and we hold that his type of moral teaching is the truest. Everything that he writes bears the impress of humanity; he is of our own flesh and blood, not a machine for calculating results. Whatever may be Mr. Carlyle's errors, it can never be said of him that he lacks the material of human nature; he lays a broad and solid foundation, whatever may be the eccentricities of the building.

And in his earlier writings it is plain that he is merely laying a foundation, and no more. That trenchant and aggressive style, which has been his best known quality of late, was then wholly absent from him. He examines; he does not yet judge.

A wide impartiality throughout characterizes the 'Miscellanies.' The attitude is that of one who waits; of one who does not yet know the truth, the perfect and highest course
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open to man; and who, as not knowing it, surveys with the serenity of suspended force all who come professing to have the truth to impart. Such an attitude has a peculiar charm. When we know a person's final conclusions, when he has told us all that he has to impart, we may indeed feel grateful to him, but we feel also that we know the limits of that for which we are grateful. But in the yet undeveloped germ there lies an infinite possibility; there is no saying to what height such a germ may grow, in what directions and forms it may unfold itself; and an eager curiosity gathers around this first working, which cannot attend on the perfectly developed plant. This is the beauty of childhood; but it is a beauty which belongs to all those who, being past childhood, yet know and feel that they are in a state of growth and not of completion.

And certainly, Mr. Carlyle did not affect completion at the time when he wrote his 'Miscellanies.' Then, he was content to receive all the figures of history or literature on the unruffled surface of a mind that could afford to be generous, that was not wedded to any exclusive hypothesis of its own, that could admire without falling down to worship, and sympathize where strong admiration was impossible. Consider the following widely different characters: Burns, Novalis, Johnson, Boswell, Hume, Voltaire, Louis XVI. In including the last-named we are considering the 'French Revolution' as well as the 'Miscellanies;' and indeed they stand side by side, belonging, as they do, to the same period of Mr. Carlyle's life. How few are there who could have discerned something to love and esteem in all the seven men whose names we have set down! How vast is the interval between the German transcendentalist and the strong common sense of Johnson! How opposed are they alike to the intellectual coldness of Hume! And if all these three have the kinship of genius, the common-place unmarked character of Louis XVI. affords no such reason why Mr. Carlyle should trace his fortunes with sympathy. No one who reads the 'Miscellanies' and the 'French Revolution' attentively will deny that the breadth of sympathy displayed therein is one of the rarest qualities ever exhibited by any man. We are not saying that all Mr. Carlyle's judgments, even here, are perfect. Most people will think that he rates Burns too high; and a Frenchman would probably consider that he gave inadequate recognition to the universality of Voltaire. But these defects of a luxuriant nature are trivial when compared with the sterility of ordinary historians and moralists, who can do nothing but barrenly admire or condemn, and have not the patient care which follows a man through the changing scenes of his fortunes, marking

marking at once the internal nature that made him act as he did, and the external consequences, good or bad, that flowed from his act. The cold impartiality of Hallam, so much praised, has no doubt its value; it keeps alive the sense of justice, so much needed among men; but it is not to be named by the side of that warm intelligence which apprehends, not merely the upshot of a man's life, but the whole course of it.

Of all the characters to whom it was difficult to render justice, but to whom Mr. Carlyle has rendered justice, Boswell is perhaps the most worthy of notice. Our readers will doubtless remember Lord Macaulay's essay on Croker's edition of Boswell's 'Life of Johnson,' in which editor, author, and hero meet alike with castigation from that brilliant pen. Of all the persons whom Lord Macaulay ever satirized, there is none on whom a fuller measure of his contempt fell than on Boswell. Here are a few of his sentences:—

'Servile and impertinent, shallow and pedantic, a bigot and a sot, bloated with family pride, and eternally blustering about the dignity of a born gentleman, yet stooping to be a talebearer, an eavesdropper, a common butt in the taverns of London; . . . such was this man, and such he was content and proud to be. Everything which another man would have hidden, everything the publication of which would have made another man hang himself, was matter of gay and clamorous exultation to his weak and diseased mind. That such a man should have written one of the best books in the world is strange enough. But this is not all. Many persons who have conducted themselves foolishly in active life, and whose conversation has indicated no superior powers of mind, have left us valuable works. But these men attained literary eminence in spite of their weaknesses. Boswell attained it by reason of his weaknesses. If he had not been a great fool, he would never have been a great writer. Without all the qualities which made him the jest and the torment of those among whom he lived, without the officiousness, the inquisitiveness, the effrontery, the toad-eating, the insensibility to all reproof, he never could have produced so excellent a book. He has printed many of his own letters, and in these letters he is always ranting or twaddling. Logic, eloquence, wit, taste, all those things which are generally considered as making a book valuable, were utterly wanting to him. He had, indeed, a quick observation and a retentive memory. These qualities, if he had been a man of sense and virtue, would scarcely of themselves have sufficed to make him conspicuous; but, because he was a dunce, a parasite, and a coxcomb, they have made him immortal.'—*Macaulay's Essays*. ('Works,' vol. v. pp. 514, *seqq.*, ed. 1866.)

Surely it might have occurred to Macaulay that to attribute extraordinary excellence to pure weakness and folly as its cause was, at the very least, paradoxical! Would it have been an unwholesome

unwholesome doubt of his own perspicacity if he had modified the sharpness of his sweeping sentences? Deliberately we say that Mr. Carlyle shows not merely greater insight, but far greater soberness of mind, than Lord Macaulay when he writes—

‘Boswell was a person whose mean or bad qualities lay open to the general eye; visible, palpable to the dullest. His good qualities, again, belonged not to the time he lived in; were far from common then; indeed in such a degree were almost unexampled; not recognisable therefore by everyone; nay, apt even (so strange had they grown) to be confounded with the very vices they lay contiguous to, and had sprung out of. That he was a winebibber and gross liver; gluttonously fond of whatever would yield him a little solacement, were it only of a stomachic character, is undeniable enough. That he was vain, heedless, a babbler; had much of the sycophant, alternating with the braggadocio, curiously spiced too with an all-pervading dash of the coxcomb; that he gloried much when the tailor, by a court-suit, had made a new man of him; that he appeared at the Shakspeare Jubilee with a riband, imprinted “Corsica Boswell,” round his hat; and in short, if you will, lived no day of his life without saying and doing more than one pretentious ineptitude; all this unhappily is evident as the sun at noon. . . . Unfortunately, on the other hand, what great and genuine good lay in him was nowise so self-evident. The man, once for all, had an “open sense,” an open loving heart, which so few have: where excellence existed, he was compelled to acknowledge it; was drawn towards it, and could not but walk with it,—if not as superior, if not as equal, then as inferior and lackey, better so than not at all. It has been commonly said, The man’s vulgar vanity was all that attached him to Johnson; he delighted to be seen near him, to be thought connected with him. Now let it be at once granted that no consideration springing out of vulgar vanity could well be absent from the mind of James Boswell, in this his intercourse with Johnson, or in any considerable transaction of his life. At the same time, ask yourself: Whether such vanity, and nothing else, actuated him therein. . . . The man was, by nature and habit, vain; a sycophant-coxcomb, be it granted: but had there been nothing more than vanity in him, was Samuel Johnson the man of men to whom he must attach himself? At the date when Johnson was a poor rusty-coated scholar, dwelling in Temple Lane, and indeed throughout their whole intercourse afterwards, were there not chancellors and prime ministers enough; graceful gentlemen, the glass of fashion; honour-giving noblemen; dinner-giving rich men; any one of whom bulked much larger in the world’s eye than Johnson ever did? To any one of whom, by half that submissiveness and assiduity, our Bozzy might have recommended himself. To no one of whom, however, though otherwise a most diligent solicitor and purveyor, did he so attach himself: such vulgar courtierships were his paid drudgery, or leisure amusement; the worship of Johnson was his grand, ideal, voluntary business. Nay, it does not appear that vulgar vanity could ever have been

been much flattered by Boswell's relation to Johnson. Mr. Croker says, Johnson was, to the last, little regarded by the great world; from which, for a vulgar vanity, all honour, as from its fountain, descends. James Boswell belonged, in his corruptible part, to the lowest classes of mankind; a foolish, inflated creature, swimming in an element of self-conceit; but in his corruptible there dwelt an incorruptible, all the more impressive and indubitable for the strange lodging it had taken.'—*Carlyle's Miscellanies*. ('Works,' vol. ix. pp. 33, *seqq.*)

There is no lack, here, of keenness to see the weaknesses of Boswell. Keeness, indeed, was hardly necessary in such a case; but yet a person of less strength than Mr. Carlyle, had he undertaken to defend Boswell at all, would have somewhat shrunk from the forcible and picturesque delineation of his faults. But not for a moment, not in one single point, does Mr. Carlyle shrink. He gives the full aspect, as it might appear to the most hostile observer, of the gluttony, the vanity, the coxcombrity, of the man whose cause he is advocating. And this would appear still more manifestly had we space to quote more at length from his essay. It is not without appreciating and representing the whole that may be said against Boswell that he gives that good element in him—that element so easy to overlook, so certain to be overlooked by all but the most generous natures, and yet an element which no mind of even moderate generosity will refuse to acknowledge when once it is pointed out—the element of love, and admiration, and humility. Few but Mr. Carlyle would have cared to prove the existence of these qualities in Boswell: that he did care to do so, that he had that rare gratitude which consents to blunt the edge of its satire, would of itself be sufficient demonstration of uncommon fineness of nature.

It is curious, again, to compare the criticism of Johnson himself by Mr. Carlyle with that by Macaulay. We are far from saying here that the advantage, as in the former case, lies wholly on Mr. Carlyle's side; for Macaulay had a genuine respect for Johnson, which, considering the extreme difference of their opinions, did him great credit; and the vivacity with which he moves the laughter of the reader against Johnson is good-humoured, and not intended to arouse contempt. On the other hand, there is something elephantine in Mr. Carlyle's essay; it harps too much on general ideas, on the excellence of hero-worship, on the infinity of duty, on the evil of cant; nor is it possible to help suspecting that Johnson would have but imperfectly reciprocated Mr. Carlyle's feeling to himself, had he had the opportunity of doing so. But still the very defects of Mr. Carlyle arise from an excess of generosity. If he is ever wearisome,

some, it is because he is at such labour to explain why he admires Johnson so much ; it is because he has such regard for every token of a noble mind. Nor, again, is he blind to Johnson's limitations ; his applause is not indiscriminate. An admirer and sympathizer, he is at the very farthest possible distance from being a follower or imitator.

Here are two passages, one from Macaulay's essay, the other from Mr. Carlyle's, which may serve as a specimen of the different way in which the two writers treat their subject. First let us quote Macaulay :—

'The roughness and violence which he [Johnson] showed in society were to be expected from a man whose temper, not naturally gentle, had been long tried by the bitterest calamities, by the want of meat, of fire, and of clothes, by the importunity of creditors, by the insolence of booksellers, by the derision of fools, by the insincerity of patrons, by that bread which is the bitterest of all food, by those stairs which are the most toilsome of all paths, by that deferred hope which makes the heart sick. Through all these things the ill-dressed, coarse, ungainly pedant had struggled manfully up to eminence and command. It was natural that, in the exercise of his power, he should be "eo imitior, quia toleraverat," that, though his heart was undoubtedly generous and humane, his demeanour in society should be harsh and despotic. For severe distress he had sympathy, and not only sympathy, but munificent relief. But for the suffering which a harsh world inflicts upon a delicate mind he had no pity ; for it was a kind of suffering which he could scarcely conceive. He would carry home on his shoulders a sick and starving girl from the streets. He turned his house into a place of refuge for a crowd of wretched old creatures who could find no other asylum ; nor could all their peevishness and ingratitude weary out his benevolence. But the pangs of wounded vanity seemed to him ridiculous ; and he scarcely felt sufficient compassion even for the pangs of wounded affection.'—*Macaulay's Essays*. ('Works,' vol. v. p. 525.)

There is the common-sense view of Johnson ; a view neither bitter nor unjust, but not seeking to penetrate beneath the obvious exterior. Mr. Carlyle is not content with this ; he endeavours to prove that Johnson was intrinsically polite and courteous, though he does not, of course, deny the frequency with which the exercise of these qualities was hidden under a rough show :—

'In Johnson's "Politeness," which he often, to the wonder of some, asserted to be great, there was indeed somewhat that needed explanation. Nevertheless, if he insisted always on handing lady-visitors to their carriage ; though with the certainty of collecting a mob of gazers in Fleet Street,—as might well be, the beau having on, by way of court-dress, "his rusty-brown mourning suit, a pair of old shoes for slippers,

a little shrivelled wig sticking on the top of his head, and the sleeves of his shirt and the knees of his breeches hanging loose:" in all this we can see the spirit of true politeness, only shining through a strange medium. Thus again, in his apartments, at one time, there were unfortunately no chairs. "A gentleman who frequently visited him whilst writing his 'Idlers,' constantly found him at his desk, sitting on one with three legs; and on rising from it, he remarked that Johnson never forgot his defect; but would either hold it in his hand, or place it with great composure against some support; taking no notice of its imperfection to its visitor,"—who meanwhile, we suppose, sat upon folios, or in the sartorial fashion. "It was remarkable in Johnson," continues Miss Reynolds (*Renny dear*), "that no external circumstances ever prompted him to make any apology, or to seem even sensible of their existence. Whether this was the effect of philosophic pride, or of some partial notion of his respecting high-breeding, is doubtful." That it *was*, for one thing, the effect of genuine politeness, is nowise doubtful.—*Carlyle's Miscellanies*. ('Works,' vol. ix. p. 101.)

That this passage comes from a deeper and more patiently inquiring mind than Macaulay, will not be questioned. It was written, certainly, by one who did not fear to challenge, and (if need were) to contradict the first obvious appearance of a matter—an eminent and necessary characteristic of all discoverers of hidden truth. Of such a characteristic it is the necessary complement that the possessor of it should be liable to paradox and onesidedness. And yet we do not think that the charge of paradox will be brought against the passage we have quoted, or that, indeed, anywhere in these 'Miscellanies,' Mr. Carlyle has forgotten, or swerved from, that basis of common sense and common experience on which we all stand. He never, here, lays aside the practical consideration that he is addressing himself to readers of the nineteenth century—to readers who have already a certain stock of knowledge, which it is useless to ignore and irrational to despise, however largely he may himself be capable of adding to it. He claims and obtains the respect of his readers on the ground that he has a respect for them—that he can enter into their opinions, curiosities, desires. As an instance of his so doing, let us refer to his treatment of the German philosophers—philosophers who were seldom then mentioned but with derision, and whom Mr. Carlyle, in his later phases, has seen fit to discard as containing nothing worthy of attention. It was a better mind, in these earlier days, which led him, not to profess himself their disciple, not to accept their opinions or any special phase of them in the lump, but to hold them out as examples of sincere and profound inquiry, as well worthy of study on the part of all who look into the difficult parts of speculation. Thus of Kant he says: 'Perhaps among all the
metaphysical

metaphysical writers of the eighteenth century, including Hume and Hartley themselves, there is not one that so ill meets the conditions of a mystic as this same Immanuel Kant.' And again, very pertinently: 'It is true, a careless or unpretending reader will find Kant's writing a riddle; but will a reader of this sort make much of Newton's '*Principia*,' or D'Alembert's '*Calculus of Variations*'? Of Fichte he speaks in terms of enthusiastic admiration. Of the works of the mystic Novalis he says that they are 'an unfathomed mine of philosophical ideas, where the keenest intellect may have occupation enough; and in such occupation, without looking farther, reward enough.' He defends Coleridge, as a man 'able to originate deep thoughts,' and 'having more intellectual insight than other men,' and affirms that his works are 'like living brooks, hidden for the present under mountains of froth and theatrical snowpaper, and which only at a distant day, when these mountains shall have decomposed themselves into gas and earthly residuum, may roll forth in their true limpid shape, to gladden the general eye with what beauty and everlasting freshness does reside in them.' Again, not confining himself to the German school, he says of Dugald Stewart: 'We regard his discussions on the nature of Philosophic language, and his unwearied efforts to set forth and guard against its fallacies, as worthy of all acknowledgment.' While opposing Locke (in his '*Essay on the State of German Literature*'), he opposes him without bitterness or animosity.

It is needless to remark that Mr. Carlyle was not at this time, any more than afterwards, the adherent of any philosophical or scientific system. Thus, while he says of Kant's system, 'we would have it studied and known, on general grounds, because even the errors of such men are instructive'—he never for one moment thinks of entering into its several parts. Minute analysis was never one of his characteristics. But if he never had the power of philosophical analysis, he had then a breadth of feeling and a tolerance, truly philosophical. It is the union of this with picturesque and animated description that constitutes so signal an evidence of power in his early writings; for though there is no discordance between these qualities there is great difference, and they are generally found in very different characters. To illustrate them both, take almost at random a passage from the '*French Revolution*.' Here is one, descriptive of the Reign of Terror; first, of the victims, then, of the multitude:—

'Another row of Tumbrils we must notice: that which holds Elizabeth, the sister of Louis. Her trial was like the rest; for plots, for plots. She was among the kindest, most innocent of women.

There sat with her, amid four-and-twenty others, a once timorous Marchioness de Crussol; courageous now; expressing towards her the liveliest loyalty. At the foot of the scaffold, Elizabeth with tears in her eyes thanked this Marchioness; said she was grieved she could not reward her. "Ah, Madame, would your Royal Highness deign to embrace me, my wishes were complete!" "Right willingly, Marquise de Crussol, and with my whole heart." Thus they: at the foot of the scaffold. . . .

"The spring sends its green leaves and bright weather, bright May, brighter than ever: Death pauses not. Lavoisier, famed Chemist, shall die and not live. Lavoisier begged a fortnight more of life, to finish some experiments: but "the Republic does not need such;" the axe must do its work. . . . Condorcet has lurked deep, these many months; Argus-eyes watching and searching for him. His concealment is become dangerous to others and himself; he has to fly again, to skulk, round Paris, in thickets and stone-quarries! And so at the village of Clamars, one bleared May morning, there enters a Figure, ragged, rough-bearded, hunger-stricken; asks breakfast in the tavern there. He is haled forthwith, breakfast unfinished, towards Bourg-la-Reine, on foot: he faints with exhaustion; is set on a peasant's horse; is flung into his damp prison-cell: on the morrow, recollecting him, you enter; Condorcet lies dead on the floor. They die fast, and disappear; the Notabilities of France disappear, one after one, like lights in a theatre, which you are snuffing out.

"Under which circumstances, is it not singular, and almost touching, to see Paris City drawn out, in the meek May nights, in civic ceremony, which they call "Souper Fraternel," Brotherly Supper? Along the Rue Saint-Honoré, and main streets and spaces, each Citoyen brings forth what of supper the stingy maximum has yielded him, to the open air; joins it to his neighbour's supper; and with common table, cheerful light burning frequent, and what due modicum of cut-glass and other garnish and relish is convenient, they eat frugally together, under the kind stars. See it, O Night! With cheerfully pledged wine-cup, hobnobbing to the reign of Liberty, Equality, Brotherhood, with their wives in best ribands, with their little ones romping round, the Citoyens, in frugal Love-feast, sit there. Night in her wide empire sees nothing similar. O my brothers, why is the reign of Brotherhood not come! It is come, it shall have come, say the Citoyens, frugally hobnobbing.—Ah me! these everlasting stars, do they not look down like glistening eyes, bright with immortal pity, over the lot of man!" —*French Revolution*. ('Works,' vol. iv. pp. 325 seqq.)

Let this passage be attentively considered, and several things will appear from it. First, that Mr. Carlyle has no special party spirit in relation to the French Revolutionists, or to their opponents. Not, of course, that he can be devoid of the natural feelings of men towards events so terrible. He, like another man, can blame the original selfishness of the French nobility—can sympathize with their after sufferings, in many cases heroically endured—

endured—can feel horror at the crimes of a Robespierre and a Marat. But these are not, to him, the whole; he can even look with a certain calmness upon these elements of the tragedy, knowing that there lies behind all these another and greater force. This tremendous revolution, as it was not itself the product of individual wills, but the outburst of a suffering nation, so did not either owe its horrors to the wickedness of individual men. The leaders in it were indeed, in the greater number of instances, wicked men; but they were also, with few exceptions, small and vain men. It is paying them too much honour to consider them the real causes of those events of which they were the immediate authors. And so Mr. Carlyle represents the matter. His eye does not rest on them; he looks beyond for a greater cause.

What is that cause? It is ignorance—the mutual ignorance on the part of men of each other's feelings, tempers, designs. When the different ranks in society stand aloof from each other, the error may at first seem small; but their ignorance of each other's lives is like a dangerous gas, at first stifling all good efforts, and afterwards bursting out into a destructive flame, when the smallest spark of suspicion falls upon it. A small moral obliquity, conjoined with a vast ignorance, is the source of the widest calamities.

Now, we do not know any history whatever in which this great fact of human ignorance, with its enormous consequences, is so fully understood and exemplified as in Mr. Carlyle's 'French Revolution.' Consider, in the passage above quoted, his description of the citizens at their festivities: he shows you these men, in their private relations, when they are engaged in matters at the level of their comprehension, much like other men; they are not fiends—they have affections, duties, pleasures. And yet the awfulness of the situation is never absent from his thoughts. He shows you the minds of men, in all other respects inconceivably separated from each other, alike in this respect, that they seemed in the midst of black unmingled chaos; as if a new order of things had begun, in which all old experiences were wiped out—in which the extravagance of a line of conduct was no proof that it might not be the very line to lead to safety. And the chaos which men saw was intensified by the very fact that they saw it. All this Mr. Carlyle describes; and his description is most true, most impartial, most serviceable to all who desire to understand men.

The only narrowness that we can find in these early writings is a tendency to disparage, not all successful men, but those whose success was based on qualities perfectly intelligible to the crowd, and

and who, therefore, had little apparent failure to undergo. This is most apparent in the case of Sir Walter Scott. Scott, says Mr. Carlyle, had no inward struggles—no fervent aspirations after the highest good; and he contrasts him not favourably with the Hindoo Ram-dass, who ‘had lately set up for godhood,’ and who said that he ‘had fire in his belly to consume the sins of the world.’ ‘Ram-dass,’ says Mr. Carlyle, with some wit, ‘had a spice of sense in him.’ But we venture to affirm that Scott was by no means without that ‘spice of sense’ as well; Scott knew perfectly that to reform the world was a much-needed, but he also knew that it was a most difficult, task. He knew that to reform the world, you must not take the rest of the world to be fools and yourself the only wise man; on the contrary, as Mr. Carlyle himself has said elsewhere, that the best way of reforming the world was to be continually reforming yourself. There is, as Mr. Ruskin has shown, an undercurrent of sorrow and self-inspection in Scott’s writings which it is touching to trace. No doubt, Scott was not a speculative or logical thinker; but this is not the ground of Mr. Carlyle’s attack. In the same way Mr. Carlyle disparages Byron; and, forgetful of his great superiority in intellectual grasp and breadth of view, sets him down as inferior to Burns. He is offended by the wild chaotic element in Byron; but such an element is the necessary seed-ground of genius, which must mould its own forms, and cannot accept them traditionally in the lump, however much we may lament that so powerful a mind should have remained to the end in these dark solitudes of spirit.

We have dwelt much on the sympathetic element in Mr. Carlyle’s early writings, because we think it is not in general sufficiently noticed as belonging to him. It did indeed, from the first, cover, and at last has been entirely overborne by, a deeper characteristic—a sarcastic and censorious indignation. And it is of this deepest quality of his nature that we now wish to trace the growth.

Mr. Carlyle’s censoriousness was at first comparatively latent, because it was directed mainly upon *himself*. His moralizings turned inwards, and not outwards. Through all his earlier essays are scattered hints, involuntarily uttered, respecting the limits which necessity sets against the desires of man, and the resignation with which it is fit that we should acquiesce in these limits. Doubtless, he had met with sorrow; yet he never affects to despise the things, whatever they were, of which he had been disappointed. He is neither a cold-blooded moralist, nor is he a mere Stoic. He has been called, and not altogether untruly, the typical antagonist of Byron; but he is so typical an antagonist,

antagonist, precisely because he is so similar to Byron. He feels the immeasurable longing for happiness which Byron felt; like Byron, he rejoices in the beauty and delight of external things—a delight which is so often wasted and missed by us. But Mr. Carlyle feels this longing, this delight, only to repudiate it; to repudiate it as a principle of life. Yet, feeling as he does the intensity, the immeasurableableness of the thing which he repudiates, he cannot be content without something infinite and immeasurable on the other side to set over against it, and by which to overcome it—an infinite and sure *peace* to set over against the infinite but uncertain *happiness* which is what Nature gives us. As long as he was consciously in search of this first principle of emotion and action, so long were his utterances guarded and moderate. But at last he believed himself to have found what he sought. The passage in which he imparts this discovery is contained in the chapter in ‘Sartor Resartus,’ entitled “The Everlasting Yea.” It is necessary to quote it:—

‘There is in man a higher than Love of Happiness: he can do without Happiness, and instead thereof find Blessedness! . . . Love not Pleasure; love God. This is the Everlasting Yea, wherein all contradiction is solved; wherein whoso walks and works, it is well with him. . . .

‘Most true is it, as a wise man teaches us, that “Doubt of any sort cannot be removed except by Action.” On which ground, too, let him who gropes painfully in darkness or uncertain light, and prays vehemently that the dawn may ripen into day, lay this other precept well to heart, which to me was of invaluable service: “Do the Duty which lies nearest thee,” which thou knowest to be a Duty! Thy second Duty will already have become clearer.

‘May we not say, however, that the love of Spiritual Enfranchisement is even this: when your Ideal World, wherein the whole man has been dimly struggling and inexpressibly languishing to work, becomes revealed, and thrown open. . . . The Situation that has not its Duty, its Ideal, was never yet occupied by man. Yes, here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable Actual, wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy Ideal: work it out therefrom; and working, believe, live, be free.

‘But it is with man’s Soul as it was with Nature: the beginning of Creation is Light.’—*Sartor Resartus*. (‘Works,’ vol. i. p. 184 *seqq.*)

This is the central passage in Mr. Carlyle’s writings, as indeed ‘Sartor Resartus’ is the central work: to it everything which precedes converges; from it everything which succeeds diverges. After writing this, he felt himself enabled to criticize men and events *freely*.

The impressiveness of the passage will be felt, we think, by all; but at any rate by those who study it in connection with
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what has gone before. We have, however, two remarks to make on it; one with reference to what it contains, another with reference to what it does not contain. Mr. Carlyle says here, 'Love God.' Has he ever said this a second time? Our belief is that he has not; however often he has since bidden men worship, or fall down in wonder before, the Unnameable, the Eternities, the Immensities. The change is noticeable: it is, to say the least, singular that a principle should be laid down with such emphasis and never referred to afterwards.

But secondly, a first principle ought not merely to be true, but complete. Now Mr. Carlyle has frequently asserted, and with the strongest emphasis, that the Eternal Powers reward and punish men. He has likewise asserted that they hate. Do they then, also, love? He leaves us in the dark on this point. We, therefore, think it expedient to inquire this of him. If they do not love, what reason can he assign for this inhumanity in the deepest depths of nature? If they do love, do they love all, or only some? And what is the proof, sign, or trace of their love? Does it lie in the material success of those whom they love? If not, in what?

These questions, which Mr. Carlyle has omitted to consider in his works, we now propose to him, and invite his notice of them. Our own answers we do not, at present, give; nevertheless, if required, we have them.

We now come to Mr. Carlyle's later writings; and we must own that there seem to us in them many and great defects. In saying this, we are not unmindful of the power manifested in them, which is not unworthy of the promise of his early days; nor do we fail to see many deep and piercing truths. But that they can satisfy the mind which seeks for secure scientific truth, or for a secure basis for action,—this, indeed, we cannot believe. We know well what allowance has always to be made for the possibility of misunderstanding in criticizing the works of a man of genius. If we regarded Mr. Carlyle as unintelligible, we should never venture to say that he was defective. It is because he seems to us entirely intelligible, that we venture to declare him faulty.

It is worth considering how far he has carried out his own principles, which, after all, are worth nothing unless acted on. He said, 'Love God;' and we presume he would not exclude from the meaning of this maxim that other maxim, 'Love men.' Now nothing is more marked in his later writings than the absence of tenderness: admiration there is, but not love. There is no spontaneous trust in them; no willingness to believe that what is not seen may be excellent, that actions and dispositions at first
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sight questionable may be susceptible of explanation, or at any rate of palliation. He is Rhadamantine—inexorable: as soon as a thing appears, it is stamped by him with black or white; and the white marks are very rare indeed.

He also bade men 'act;' and, for the third thing, he bade them 'seek light;' that is, clearness of knowledge. How then has he carried out these maxims? He has certainly gained a good deal of clear knowledge in the historical line; and he has exhibited as much vigour of action as any man can exhibit in the way of writing. Nor is there anything to be said against his conduct in these respects, though something against his consistency, considering the opposition which he has continually affirmed to exist between talk and action. But the real mischief lies here:—For all knowledge, for all action, experience is required; principles, however sound, will do nothing by themselves. Now the field of experience to which Mr. Carlyle's faculty led him was one; the field of experience to which his desires led him was another, and a very different one. His faculty lay in the treatment of all which is deep in feeling, and vivid in external presentation. He might have been an unrivalled historian. But his desire was to exert a strong practical influence on mankind; and his defect in the cool patient understanding, in appreciation of the material mechanism of society, was a fatal barrier against his exerting such an influence. Of the qualities of a statesman he has none. There is not, we will confidently affirm, one single political proposal of his own, in the whole compass of his writings, that is even intelligible, let alone its being feasible or good; scarcely is there an instance of his supporting an intelligible political proposal framed by another. His writings are full of generous political feeling, and contain many considerations that may be made use of by a statesman; but of practical proposals there is an absolute void. That he should have thought himself capable at all of entering on this field was a mistake, and a mistake not without pernicious consequences.

The error, however, was unavoidable. The desire, yet the incapacity, for action was too powerful in Mr. Carlyle to be restrained; what he could not effect himself he was compelled to inculcate upon others. This vehement urgency chafes and mutters beneath the surface even of his earlier writings. He chides the temper, he rebukes it, he represses it; but it is there. In vain does he say that 'no wise man will endeavour to reform a world; the only sure reformation is that which each begins and perfects upon himself.' Mr. Carlyle, in spite of all disclaimers, was bent upon reforming a world. In vain does he take Goethe for his model—the creative, impersonal, tranquil, universal poet.

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These qualities did not by nature belong to Mr. Carlyle; and he could not assume them. The volcanic fires burst out at length through all the green smoothness of their covering.

Moreover, there is in him a spirit of self-antagonism, of revulsion from his own nature, and, above all, from those parts of his own nature which might seem to be derived from habit or externally imposed argument or principle, that had no little to do with his rejection of his earlier temper of sympathy, and his assumption of the very reverse. To be *natural* and *sincere* has ever been the maxim that he has most earnestly inculcated; yet there is some danger in such a maxim, for all goodness is, in a certain sense, not natural to man. In his own case, the result has been, that his writings are full of extraordinary anomalies.

Nothing does he reprobate more than self-consciousness; yet he is most self-conscious. Rarely can he write five pages without reference to himself. 'Sauerteig,' 'Teufelsdröckh,' 'Gathercoal,' 'Crabbe,' 'Smelfungus,' these, and many more, are all so many aliases of Mr. Carlyle. The reader could well dispense with some of these masquerading shapes, whose varying garbs ever give vent to one well-known hollow yet bitter voice, a compound of Heraclitus and Democritus, the weeping and mocking philosophers in one. He preaches loudly and imperatively; yet his favourite maxim is, 'Speech is silver, silence is golden.' Poetic himself, and the panegyrist of numerous poets, he ends, like Plato, with condemning poets utterly. 'Volcanic' is one of his best known epithets of dislike; is it not just to apply it to himself? He declares that the French Revolution was a divine revelation; yet he is the avowed opponent of democracy. With the reverse intention of Balaam, he went up to the mountains to bless the progress of advancing civilization, and, lo! he was compelled to curse it altogether. These are some of his most remarkable inconsistencies; and the root of it is a something in his character, not without kinship to humility, but the humility of a haughty and self-confident spirit.

Further, this spirit of rebuke and prophecy was in part inherited by him from others. To begin with, it is national: the *per-fervidum ingenium Scotorum* has long been celebrated; and the mantle of the Covenanters has fallen upon Mr. Carlyle. His tone and principles, his loves and his hatreds, even down to minute instances, bear no small affinity to those which marked that most stubborn and most intense of religious sects. And through the Covenanters he is not ambiguously connected with the old Hebrews. With these he feels himself at one. Rarely does he
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refer to the New Testament; rarely does he think of saints and martyrs, the souls that died in patience, without anger, without honour, without even the effort for an outward victory. But the old prophets and judges, who assumed the rule, and led armies, and denounced the evil-doer, and punished the enemies of God, are ever in his thoughts. Consider the following passages, whether as regards their reference or their character:—

‘There is one valid reason, and only one, for either punishing a man or rewarding him in this world; one reason, which ancient piety could well define: That you may do the will and commandment of God with regard to him; that you may do justice to him. This is your one true aim in respect of him; aim thitherward, with all your heart and all your strength and all your soul; thitherward, and not elsewhither at all!’

‘God Himself, we have always understood, hates sin, with a most authentic, celestial, and eternal hatred. A hatred, a hostility inexorable, unappeasable, which blasts the scoundrel, and all scoundrels ultimately, into black annihilation and disappearance from the sum of things. The path of it as the path of a flaming sword: he that has eyes may see it, walking inexorable, divinely beautiful and divinely terrible, through the chaotic gulf of Human History, and everywhere burning, as with unquenchable fire, the false and deathworthy from the true and lifeworthy; making all human history, and the biography of every man, a God’s Cosmos, in place of a Devil’s Chaos. So is it, in the end; even so, to every man who is a man, and not a mutinous beast, and has eyes to see.’

‘The saddest condition of human affairs, what ancient prophets denounced as “the Throne of Iniquity,” where men “decree injustice by a law:” all this, with its thousandfold outer miseries, is still but a symptom; all this points to a far sadder disease which lies invisible within.’

‘Like the valley of Jehoshaphat, it lies round us, one nightmare wilderness, and wreck of dead-men’s bones, this false modern world: and no rapt Ezekiel in prophetic vision imaged to himself things sadder, more horrible and terrible, than the eyes of men, if they are awake, may now deliberately see.’

All these are from the ‘Latter-day Pamphlets.’ The substance of such passages as these we shall discuss presently; meanwhile, let there be observed, first, the intensely active spirit which they manifest. There is no patient waiting in them, no quiet sympathy. All is the zeal for action. And, secondly, let it be observed, there is no reasoning in them. When Mr. Browning tries to represent St. John, he makes him argue—a most fundamental error; for not in the whole of the Old and New Testament, except in the Epistles of St. Paul, who had a Greek education, is there a single instance of argument, as we understand

understand the word. Everywhere there is the most intense, the most undoubting affirmation. And Mr. Carlyle has by nature this quality ; by virtue of it, and by virtue of his zeal for action, he is Hebraic.

Do we blame Mr. Carlyle for thus urging men to action? Far from it; he does well and rightly in doing so. But we blame him for this, that in his zeal for this one element he has wholly lost sight of all the other elements of a noble character. For thought, for systematization, except so far as it is conducive to immediate brilliant action, he now cares not. For the imagination which apprehends the beauty of material things he cares not. For the inward struggles of the spirit, contending against selfish desires and striving to fashion itself according to the Eternal Will, he cares not. For the germination of great thoughts and great desires out of nothingness into that incomplete and immature existence which is the lot of almost all things at first, he cares not. All these things, of which his early writings are full, are in his later writings unmentioned, discarded, forgotten. Action, and the intellect which immediately determines action, is all that he admires.

What a contrast is this to the enthusiastic praise and sympathy which he once bestowed on such an immature, mystical, unformed writer as Novalis! What a contrast to Mr. Carlyle's own character! For he is in himself not in the least like those whom he admires. He is no vigorous, resolute, active man; nor (with all his illuminating flashes of insight) is continuous clearness, well-defined purpose, a characteristic of his mind. He is constitutionally weak; never, he said once on a public occasion, had he written a book without making himself ill by writing it. He is meditative, deep-thinking; his very impetuosity is no mark of a practical nature. And yet it is this man who not only takes upon himself the office of exhorting men to be practical, but who has actually inspired numerous followers, some of them most distinguished and able men, with an enthusiasm for action always intense, and oftentimes good, sound, and effective.

It is no paradox to say that the contrast between Mr. Carlyle's own temperament and the temperament which he admires is at once the cause of his influence, and a proof of the great though partial strength of his nature. If Prince Bismarck or Mr. Bright were to issue addresses exhorting men to leave off theorizing and stick to practice, the exhortation would not carry with it any special weight. It would be replied to them, that they had not known the theoretical side of life. This reply cannot be made to Mr. Carlyle. He, a thinker, and many would
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add, a mystic, deliberately sets thought below action. He describes, with all the resources of an extensive knowledge and a brilliant imagination, the splendours of the power which displays itself in mighty events, on the great arena of kingdoms; he shows how poor a figure the mere speculatist cuts when brought face to face with these pressing crises of change and peril, how soon he is overthrown before the man who has the ready wit to understand the emergency. And yet in the midst of this, he never seems actuated by any over-measure of indignation against the theorists; he has the air of knowing them to the bottom; he accompanies them to the limit of their efforts, and rather pities than condemns their failure.

Such teaching as this was not calculated to produce any strong effect on men who were already practical and energetic; for, on the one hand, it did not meet any want or defect of their minds, and, on the other hand, it was not definite enough to help them in particular measures. But it produced the strongest effect on those who were naturally theorists. It pointed out to them a new possibility, an Eldorado of the spirit, a vision of mighty characters exerting themselves in accordance with the profoundest laws; for to the success of the man of action they tacitly superadded that truth of meditated design which they themselves instinctively aimed at. Let us not say that Mr. Carlyle did a small or poor work in thus rousing thinkers to the desire of action, in inspiring them with a magnificent hope of realized results. The work was great, and will endure. The deliberate omissions alone are evil and pernicious.

Does Mr. Carlyle forget his own sayings about the Silences? It is in silence that the foundation of great things is laid, in the meditative vision, unbroken by inroads from without. But the Silences of late years must complain of neglect on the part of their former worshipper. Or, if he himself has now and then turned his relenting eyes back on them, he has led his followers to far different altars, to those of Force and Strength, under whose hands the benefactors of mankind now, as of old, fare but badly. The exquisite and lucid genius of Mr. Ruskin has been hurried away into subjects which he has not proved, with which he deals as an infant deals with the first seen phenomena of the world. That eloquent historian, Mr. Froude, has in an evil hour been induced to mount the prophetic tripod, and to deliver oracles respecting that demigod, Henry VIII., which awaken in the passers-by feelings of mingled astonishment and amusement. And all this, because Mr. Carlyle has chosen to consider that the only virtue existent is that single virtue of which

which he himself is absolutely devoid, the virtue of practical ability.

Further; not only does Mr. Carlyle overrate the value of the mere practical intellect, but he does not even always know this quality, when he sees it. He mistakes vividness of insight in particular points of a career for a clear purpose running through the whole. Take, for example, his admiration of Cromwell. That great man is a man whom we do not wish to condemn utterly; he had magnanimous impulses in his heart, and strong intellect in his head; if he was at times cruel, he was far less wantonly so than many generals of his own and succeeding times, who have been esteemed most highly—as, for instance, Turenne; if he aggrandized himself, it may be pleaded for him that his doing so secured a breathing space of settled government for the country, in circumstances when there was great risk of anarchy. We are as unwilling as Mr. Carlyle to believe that his religious sentiments, expressed in his most private letters, and with every appearance of sincerity, were delusive and hypocritical. His portrait bears in it no meanness, or cowardice, or vice; it indicates a character, at any rate, straightforward and genuine. As Englishmen, we cannot but be proud of his imperial patriotism, of his unhesitating bearing towards foreign powers. But something more than this has characterized the great statesmen of the earth—Solon, Cæsar, the Barons of the Magna Charta. Their work remained when they themselves were dead, and was the basis of legislation for centuries; that of Cromwell vanished into mist as soon as ever his strong hand was withdrawn. He instituted no system into which the spirit of the nation might flow, preserving itself by its own vigour; he accomplished no enduring work; he stood above those whom he governed, and did not amalgamate himself with their efforts. But of all this Mr. Carlyle thinks nothing: he looks at the immediate splendour, not at the permanent result.

It is precisely the same with respect to his treatment of intellectual systems. No one need be reminded what keen remarks Mr. Carlyle can make about the foundations of such systems; as when he compares the metaphysician to the 'Irish saint who swam across the Channel carrying his head in his teeth,' adding, 'that the feat has never been repeated;' or when he satirizes the Utilitarians by putting to them the problem, 'Given a world of Knaves, to deduce an Honesty from their united action?' But he cannot put truths together, fit them in with each other, harmonize them. In his early works this is simply a defect on his own part; in his later works it becomes
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also an offence towards others, whose complex thinkings he despises without even endeavouring to comprehend them.

Take, for example, his treatment of Coleridge. Coleridge is not a specially systematic thinker, as compared with some others; he did not weld his speculations together with the iron bonds of Spinoza or Kant; and in appearance he is even more unsystematic than he is in reality; for his indolent temper and sickly health caused him too often to write in a nerveless, unpointed style, that disguised the real excellence of his thoughts; and many of his best sayings are mere fragments. But still there is a true sequence in all that he writes; he had formed to himself a full, broad, and not inharmonious conception of the world in which we live, and our duties in it, though, no doubt, he might have worked it out much more clearly in detail, and expressed it in a much more convincing manner, than he did. This, then, was precisely the case to bring out Mr. Carlyle's weak side. Coleridge's faults are very manifest to him; he seizes on the obscure and inadequate expression, and derides even the physical weakness of utterance of the philosopher; and again he feels his own superiority to Coleridge in the practical application of truths, in the power of bringing them to bear, in the strong and incisive enforcement of them, on the consciences of men. But he fails to observe wherein Coleridge is superior to himself; the faculty of logical systematization is one which Coleridge has, and, if we consider the variety of his mind, has in no mean degree; Mr. Carlyle has it not.

In the 'Life of Frederick the Great' the same fault is discernible. The French Revolution had been a happy subject for Mr. Carlyle; here little or no understanding of complex organizations was required; rather it was the very triumph of the historian to show how all organizations fell prone and shattered before that tremendous flood—to exhibit the living force of human instinct as victorious over all the bonds that would have confined it. But in 'Frederick the Great' Mr. Carlyle has to prove a point; and at proofs he is never good. He has asserted that Frederick was a hero, a surpassingly great man; and he has to show reason why we should think so too. His failure is absurd. What he does show is, that Frederick was a surpassingly great soldier; a very different proposition. To substitute one of these propositions for the other is justly deemed immoral, since it makes material force the test of greatness. And the very faint reprobation with which Mr. Carlyle visits that audacious act of Frederick's, the ἀρχὴ κακῶν, his seizure of Silesia, increases the impression of the immorality of the book. Nevertheless we believe that the idea, which

which Mr. Carlyle in a dim manner had conceived as the central point of his history, was not immoral. Frederick the Great does differ from such monarchs as Louis XIV. and Gustavus Adolphus in this, that his victories had a real permanent result; they were the starting-point of a nation; and whereas France was ruined by Louis XIV., Prussia must date her career of solid and splendid development from the time of Frederick. This fact certainly points to Mr. Carlyle's conclusion; but it only points to it; it by no means proves it. And, indeed, there is very much to be said on the other side. It might plausibly be argued, that the spur and stimulus of victory was in any case much more likely to be beneficial to the slow German temper than to the quick eagerness of the French. But we are not called upon to argue the matter here; we need only observe, that whenever Mr. Carlyle gets beyond the mere battles of Frederick, his inadequacy is complete and surprising.

And yet this very 'History of Frederick the Great' supplies clear evidence that the deficiency of Mr. Carlyle in continuous and methodical reasoning results from choice, and not from inability. Nothing can be better, as a lucid summary of a long period of history, than his account of the gradual amalgamation of the intensely complex elements out of which the Prussian monarchy was founded. Nor do we know any history in which battles and military campaigns are so adequately described, with such power of seizing the salient points and impressing them on the reader. No words of praise can be too high for his description of such battles as those of Leuthen and Torgau. Having once read them, it is impossible to forget them. And it is clear, from Mr. Carlyle's character, why he shows this power of method in his military narrations, and nowhere else. Conquests and victories are brilliant and blazing things, and carry their results on the face of them; the region of doubt, of obscurity, of under-currents of purpose and character, of slow, scarce-recognised development, does not exist in respect of them; it is possible to apprehend them completely, and not partially. Political and social history is precisely the reverse of this: the historian, if he is to be just, cannot always be clear of his judgment; many points are necessarily uncertain; a nation, unlike an army, contains throughout its extent large tracts of utter darkness, large tracts of what is still more difficult to deal with, the twilight of semi-obscurity. And this is what Mr. Carlyle will not tolerate, will not even recognise, and therefore utterly fails in dealing with.

Nay, more; he is even angry that such is the case, and imputes

imputes it as a fault to the statesmen of his own day that they cannot take the command of a nation as a general does of his army, and lead it, with unwavering step, to some end, the nature of which he does not precisely specify, but which he dimly feels to be something divine and transcendental. And here we approach that doctrine which is the centre of his political teaching; a doctrine which he himself supposes to be very much more than this; which he gives us as the worthy outcome and perfect flower of the meditations of a lifetime. This is his celebrated doctrine of hero-worship, to which we, indeed, can by no means assign the rank claimed for it by its author. It seems to us a torso, wrought indeed by the hand of genius, and bearing the marks of a chisel that struck fire from the stone in its working, but rude, misshapen, maimed, deformed. And though we are aware that in this gigantesque image Mr. Carlyle intends something far beyond the bounds of mere politics, we shall for the present, for the sake of greater definition, confine ourselves to its political signification. We shall, in short, consider the hero as leading men not simply or chiefly by spiritual influence, but also by material force. It is thus that Mr. Carlyle has of late best loved to contemplate him—as the sword of God, in the splendour of outward action, ruling and chastising the nations.

Now we must guard ourselves against being supposed to assert that this doctrine of hero-worship is, on the political or any other side, *untrue*. That is not our charge against it. Let us, however, before going further, state as briefly as possible what it is. Mr. Carlyle's exposition of it may be put pretty much as follows:—He desires, first, that the action of a state should be resolute, and directed with clear purpose. But, next, he sees that it is impossible to have a perfectly clear purpose perfectly carried out, except under the guidance of one man, who both conceives and executes. Nothing can be more true; for though many men may nominally be actuated by a single purpose, there will always be differences in the way of conceiving that purpose which will blur and weaken the action. Hence Mr. Carlyle demands a head or governor of a state in whose mind the full purpose of the state, which by others is conceived imperfectly and inadequately, should represent itself completely, as in a mirror; he demands that the effort of all persons should be to recognise this man, or the man who comes nearest to this ideal, to set him at their head, obey him themselves, and provide him with sufficient force to put down those who, from their selfish and partial view, oppose themselves to his wiser plan. He is specially indignant with those who think that a

nation can be guided infallibly into the right course by the machinery of Parliaments or Congresses, or by any device which makes the final decision to rest with a majority of the nation, simply because they are the majority, without any effort to obtain the judgment of those who are most competent to decide. He demands that there shall be in every case a clear and wise design; and he insists that the wisest design can in its full compass be only comprehended by the one Wisest Man, whom all other men must call to the helm of the state. More than this; he would have, in every portion of society, the inferior natures avowedly guided by the higher, as these would be guided by those higher than themselves, till the whole culminated in that single man whom all the rest judged to be most eminent among them.

Now let it be observed that this theory is not, as it is often represented to be, a theory of mere despotism. There is a vast difference between saying that all nations should use their utmost endeavours to gain a Head, a Wisest Man, in whom they can trust; and saying that every nation which is governed by a single strong despot has a government which can be approved of. The theory does not even say that every nation should immediately choose for itself a single individual as its head; but only that this is the ideal state of things. Secondly, it is at the very farthest possible distance from any theory that would sanction castes, or the hereditary domination of an aristocratical class, or even the hereditary descent of a monarchy from a king to his descendants; for instance, take the following passage from the 'Latter-day Pamphlets':—

'This question always rises as the alpha and omega of social questions, What methods the Society has of summoning aloft into the high places, for its help and governance, the wisdom that is born to it in all places, and of course is born chiefly in the more populous or lower places? For this, if you will consider it, expresses the ultimate available result, and net sum-total, of all the efforts, struggles and confused activities that go on in the Society; and determines whether they are true and wise efforts, certain to be victorious, or false and foolish, certain to be futile, and to fall captive and caittiff. How do men rise in your Society? In all Societies, Turkey included, and I suppose Dahomey included, men do rise; but the question of questions always is, What kind of men? Men of noble gifts, or men of ignoble?'
—*Stump Orator.*

No republican could express more strongly that cardinal doctrine of republicanism—the essential equality of rights in men, born in whatever rank.

But, thirdly, in spite of Mr. Carlyle's sense of the importance of

of unity of purpose in the head of the state, he is well aware that his Hero, or Wisest Man, will need the advice, information, and assistance of others who are inferior to himself. And thus Parliaments have a place in his system; for, though he has written much against Parliaments as they actually are, it is erroneous to imagine that he would assign them no function whatever. This will be apparent from the following passages in the 'Latter-day Pamphlets':—

'To King Rufus there could no more natural method present itself, of getting his affairs of sovereignty transacted, than this same. To assemble all his working Sub-kings about him; and gather in a human manner, by the aid of sad speech and of cheerful, what their real notions, opinions, and determinations were. No way of making a law, or of getting one executed when made, except by even such a General Consult in one form or another. Naturally too, as in all places where men meet, there established themselves modes of proceeding in this Christmas *Parliamentum*. . . So likewise, in the time of the Edwards, when Parliament gradually split itself in Two Houses; and Borough Members and Knights of the Shire were summoned up to answer, Whether they could stand such and such an impost? and took upon them to answer, "Yes, your Majesty; but we have such and such grievances greatly in need of redress first"—nothing could be more natural and human than such a Parliament still was. And so, granting subsidies, stating grievances, and notably widening its field in that latter direction, accumulating new modes, and practices of Parliament greatly important in world-history, the old Parliament continued an eminently human, veracious, and indispensable entity, achieving real work in the centuries.'—*Parliaments*.

And so in the following passage from the same pamphlet, which is one of the few pieces of long well-sustained argument in Mr. Carlyle's writings:—

'Votes of men are worth collecting, if convenient. True, their opinions are generally of little wisdom, and can on occasion reach to all conceivable and inconceivable degrees of folly; but their instincts, where these can be deciphered, are wise and human; these, hidden under the noisy utterance of what they call their opinions, are the unspoken sense of man's heart, and well deserve attending to. Know well what the people inarticulately feel, for the Law of Heaven itself is dimly written there; nay do not neglect, if you have opportunity, to ascertain what they vote and say. One thing the stupidest multitude at a hustings can do, provided only it be sincere: Inform you how it likes this man or that, this proposed law or that. . . . Beyond doubt it will be useful, will be indispensable, for the King or Governor to know what the mass of men think upon public questions legislative and administrative; what they will assent to willingly, what unwillingly; what they will resist with superficial discontents and remonstrances, what with obstinate determination, with riot, perhaps with

armed rebellion. To which end, Parliaments, free presses, and such like, are excellent; they keep the Governor fully aware of what the people, wisely or foolishly, think. Without in some way knowing it with moderate exactitude, he has not a possibility to govern at all. For example, the Chief Governor of Constantinople, having no Parliament to tell it him, knows it only by the frequency of incendiary fires in his capital, the frequency of bakers hanged at their shop-lintels; a most inferior ex-post-facto method!

It will be seen that in spite of Mr. Carlyle's prepossession for his supreme ruler, he is well aware that parliaments and peoples have a power of their own, which on occasions they may justifiably use, even against their monarch. And with this admission Mr. Carlyle's theory may be said to close.

There is really nothing to be said against it. It is all true; it may all be granted at once. Let Mr. Carlyle proceed; we wait for his next step. He gives it. *Take your hero, and put him at the head of affairs.* Here we demur. We have accepted Mr. Carlyle's view as an ideal; but it is an ideal, as we shall immediately show, which, though it may indirectly guide us, cannot be taken as a direct aim for our efforts. There is one important preliminary necessity. Mr. Carlyle has surely forgotten the first sentence of Mrs. Glasse's invaluable receipt for cooking a hare,—*'First catch your hare.'* In giving us a receipt for the salvation of society, which receipt has a hero for its principal ingredient, he is bound, we submit, to give us information on this primary point: *How we are to catch our hero.* Should we elect him by a plébiscite? Is it to the Prime Minister that we must hand over the absolute command of the national forces? or, perchance, is it too bold a guess that it is in Chelsea that the hero is to be found? Will Mr. Carlyle accept the post himself?

To speak seriously; a hero, a man who reaches to the height and length and breadth of his generation; who dominates by right of genius the intellect and will of his contemporaries, is the gift of Heaven. It is not by our wishing that he will come, neither will he depart from us because we may be unwilling to accept him. The age, the nation, which has such a man is happy above other ages and nations; yet the age or nation that has him not may have much of honest worth, and may be loved by us equally, though admired less. And far better is it for the age or nation that has him not to acquiesce in its own inferiority, and not set up a spasmodic strain for a phantasm of heroism.

This is what is so pernicious in the practical result of Mr. Carlyle's teaching; he has forced himself and others to find a
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hero where heroism was not. It cannot be a genuine aim for a nation, in our period of the world's history, or, indeed, at any period, to *try* to find a man to whom they may submit absolutely. If such a man comes, well and good; but let us find him spontaneously, and not because we are told that we must find him. It is even salutary to be very sceptical about one who comes forward guaranteed to be such a man. Mr. Carlyle's doctrine is too much the natural instinct of the world already, to add to it that additional sanction which is implied in setting it up as a principle of morality. Is the lending an enthusiastic support to a man of brilliant ability, whose views command so large a following as to render opposition useless, a virtue so extraordinarily difficult of acquirement? Are the mass of men so unduly suspicious of their leaders? Have the Prussians been too obstinately antagonistic to Prince Bismarck? Was not Louis Napoleon for eighteen years undisputed master of France? Has it been unknown in England that a Prime Minister should be, for a time, autocratic? Parliaments, and nations as well, are in truth so perfectly aware of their inherent weaknesses, which Mr. Carlyle is never weary of bringing forward, that they lend an even too ready ear to any man who has a clear and resolute design.

We should say that the very reverse doctrine needed to be inculcated from that which Mr. Carlyle inculcates. Men have to be taught to turn aside from a plausible unity of purpose, which is common enough, and to contemplate instead the complexity and variety of interests which fill a land like ours, and of which only a small part can be thoroughly known by the most comprehensive, earnest, and industrious inquirer. How easy is it to be ignorant! How easy to be unjust from pure ignorance, without a touch of malevolence! Let us study what exists, with all the faculties of our understanding, and do what little we can to amend it; this is the most heroic thing that we can do for our own part, and the only possible way of recognising a true hero in another. The inevitable result of our following Mr. Carlyle's advice would be that we should get a hero of mere physical force, who would compel whether he had or had not intelligence to judge that compulsion was beneficial. Such a man is not a great man. A great mind must abstain from action in matters which it has not scientifically proved and got hold of from the root, and much of such abstinence is required even of the strongest intellects. Wise government comes first, strong government only second. However much it is true that a wise governor may sometimes have to compel his people to obey him, it yet is indispensable that we should be satisfied that the governor

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is wise before we can approve of such compulsion. This prodigious step, that we must be satisfied that we have a man at our head whom we can trust on all points even against our own judgment, Mr. Carlyle takes as a mere nothing. According to Homer, the god Neptune crossed the Ægean Sea at three strides; but if we poor mortals attempted to do the same, we should assuredly get drowned.

The truth is, the real force and vitality of Mr. Carlyle's doctrine of hero-worship does not lie in his recommendation of the hero, as the one single ruler, at all. This is a mere accident; it is a more picturesque state, it is indeed a better state, when one man gathers into himself all the instincts of the nation and directs them; but it is not a transcendently better state, there is nothing of necessity about it. The real force of Mr. Carlyle's doctrine lies in his preference of men to institutions; in his insistence on the living energy of mind as superior to any external thing, or indeed to all external things put together. Some people think that, just as Mr. Babbage's machine grinds out logarithms, so our excellent Constitution will grind out for us all that is desirable and advantageous. Others, and a more numerous class, think that at any rate virtue and energy cannot be of so much importance as they used to be: that we cannot do without them altogether will be conceded, but they think that our institutions supply their place in a measure, in a certain degree. Now Mr. Carlyle rightly judges, that so far from the progress of society diminishing the importance of virtuous and energetic men, it renders them even more important. Indeed, he goes (and we join with him in going) even further; it is not a question simply of more or less importance; it is even the one end of society (and therefore of infinite importance) to produce virtuous and energetic men, and to commit the highest functions to the most virtuous and most energetic. But yet institutions have a value, conserving where they cannot create, and guiding where they cannot animate; and Mr. Carlyle, in his later writings, has forgotten this. Further, it has to be remembered that institutions which are full of meaning and value to one man may be meaningless and valueless to another; of this fact Mr. Carlyle shows no recognition whatever; he would have each individual judge absolutely for himself about them. We deny the right of any individual to judge upon such matters, except he has first made himself acquainted with the feelings and experience of society at large upon them.

Thus while we are not at war with Mr. Carlyle's doctrine of hero-worship as a theory, with his practical application of it we are wholly and entirely at variance. But one thing more remains

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to be said. What has surprised most people in Mr. Carlyle's later career is, not simply that he has advocated this doctrine, but that he has advocated it with such fanatical and almost terrifying intensity. He declares that we walk in a 'nightmare wilderness, a wreck of dead men's bones, a false world.' Why? we ask. Evils enough and to spare there are in the world around us; but was it a better state of things when the Black Death swept away half the population of England? or when William the Conqueror laid waste with fire and sword all England north of the Humber? We shall not think so without very much more reason than Mr. Carlyle, or any one, has ever given for our thinking so. Or if it be some deep moral blindness in the age to which Mr. Carlyle refers, we seek in vain through his writings for that light which alone can reveal, and by revealing dispel, the darkness. But our persuasion, our strong persuasion is, that this despondency lies in Mr. Carlyle's own nature alone. Far are we from accusing him of personal vanity; it is not against such a man that such an accusation can be brought. But he suffers, we think, from not having realized his own idea; he has had a vision, a Utopia, before his eyes, which has never been brought into actuality. To speak the plain truth, he has wished *himself* to be the hero of this modern age; not, we repeat, from vanity, but because he has felt in himself somewhat of the power to be so—somewhat, but not the whole requisite power. The amorphic, vast, gigantesque productions of his later years have resulted from the strain to bring out that which yet he was unable to bring out. The discordant elements have been too much for his power of combination; he has let slip now one thread, now another thread, of the intricate skein that needs unravelling; and at last, in sheer despair, he has turned his eyes to the *sword*, which, if it cannot solve, can cut the knot. In this despair we do not join; and, indeed, we deem it unworthy to join in it, for any one who has not been worn out with delayed and frustrated hope. In such an one we can only lament it, and think it mistaken. Just as Bacon said in respect of discoveries, that they are '*temporis partus, non ingenii*;' so it is with the laws and principles which are the welfare of society. Those who first anticipate them seldom see them in their fullness; and if they imperatively demand to see them in their fullness, they will only suffer themselves, in the recoil of failure upon their own minds.

We have said nothing hitherto of that feature in Mr. Carlyle which first strikes and astonishes the casual reader—his style; yet it is a feature which it is impossible to pass over. It is a style which sacrifices clearness in the central idea to vividness in

in particular points; and this is a characteristic which no brilliance can prevent from being a signal fault. So great a fault is it that not only Mr. Carlyle's reader, but Mr. Carlyle himself, is at times prevented, by the eccentricities of his style, from knowing what the real thing is which he means to impress. He flings out a crowd of ideas pell-mell; but each separate idea is left to take its chance by itself; there is no subordination in the motley assemblage. This is not good; and of all causes none has been so powerful as this in hindering that complete success which Mr. Carlyle by his capacity was qualified to attain. For there has been a certain amount of wilfulness, and (to say the truth) even of affectation in it; he will often prefer an uncouth and unusual phrase where an ordinary word would express the meaning without the smallest shadow of a difference. This may seem a small matter, but it is precisely in small matters that people ought to conform to the common usage. To differ invests them with an artificial and unnatural importance.

We must now part with this remarkable writer. Without disguising what seem to us his faults, we have spoken of him throughout as a man of extraordinary power. Seldom is it possible to make a criticism on him that he has not himself, to some extent, anticipated and forestalled; in the depths of his own mind, he guards himself against the erroneous deductions that others draw from him. With all his antagonism to his age, he is never arrogant or self-complacent; he can admire and reverence. He for the most part appears one-sided, but he is many-sided; in his impatience and desire for incisiveness he lays such emphasis on that aspect of the truth which he is insisting on, that for the moment he forgets the others. The most spiritual of modern historians, he has been mistaken, not without his own fault, for an admirer of mere physical force. Penetrated to his inmost heart with sympathy for the poor, he has been mistaken, again not without his own fault, for an advocate of their high-handed oppression. To conclude, there is no man who so resolutely goes to the reality of things, determining to make men see what is, through all the veils and forms in which it is wrapped; but he fails in putting his facts together, in deducing from them a tenable design or detailed scheme of action. If there is any point in this article in which we have misunderstood him, or forgotten somewhat that would have defended him against our criticisms, this has not been from want of recognising the honour due to his genius.

- ART. III.—1. *Journeys in North China*. By the Rev. Alexander Williamson, B.A. 2 Vols. London, 1870.
2. *Pekin, Yeddo, and St. Francisco*. By the Marquis De Beauvoir. Forming the concluding volume of a Voyage round the World. London, 1872.
3. *Reports on the Provinces of Hunan, Hupeh, Honan, Shansi, Che Kiang and Nganhwei*. By Baron von Richthofen. Shanghai, 1870 and 1871.
4. *Report of the Delegates of the Shanghai General Chamber of Commerce on the Trade of the Upper Yangtze*. Shanghai, 1869.
5. *Reports of Journeys in China and Japan, performed by Mr. Alabaster, Mr. Oxenham, Mr. Markham, and Dr. Willis, of Her Majesty's Consular Service in those Countries*. Presented to Parliament. 1869.
6. *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, 1869 and 1870.
7. *The Tientsin Massacre*. By George Thin, M.D. Edinburgh, 1870.
8. *British Policy in China*. By a Shanghai Merchant. London, 1871.
9. *Correspondence respecting the Revision of the Treaty of Tientsin*. Presented to the House of Commons. 1871.
10. *Parliamentary Correspondence on the Affairs of China*. 1859-71.
11. *The London and China Telegraph*. 1871.

NOTWITHSTANDING the very numerous works on China, it is somewhat surprising how little is generally known of that wonderful country and its strange inhabitants. And the ignorance of the average Englishman—that is, excluding the comparatively small number who have special inducements to study the subject—is rendered, perhaps, the more impenetrable by being shrouded in a veil of purely conventional notions of China which have, so to speak, become stereotyped. A region of universal productiveness, inhabited by 200 millions * of people, united under one Government, with a history at the least two thousand years old—these were objects

* Though there are no means of arriving at an exact estimate of the population of China, there can be no doubt that the commonly received one of 300,000,000 is enormously exaggerated. An analysis by Baron von Richthofen of the population of one province, Che-kiang, founded on his own observation, gives the numbers as 8,000,000, whereas the Census of 1812, usually adopted as authoritative, puts them at 26,000,000. It is admitted that in no other province is the exaggeration of the so-called census so conspicuous; but the occurrence of one such glaring error is justly held to invalidate the document in which it is contained, and to destroy faith in even its approximate accuracy as a whole. It is highly probable that the actual population of China never reached 200,000,000.

fitted to excite the keenest interest; while the remoteness of the country and the obstinate exclusiveness of its Government have denied this natural curiosity its legitimate and healthy satisfaction. A halo of romance has thus come to be thrown over everything Chinese, from theories of government to the details of common life, which distorts the vision and misleads the judgment. Whether the Chinese be regarded in the aspect of polished sages discoursing profoundly on ethics, or as comical beings with round heads perpetually passing over quaint bridges, or in gorgeous apparel and with three-haired mustachios, an ell long, exemplifying the dignity of labour by carrying gilded tea-chests over delectable mountains; or even as prim maidens, in blue and purple, banjoing their loves to the soft willow-trees; whether, again, the land is covered with pagodas with tinkling bells, or is full of seething rice-swamps or delicious cool grottoes, we are in each case conscious of a certain unreality in the picture that is called up. Were they the inhabitants of another planet, indeed, the ideal Chinese of our common literature could hardly evoke less true sympathy than they do, and certainly the *Vril-ya* have been clothed by the author of 'The Coming Race' with more genuine humanity. As a consequence, hardly anything is too extravagant to be believed about China, and contradictory views are frequently held without provoking any sense of their incongruity. Thanks, however, to the recent treaties, this state of things has begun to pass away. The priesthood of Sinologues, which has done so little to propagate the truth about China, no longer monopolizes the sources of information; fresh and active minds have broken in on the mystery, and modern authors, writing like living men of living men, have brought the distant Chinese nearer to us. The late Mr. Wingrove Cook had hardly been a month in Hong-kong, in the capacity of Special Correspondent to the 'Times,' when he wrote disparagingly of what he called 'your twenty-years-in-the-country-and-speak-the-language men;' and his letters went far to redeem the flippancy of the epithet. Determined to see for himself and think for himself, that indefatigable correspondent was enabled, in a very short time, not only to amass information about China of the most important kind, but to throw new light on those political and commercial questions which concern us so deeply. Since the Chinese empire was opened up to travellers under Lord Elgin's Treaty in 1861, three great classes have sent their scouts over the length and breadth of the land: the missionaries of science, of commerce, and of religion have vied with each other in bringing obscure portions of the country within the domain of our knowledge. The recent progress of the world, but especially

cially the progress effected in China itself by the Treaties of 1858, has imparted to these researches that essentially practical turn which is their distinguishing characteristic. The length, depth, and rapidity of a river are no longer barren facts in physical geography, but *data* by which the feasibility of steam-navigation may be determined. A dense crowd in an inland city is more than the occasion of an interesting entry in a traveller's diary: it suggests the question of clothing the masses in the fabrics of English power-looms. The classic wheelbarrow, propelled by the auxiliary of sails, is now-a-days the embodiment of misapplied labour and wasted time; and impassable cart-roads lead the traveller, by an inevitable transition of thought, to the contemplation of railways. In short, it is China in its relation to the commercial systems of the world, from which it cannot much longer be kept apart, that has inspired the energies of its modern explorers, and these have already led to some valuable results. The information derived from these sources may, as far as our present purpose is concerned, be classified as showing—

I. That a considerable amount of agricultural wealth, and an inexhaustible store of mineral wealth, are not utilized in China.

II. That, with the exception of those districts which are embraced in the canal systems of China, the existing means of communication are of the most defective kind.

III. That there is still a large available opening for the extension of British trade in manufactured goods.

IV. That the people are, as a rule, well-disposed, and anxious to cultivate commercial relations with Europeans.

A brief illustration of each of these four points will help to show the bearing of Chinese affairs on our national interests in that country.

I. The reports of travellers prove that, from one cause and another, large tracts of arable land are lying waste in several of the provinces of China. This is confirmed by native writers: for among the State-papers which have been lately published are sundry memorials from high functionaries, who make the great area of unoccupied ground the basis of the administrative proposals which they submit to the supreme Government. In places where the ravages of rebellion have been exceptionally severe, the land has ceased to be cultivated because the inhabitants have disappeared. The Taeping scourge, together with the means required to stamp it out, is said to have cost the country the incredible number of 50 millions of people. In parts of the once populous province of Che-kiang it is estimated that only three

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in a hundred of the inhabitants escaped death at the hands of the rebels. 'It is difficult,' writes one traveller, 'to conceive of a more horrid destruction of life and property than has been perpetrated in these districts, and yet they are only a very small proportion of the area of country that has shared a similar fate.' And the re-population proceeds at a very slow rate in Che-kiang. 'The greater portion of the interior of the empire,' says Mr. T. W. Kingsmill, in his Memorial on Treaty revision, 'though eminently suitable for grazing or tillage, is now a wilderness, beyond the ability or skill of the inhabitants to cultivate to advantage.' For, though immense tracts of land are now in the possession of few persons, only a limited number of square yards can be cultivated by each individual for want of the necessary manure, the supply of which within any given area is, owing to the defective system pursued by the Chinese, exactly proportionate to the number of human beings living on that area. And though the deserted regions of Che-kiang afford unbounded facilities for stock-farming, we are told that the Chinese agriculturists have failed to discover the availability of so obvious a source whence the fertility of the soil might be maintained. Elsewhere, as on the northern confines of the empire which have been described by Mr. Williamson, we read of vast forests which await the axe and the plough to be made to yield food in abundance, for the soil seems well adapted for agricultural purposes. And even if ere long these virgin lands pass into the grasp of the Emperor of Russia, they would be equally available as an outlet for the redundant population of China—if there be any. Russian colonists have not yet found the necessity of exterminating aborigines, and the Russian Government may be credited with more wisdom than to discountenance the influx of such industrious mechanics and agriculturists as the Chinese.* On the other hand, no prejudice of patriotism would stand in the way of Chinese emigrants transferring their allegiance from one alien dynasty to another. That China is over-populated in some parts is proved by the stream of emigration that annually pours from the southern sea-board provinces across the Pacific Ocean and the Eastern seas; but why, with so much uncleared or untilled land in their own country, they should undertake venturesome, and to them most formidable, voyages to distant lands is a question a full answer to which would throw light on some other obscure features of Chinese sociology. Perhaps, after all, the means of communica-

* Though the Russian authorities are reported to be inviting Korean, to the exclusion of Chinese, settlers along that part of Russian Manchuria which borders on Korea, there are obvious reasons which may account for such a preference without prejudice to the general merits of the Chinese as colonists.

tion may be the principal element in this question, for it is conceivable that even a sea-passage may cost less in money than some long journeys within the limits of China itself, and it is not improbable that the maritime population of Kwangtung are better acquainted with the condition and prospects of California than with those of the more northern provinces of China. Where travelling facilities are exceptionally good, it is found that the resettling of the devastated districts is going on comparatively rapidly. In the province of Nganhwei, for example, which is watered by the river Yangtze, the number of immigrants is so large, that the traveller has often the greatest difficulty in obtaining information regarding the country or the road to some neighbouring place. 'There are instances where only the twentieth man one meets is an old resident,' the new men being natives of several provinces, some near to and some remote from the land of their adoption. The Government evinces so much wisdom in facilitating the re-peopling of the country, and the emigrants adapt themselves so naturally to their new circumstances, that it has been supposed all this is done instinctively in obedience to a national habit transmitted through many generations, during which the processes of devastation and re-settlement have been regularly succeeding each other in China. And the periodical fusion of natives of various parts of the empire thus occasioned has been adduced as a possible explanation of the homogeneity of the Chinese people in language and character.*

In minerals the Chinese empire has been generally understood to be rich; but the more precise descriptions of some of these reserve treasures, with indications of the means by which they may be turned to account for the benefit of the country, come upon us with the freshness of a revelation. Both gold and silver are found in almost every province of the empire, the former being procured chiefly by washing the sand of riverbeds, which are re-charged by every flood and freshet. It is a laborious, and not a very lucrative process to the persons engaged. Mining is not altogether unknown, though it is discouraged by the jealous policy of the Government; the quartz is reported by Mr. Williamson to be very rich in gold, and nuggets are met with in certain districts. No estimate can be formed of the supply of gold which is buried in the hills, though everything leads to the belief that it is enormous. Of the copper, lead, tin, and quicksilver production scant information has as yet been furnished. The salt wells of Szechuen have

* See Baron von Richthofen's interesting remarks on these subjects in his Letter on the provinces of Che-kiang and Nganhwei.

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been described by Mr. Wylie, who likewise gives an account of petroleum pits there, which are reported to be 3000 feet deep. The oil, though most abundant in Szechuen, is likewise found in the province of Shansi. These are all, however, comparatively unimportant from our external point of view, and it is not wonderful that foreign investigators should have concentrated their attention on the mineral which is destined to play the most important part in improving the condition of the Chinese people, and in facilitating the advancement of foreign commerce. We refer, of course, to *coal*. This is at once the most valuable, the most widely distributed, and the most accessible of all descriptions of the buried wealth of China.

According to a competent writer in the 'London and China Telegraph,' of April 3, 1871, the Chinese coal-fields cover an area of upwards of 400,000 square miles; a number which may well appear fabulous in comparison with the modest 12,000 miles of coal which have sufficed to make Great Britain the workshop of the world. Yet this estimate of the whole receives strong confirmation from the actual descriptions we have of certain portions of the Chinese coal-bearing area, which have been examined by a skilled geologist, Baron von Richthofen, from whose valuable reports we shall make one or two extracts. In the one province of Hunan he finds a coal-field extending over an area of 21,700 square miles, nearly twice that of the coal-beds of the British Islands. There are two perfectly distinct coal-beds in Hunan, one bearing bituminous and the other anthracite; the latter being most conveniently situated with regard to conveyance by water, easily mined, and covering an area equal to that of the Anthracite Coal-field of Pennsylvania. In quality this coal will compare favourably with the best kinds of anthracite known.

If, now, we follow the Baron through Honan, which itself possesses the by no means insignificant coal area of 10,000 square miles, to the province of Shansi, we shall be compelled to share the amazement with which he surveyed the coal-fields which he there found. Their enormous extent, some 30,000 square miles, capable of supplying the whole world, at its present rate of consumption, for thousands of years, is, perhaps, even a less important feature than the unrivalled facilities for mining which these coal-fields offer. The beds vary from 12 to 30 feet in thickness, while the system of coal-bearing strata in this province is about 500 feet in thickness, and contains, besides, an inexhaustible supply of iron-ore. After showing in detail the richness of the mineral products of one district, that of Ping-ting-chau, and the exceptionally favourable juxta-position of

of the coal and the iron, Baron Richthofen thus sums up his account of the district:

‘These extraordinary conditions, for which I know of no parallel on the globe, will eventually give rise to some curious features in mining. It may be predicted that, if a railroad should ever be built from the plain to this region—and there is no other means of ever bringing to their due account its mineral resources—branches of it will be constructed within the body of one or other of these beds of anthracite, which are among the thickest and most valuable known anywhere, and continue for miles underneath the hills west of the present coal-belt of Ping-ting-chau. Such a tunnel would allow of putting the produce of the various coal-beds immediately on railroad carts destined for distant places.’

• Of the various kinds of iron-ore which abound in several strata of the coal-formation of Shansi, Baron Richthofen mentions only one as being used by the Chinese. It is ‘a mixture of clay iron-ore and spathic ore, together with limonite and hematite, and occurs in irregular accumulations in certain limestone strata at the bottom of the coal-formation.’ The native mode of smelting the ore is minutely described by the Baron, who does not hesitate to acknowledge that, rude and feeble as the machinery is, the iron produced is of excellent quality, a result which he attributes, in a great measure, to the superiority of the raw material. ‘The few hundred feet of coal-formation furnishes an abundance of every kind of material required:—1st, an iron-ore of great purity, rich in metal and easily fusible; 2nd, all sorts of clay and sand, such as are required for crucibles, moulds, &c.; 3rd, a very superior anthracite.’

Here, then, we have elements of wealth and power, which might raise their possessors to a commanding position among the nations; and a people the most numerous, the most industrious, the most orderly in the world, and, at the same time, keenly alive to their own interest, when they are made aware of the direction in which it lies; and yet, taken as a whole, their vast stores of coal and iron are turned to no account. A local trade in coal is, we learn, carried on in Szechuen province, in the northern province of Chih-li, and in Manchuria, and, of course, in most other places where coal is abundant; the product of Hunan is even worked sufficiently to feed small distant markets when they happen to be situated on the banks of rivers on which laden boats can be floated. But the only Chinese mines which can be said to be worked in a business-like manner are those in the island of Formosa, whence, under the stimulus of European aid in mining and shipping appliances, a regular export trade in coal of a poor description is carried on with the mainland.

mainland. The traffic in native iron seems to be even more restricted than that in coal. This state of affairs would appear less anomalous if it could be shown that the domestic and industrial habits of the Chinese were such as to enable them to dispense with valuable minerals like coal and iron. This is not the case, however; for we learn that in the very country where coal most abounds, so desperate is the need for fuel, that the climate has been ruined by the cutting down of all trees and brushwood, and even the roots of grass are diligently dug up to supply firing for domestic purposes.

We know also that, in spite of the enormous disadvantages under which such a commercial operation must be conducted, both coal and iron are sent in large quantities from England to China, while of coal still larger supplies are drawn from America, Japan, and Australia, a certain proportion of all which is for exclusively native use. That an article of so low a monetary value as coal, or even iron, should, after being carried over 15,000 miles of ocean, compete successfully, on their own ground, with the native products of a country which is itself an inexhaustible storehouse of these very commodities, is a fact for which it would be difficult to find a parallel. If we could conceive the existence of manufactures or even commerce at all in England under such conditions as rendered steam-factories dependent for their fuel on supplies of coal brought from China and costing 60s. per ton, and compelled machinists to obtain their raw material—iron—in the same circuitous and expensive manner, we might be able to form some idea of that internal paralysis which, notwithstanding much superficial activity, actually pervades the commercial life of the Chinese. But what is the explanation of their ruinous system of 'carrying coals to Newcastle'? Apart from those general considerations which may account for the backwardness of Chinese enterprise of all kinds, there are special reasons why mining, in particular, should be at a low ebb. First, there exists among the governing class a political objection to mining, which operates with various degrees of force, according to the idiosyncrasies of individual officials, the local customs or traditions of particular districts, and such like. Secondly, ignorance of the principles of mining and of the construction of machinery confines the Chinese miners in many places to the outcrop of coal, which is inferior in quality; and even when vertical shafts are sunk to a considerable depth, as at Loping, near the Poyang Lake, and in several of the coal-districts described by Baron von Richthofen and Mr. Williamson, the appliances in use are found to be inadequate to the overcoming of many of the ordinary difficulties incidental to coal-mining. But there remains another circumstance, sufficient

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of itself to account for the neglect of the Chinese coal and iron mines—the absence of efficient means of conveyance. So important is this in connexion, not only with the mining prospects, but with the question of the development of foreign trade, that we proceed to consider it by itself, under the next division.

II. China is well known to be possessed of an unrivalled system of water-communication, which, cutting up the lower portion of the great basin of the Yangtze into innumerable insular blocks, furnishes at once a means of transport which, if slow, cannot be surpassed for safety and cheapness, and a convenient method of irrigation. This network of canals, however, covers only a comparatively small area of China; and though next to the canals the navigable rivers appear to offer great facilities for the transport of merchandise, the primitive mode of navigation which is alone at the disposal of the natives causes half the advantages of these magnificent water-ways to be lost. It is only indeed where foreigners have been permitted to run steamboats that the Chinese are enabled to make full use of their rivers. What the dry roads are, we learn by the graphic descriptions of many travellers. The condition of those in the vicinity of Peking have become familiar to most readers since the campaign of 1860. Of the comparatively excellent high-roads in Manchuria Mr. Williamson writes:—

‘These roads may be said to be in a state of nature—no one looks after them—nor is there any toll, except at the passes leading into Mongolia. The weather rules them. In the level districts they are just lines of deep ruts, irregular and uneven, which in course of time would become utterly impassable. But the rain obviates this evil by washing them all into a common puddle, when it ceases. Carts then plunge through them, leaving no tracks. The sun hardens them, and this process of repair is perpetually repeated, and it is all they receive.’

We elsewhere learn that as many as a dozen animals, horses, asses, and bullocks, are frequently required to drag small-sized carts over these roads. Mr. Oxenham, of the Consular Service, who travelled from Peking to Hankow, tells a similar tale of the province of Honan:—

‘It was with great regret,’ he says, ‘I was compelled to give up proceeding to the capital of Honan, but the state of the roads rendered it impossible . . . the people unanimously declared the roads too heavy for the passage of carts.’

And at another point of his journey he makes the significant observation,—

‘In one place we came upon the astonishing spectacle of Chinamen mending a road.’

Mr. Consul Markham found in Shantung that after rains the roads were almost impassable. The like testimony comes from Baron Richthofen concerning Shansi, and he adds:—

‘As the knowledge of the Chinese of the construction of roads does hardly embrace the first principles of this branch of engineering, and as they possess neither skill nor energy in removing obstacles, but are endowed with an infinite amount of patience in overcoming the same natural difficulties day by day, they have never attempted to improve their means of communication with Shansi.’

The first result of this state of things is that the rudest conveyances can alone be used over immense tracts of country. The two-wheeled vehicles which laboriously perform the carrier service in Chihli and Manchuria, give place to those one-wheeled carriages which are found in the central provinces, and these again are forced to give way to beasts of burden in the hilly districts, as well as in other regions where the roads have become impracticable even for wheelbarrows. The mere description of the mode of propelling these, the popular locomotives of central China, sufficiently attests the incalculable waste that is implied in the use of so inconvenient a means of transport. Crossing some uncultivated chalky downs in the province of Honan, where the roads were good, Mr. Oxenham came upon large numbers of wheelbarrows, and

‘in one place where the country was unusually high and open, and where a strong wind was blowing in their favour, all of them set up a sail to assist them in their journey. The manner in which this was arranged was as simple as it was ingenious. Two long bamboo-poles were fixed upright at the end of the wheelbarrow, to which was attached a piece of cloth, an old coat, a sack, or, in fact, anything which would catch the wind. It was impossible not to admire the ingenuity which could avail itself of so novel an assistant, and the persevering industry which could take so cumbersome a conveyance such long distances. The men who use these cumbersome and loud-shrieking vehicles contrive to take them 70 li (about 20 miles) a day, and in the event of a favourable wind, often 100 li. One man generally manages the wheelbarrow, though he sometimes avails himself of the services of his son, his wife, or his donkey.’

Mr. Markham gives the following account of the conveyances in Shantung:—

‘The means of traffic along the road are carts, wheelbarrows, camels, mules, and donkeys. The carts carry six to twenty piculs (800 to 2600 lbs.), and are drawn, the larger ones by five mules, and the smaller ones by two. Wheelbarrows carry from two to ten piculs (266 to 1333 lbs.), and are propelled by one man pushing, another in front in a sort of shafts, and a donkey, ox, or mule, in front of all, attached by traces of rope. For the man behind, who has to push, guide,

guide, and support the whole weight on his shoulders, the work is terrific, and seemed to me to be the very acmé of human labour. These men seldom reach the age of forty years, I was told.'

The severity of the work was found by Mr. Williamson to be even greater in a neighbouring province.

'The barrowmen in Shantung,' he writes, 'are bad enough, but these (of Western Honan) are lower than they. The loads were dreadful, and the work beyond anything I ever saw; the pushing and tugging and swaying of the men's bodies as the barrow rolled over the uneven, often stony road, was terrific, and the ravenous eager eating at the inns on the roadsides excited the most painful feelings. Human labour is cheaper here than donkey-hire; this has gone on for years, and will go on till railways cheapen the carriage of goods, and thus break the yoke from off such slaves.'

The unthrifty character of Chinese land-carriage is thus forcibly illustrated by Baron Richthofen:—

'It is surprising to see what a large number of mules and horses are employed in the carrying trade, and how great a proportion of the agricultural land serves only the purpose of feeding these animals. As the service which is done by a horse in this region (the northern provinces) is probably, on an average, not more than one-fifth of what it could be on well-constructed roads, it may be said that about four-fifths of the area of the fields retained for raising food for cattle is wantonly lost to the cultivation of other crops.'

Touching the cost of carriage by the rude means we have described, Mr. Markham's estimate falls somewhat short of Baron Richthofen's, whose observations, however, embraced a more extended area. The one is about a third of a penny sterling per pound weight per 100 miles, the other about one-third more, or somewhat less than a halfpenny sterling per pound per 100 miles.* The mere conversion of the native tariff into sterling money, however, fails to give us a just idea of the tax which is imposed on trade by the defective carrying-service. It is by comparison of the cost by land and water respectively that we arrive at an approximate estimate of the rate at which the Chinese are paying for their bad roads and vehicles; and this comparison is furnished by Baron Richthofen, who says that 'freight by land is from twenty to forty times more expensive than by water.'

With heavy articles like iron and coal, but especially coal, the cost of carriage of which forms so large an item in their

* Mr. Kingsmill states that the journey from Pukow, opposite Nanking, on the left bank of the Yangtze to Peking, a distance of 600 miles over a country free from natural obstacles, occupies about thirty days, and that the cost of transit is about 16*l.* per ton weight.

price to the consumer, it is easy to see how the roadless condition of the country effectually precludes the working of the mines. We read that in the province of Shansi, 'coal which costs 1s. per ton at the mine, rises to 24s. at a distance of 30 miles, and to over 42s. at a distance of 60 miles; that only those who live in close vicinity to coal-mines derive any benefit from them, while to others, who live at a day's walk from the mines, coal is a luxury for which they cannot afford to pay.'

As we have seen, unless a coal-bed happens to be worked close to some navigable river, or, as in the case of Formosa, to a sea-harbour, it is practically valueless. Baron Richthofen relates, that in the market of Nan-yang-fu, in Honan, anthracite coal, which is only carried 30 miles from the mine in the Kiu-li Mountain, is beaten, as regards price, by Hunan coal, which has been conveyed by water twenty-five times the distance. And he also states that foreign wrought-iron is displacing, in the interior, the more expensively-carried native product.

The conditions of transport we have thus glanced at, fully prepare us for the melancholy revelations of our explorers. A local writer relates, that in portions of An-hwei province which he had visited, although close to the banks of the Great River, the people do not even grow the crops for which their soil is peculiarly adapted, because they have no accessible market for their surplus, though there are large urban populations within 100 miles. A like state of things appears also to exist in Hunan; while of Shansi we read that the Chinese consider that one good crop furnishes sufficient food to last during ten successive bad years,—an exaggeration, no doubt, but one which sufficiently indicates the fact that in Shansi no means exist of disposing of the surplus produce. Such facts enable us to understand why famine is a chronic scourge in China. With various soils and a capricious climate, scarcely a season passes in which some portion of the empire is not visited by drought or inundation; and when either happens in a roadless district, unless the local authorities have laid up stores of grain from the abundant harvests of previous years, from which they can dole out allowances to the sufferers, the people may, and do, starve, as if they were in a besieged city, with plenty and to spare all round them.

'Honan,' says Baron Richthofen, 'ranks among those provinces of China which are most favoured by nature. . . . The population is excessively large. . . . The alluvial regions on the Hwang-ho are subject to destructive floods; the west regions to drought. Inter-communication is . . . slow and expensive. . . . Insufficient crops are therefore productive of great suffering, while superabundance does

not

not benefit the population in the same measure as would be the case if freight were easier and cheaper.

'Shansi,' the same writer observes, 'in proportion to its area has probably the largest, and most easily workable coal-field of any region on the globe; and the manufacture of iron is capable of almost unlimited extension. Its own resources for supplying its population with food and clothing . . . are far from sufficient, and a considerable importation is required. . . Flour, grain, cotton, and manufactured goods are the chief articles which Shansi receives in return for iron and coal. The means of intercommunication are of the rudest and most expensive kind, and . . . put breadstuffs nearly out of the reach of the poorer classes. The mountainous districts in particular are therefore subjected to famine and starvation.'

But it is needless to accumulate further illustration of the fact that large sections of the Chinese population are unable to procure the necessaries of life, though possessed of workable minerals sufficient to buy all the cereal productions of China; while other sections are forced to supply their immediate wants by cultivating crops for which their soil is not adapted, to the neglect of their natural agriculture, all for want of better means of intercommunication.

We quote from the interesting Memorial of Mr. Kingsmill a summary of some of the results of this state of affairs:—

'Even were there no excessive levies made by local mandarins,' he writes, 'on the trade which continues to survive, the tendency has been to make each small district dependent on its own productions alone. Hence has arisen excessive competition for the necessaries of life; there being no possible market for the surplus products of the district, production ceased when a bare sustenance was obtained; with no imports or manufactories, there was no division of labour; as the population increased, there was no need of the services of additional hands: hence human life and human labour became of the smallest possible account, until finally, while economy of material conveyed at great cost and risk from distant localities became imperative, manual labour, being a drug in the market, had to enter into competition with the lower animals.'

Seeing that coal and iron are the pivots on which the commerce of the world at present turns; that it is through the agency of these materials that the reform in the machinery of transport, which will enable not only the coal and iron themselves, but many other sources of wealth, to be turned to account, can alone be worked out; and that cheap fuel has an especial bearing on any forward movement which foreign commercial interests may make in China, it was natural that modern observers should place these minerals in the front rank of their investigations. But what is true of these bulkier commodities must in some degree

degree be true of other constituents of trade, for every kind of merchandise must be retarded in its progress from the producer to the consumer by slow, difficult, and expensive conveyance. Nor is it possible to express by any money equivalent the real burden thus laid upon commerce. The length of time consumed, and the difficulties and real hardship of the journeys, tending as they do to discourage travelling, must exert an important, though impalpable, deadening influence on trade, by preventing that free interchange of information between buyers and sellers which is essential to the initiation and conduct of business. In a country which possesses no adequate advertising media it may easily happen that a consumer of a given commodity does not know whence to supply his wants, while the producer is at a loss where to find a purchaser; in the one case perhaps an inconvenient, and therefore expensive, substitute is resorted to, and in the other further production is discouraged. Intensely commercial as China is admitted to be, and keen and accomplished as are its merchants, there seems yet room for much mutual ignorance of this kind. Be that as it may, however, travelling facilities would unquestionably there, as elsewhere, stimulate trade over and above any immediate effect of cheap freight. What the Delegates of the Shanghai Chamber of Commerce urge in reference to the dangers of the navigation of the Upper Yangtze may be applied, in a modified sense, to many of the exposed and laborious land-journeys in China:—

‘The dangers of the way,’ they remark, ‘deter all but the most adventurous from travelling, and hence also from trading; and we are satisfied that, apart altogether from the question of profit and loss, high prices or low, there is a vast amount of latent capital and latent energy kept aloof from that particular branch of trade simply by the want of a safe and easy means of transport.’

III. The most casual observer of commercial statistics can hardly fail to be struck with the insignificant extent of our whole trade with China, considering its vast population and the multiplicity of wants incidental to their condition of life. Analyses of the two branches of that trade excite surprise at the limited number of commodities which fill up the lists of our exports and imports. From England we supply the Chinese with cotton and woollen fabrics, lead, iron, and coal—nothing else worth mentioning, unless it be munitions of war which are intended to be used against ourselves some day. From India we give them opium and cotton. Our imports from China consist practically of two staples—tea and silk. Our Board of Trade has recorded its opinion that ‘these are not the conditions of a healthy or solid trade; and that they cause fluctuations and irregularities which

which have been the source of great commercial disasters.' But the true explanation of this peculiar state of matters appears to have eluded the researches of the Board. In an elaborate *résumé* of commercial affairs in China, dated May 19, 1869, the phenomenon in question is attributed to the circumstances that 'the population of China is for the most part in a condition of extreme poverty,' 'is deficient in the desire for the material comforts and elegancies of life,' and that, moreover, 'China produces all the raw materials of industry, and with her teeming and laborious population possesses great manufacturing power as regards the principal articles required for her internal consumption;' whence 'it appears very doubtful whether the coarse cottons which are the only manufacture largely exported from the United Kingdom to China can ever do more than supplement the native production in the supply of the great cities accessible to foreign trade.' There is doubtless a considerable show of probability in this view of the case, but the facts point to a conclusion somewhat more hopeful than that at which the Board of Trade seems to have arrived.

No species of 'raw material' is produced more abundantly in China than cotton; and if there is one class of 'manufacture' for which the people have peculiar facilities, and which is more extensively followed by them than any other, it is that of 'coarse cottons,' the very description of merchandise with which we are able to supply them in the largest quantities. But granting that the exportation of coarse cottons to China had reached its maximum—of which, however, there is no evidence—it would still be fair to argue that the simple and primitive character of this our staple export is symptomatic of a trade in its infancy, and that the important success gained in what is theoretically the least promising part of the field affords the strongest encouragement to look forward to a still larger extension of trade in those miscellaneous articles of exchange which constitute the commerce of other countries, and for which the Chinese do not possess ready means of production or manufacture. In drawing attention to the fact that 'the export trade of cotton goods to British India is far more varied in its character than that to China, the fine fabrics constituting a large proportion of the whole amount,' the Board of Trade seems unconsciously to furnish the solution of its own problem. The commercial contrast between India and China is marked by this among other features, that the former country is thoroughly accessible, and the natural inference from the state of matters commented on by the Board of Trade appears to be that the field

field in China is not yet thoroughly worked,* not even explored; for it cannot be that 200 millions of people have so little and so few things to give, and require so little and so few things in return. This idea is of old standing, and has produced an almost universal feeling of vague expectancy in regard to the 'opening' of China. At the termination of the first war the time was thought to have come, and the eagerness evinced in England to supply the assumed wants of the Chinese is well illustrated in the oft-told anecdote of a mercantile firm who sent a consignment of pianos to Hong Kong, based on the apparently moderate calculation that if only a small fraction of the Chinese were fond of music, there could be no difficulty in disposing of a few scores of instruments. The firm in question only paid the penalty, let us hope, of being in advance of their time, for already, in the year of grace 1872, a Chinese lady playing the piano is not an unheard-of thing. Twenty years ago, to judge by the consular reports of the day, it was generally agreed that freer intercourse with the interior of the country was the one thing needful to cause a large increase in our trade; and this formed the keynote of Lord Clarendon's instructions to Lord Elgin for the conduct of his negotiations in China in 1858, with regard to which one is at a loss whether to admire more the statesman-like ideas of the British Cabinet at the time, or the ability with which they were embodied in a treaty, which has produced the most gratifying results. Thirty million pounds of tea—an article which the Board of Trade pronounces to be of 'primary necessity'—yielding 750,000*l.* of revenue, have been added to the annual importation of Great Britain as a consequence of the stimulus imparted to the trade by the opening of the river Yangtze; and our exports of manufactured goods to China have been trebled under the operation of the Treaty of Tientsin. According to the Shanghai Chamber of Commerce, the export trade from the United Kingdom to China in 1858, the year in which Lord Elgin concluded his treaty, had reached the maximum of 2,876,447*l.* It now stands at 9,000,000*l.*, the increase being claimed solely as a result of the treaty. The net pecuniary advantage which this trade brings to the people of England has been estimated at one-third of its gross amount;

* As an indication of how improved knowledge might favour the development of trade, the following extract from Consul Morgau's despatch to Sir R. Alcock, dated 11 June, 1868, is of interest:—'Were British subjects allowed to reside at Chang-chia-kou . . . they might teach the Mongolians how to improve their breed of sheep and prepare the wool for exportation, with a result that would . . . tend to increase, in no small degree, the value of the export trade from Tientsin.'

that

that is to say, allowing two-thirds, or 6,000,000*l.*, as the cost of the raw material, which has to be paid for to British dependencies and to foreign countries, the remaining 3,000,000*l.* is 'retained in England to pay spinners, weavers, packers, shippers, carriers, and numerous other classes of persons employed about the making up and exporting of the goods.' Rough as such an estimate must necessarily be, it gives us some idea of what the country is gaining every year by the resolute and clear-sighted policy of Lord Palmerston, for to him primarily belongs the merit of our present Treaty with China.

And the means by which this has been accomplished are plain. Free communication and steamboats have done it all. Not that the minor provisions in Lord Elgin's Treaty are by any means unimportant,—the optional commutation of inland dues, for example, is, even in its very partial operation, working most beneficial results,—but with regard to the past, as to the future, free intercourse outweighs everything else. And the benefits of steam-traffic on the North-China coast and on the river Yangtze are inadequately expressed by the extension of foreign trade which has ensued: the natives are reported to have gained much more, for they are the principal owners of the cargoes which are carried by the foreign steamers, while the face of the Great River is stated to be covered with small sailing-craft, which either serve as collectors and distributors of the steam-traffic, or make longer voyages, carrying the coarser kinds of merchandise under that security from piracy which the constant passing of steamers undoubtedly affords.

Such being the result of the measures of 1858, the question arises, Is no further progress in the same direction possible? And here we are reminded by the memorials of the merchants that the navigable rivers above Canton are still closed against foreign steamers, and that the trade channels communicating with the river Yangtze through the Poyang Lake are in urgent need of steam service. The Siang river and the Tungting Lake channels southward, and the Han river northward from the great central mart Hankow, have likewise been put forward as desirable steam-lines, under the impression that they were navigable, which, however, Baron Richthofen has shown them to be to a very limited extent only. Then the Upper Yangtze, for a distance of 360 miles between Hankow and Ichang, is described as well adapted to steam-navigation, forming the natural highway through a fertile country, and connecting the wealthy province of Szechuen in the west with the great commercial system of the empire. Since the navigation of the river by steam, 600 miles from its mouth to the central point Hankow, has

has created so much trade, it seems to follow that to extend the system for the remaining 360 miles of stream navigable by ordinary river-steamers would also be beneficial in a proportionate degree. In weighing the probabilities of such results, however, it is necessary to bear in mind that we should no longer be dealing with the trunk-line of traffic, but with one out of three great branch lines which converge at Hankow as their centre. It is in the gradual results of the adoption of steam on the inner waters generally, rather than in any sudden revolution in trade, such as was caused by the opening of the Lower Yangtze, that we should expect to realize the full benefit of such a measure.

But the thought which seems to obtrude itself most forcibly on all classes of travellers in presence of the actual obstacles to commercial prosperity in China, is that of the introduction of railways. The unanimity with which this point is put forward is remarkable. Mr. Alabaster, Mr. Markham, and Mr. Oxenham, from the official side, dwell on the need existing for railways on the lines of their respective journeys, and the facility with which they might be constructed. The Delegates of the Shanghai Chamber of Commerce, who visited Szechuen, point to the same solution of some of the difficulties in the way of trade in that region. The missionary travellers are full of the same idea. Most important of all, however, are the observations of scientific explorers, who not only show that railways offer the only means of opening up the latent fields of wealth in the country, but in a practical manner distinguish the lines of which the construction would be most feasible from an engineering as well as from a financial point of view. Baron Richthofen, whose language is always guarded, is unable to withhold his strong testimony in favour of railways. One line he sketches out in Hunan, another in Hupeh, while of Honan he writes thus:—

‘The great prospective importance of the region under consideration is founded on its geographical position. The passage of Honanfu is the only future gate to the north-western provinces and Central Asia, from the east. It does not occupy this position at present, nor will it ever do so before railroads shall be built. I hesitate to touch this subject, which to many appears visionary, though probably no foreign resident in China entertains doubt as to the necessity that railroads should, and the certainty that in the course of time they will, be built. But if one speaks of the possible means that may be devised to raise to their true value the resources of northern China, one cannot avoid this question; and if anywhere in China it is here, in the region of Honanfu, where the introduction of modern means of conveyance suggests itself as a step which will be attended with incalculable change of conditions.’

It

It would manifestly be idle to hazard guesses as to the amount of expansion of which foreign trade with China is capable; but, in support of the general conclusion to which our examination of the subject points, the opinion of one so well qualified to judge as Sir Rutherford Alcock may fairly be cited. Writing to Lord Clarendon on October 29th, 1869, Sir Rutherford said :—

‘ Under other auspices and more favourable conditions, neither of which seem altogether hopeless, the Chinese empire might within the next twenty years offer a vast field of commercial activity, and would soon lead to a consumption of manufactured goods *ten times as large as any at present existing*.’

IV. In considering the means which are available for bringing about the desirable consummation we have indicated, we are met on the threshold of our inquiry by the thought that we have to deal with the interests, the customs, and the prejudices of some 200 millions of human beings, who are sunk in abject ignorance, the so-called educated class scarcely forming an exception, and who may, therefore, effectually oppose unquestionable improvements on unreasonable grounds. To attempt to introduce innovations into such a country, against the inclinations of the people, would manifestly be as impolitic as it would be impracticable; and it is, therefore, important to seek any information that may be accessible concerning the disposition of the Chinese towards foreigners, and the spirit in which they would be likely to hail any of the material improvements that seem to be so much wanted. Nay, more, vested interests deserve fair consideration, even where the temporary interests of the few militate against the permanent interests of the many. No great change can be introduced into a settled populous country without inflicting some injury; but innovators are bound to study the minor as well as the major effects of their measures, and to reduce the prejudicial action to a minimum. In the present case, there is no safer—indeed, no other—guide than experience, and that shows the Chinese to be most willing to use the facilities for locomotion and transport which Europeans have put within their reach. The steamers, both on the coast and on the rivers, are loaded with Chinese cargo and crowded with Chinese passengers; and the very natural fear that steam would throw large numbers of sailors and boatmen out of employment, and thus create embarrassment to the authorities, does not appear to have been well-founded: at least, the only discontent of the unemployed, that we hear of, comes from districts not directly affected by steam-navigation. It is like straining at a gnat to speak of the possible supercession of the mule-drivers in the coal-districts

coal-districts by a more efficient system of mining and carrying; but it appears that the iron-workers of Shansi have already been, to some extent, supplanted by us. Incredible as it seems, Baron Richthofen is of opinion that 'it is possible the introduction of foreign wrought iron into those districts which are accessible by water from the Treaty ports has greatly reduced the amount of sale and total production of Shansi iron;' that is to say, that Staffordshire already beats Shansi on its own ground. If anything would tend to compensate the injury thus already sustained by these districts, it would be the introduction into them of new industries which would at the same time promote the well-being of much larger classes than those immediately affected.

The friendly disposition of the people is sufficiently attested by the fact that travellers perform their long journeys through the interior of the country with no apprehension except—and that rarely—from robbers. The populace of Hunan has enjoyed the reputation of harbouring the strongest aversion to foreigners; but, though frequently complaining of incivility, travellers have heretofore passed through that province unharmed. Of the people of Hupeh, Baron Richthofen says:—

'I have not experienced the slightest attempt at an insult, nor even an unpleasant word from them.'

Of the natives of Honan he observes:—

'In few portions of China was I so much molested by the curiosity of the people as in the cities and chiefly the trading marts of Honan. The news of our journey preceded us constantly, and we found frequently tens of thousands of people waiting to see us, and the roads lined for miles by the villagers of the vicinity; but, importunate as this crowding is, it is impossible to be much provoked when one sees the anxiety of the people carefully to avoid anything that might give offence.'

To those who are acquainted with China, such testimony is, of course, superfluous; as to them the amiable disposition of the Chinese population, when left to the guidance of their own instincts, is a mere truism. Yet the contrary is so frequently assumed to be the case by writers and speakers in this country, that some even give themselves much trouble to account for feelings of animosity on the part of the Chinese towards foreigners.

Nor is it tolerance, merely, but sympathy and welcome, which foreign visitors meet with in the interior of China. A desire on the part of the native population to enter at once into commercial relations, as we learn from the Delegates of the Shanghai Chamber of Commerce, was a characteristic feature of their reception in the great cities of the interior. And even the itinerant

itinerant agents of Bible Societies, in the course of their long journeys, find an eager demand for the publications which they carry with them for sale.

Thus, then, the recent writers whom we have followed, who testify what they have seen, unveil a magnificent field for the spread of our commerce in China. Four distinct classes of them agree on the means by which the field may be cultivated, and they are equally unanimous in their testimony that no serious obstacle would be likely to proceed from the mass of the people concerned.

Unfortunately, however, this is only half the case. Progress in China is not a mere commercial question, to be discussed solely in its bearings on the interests of the population. Its consideration is involved in schemes of international relations which are conducted on obscure and unsettled bases. Our commercial intercourse with the people cannot be separated from our diplomatic intercourse with the governing body of China; and it is within the domain of the latter that the chief, if not the only, real difficulties in the way of amelioration arise.

The whole history of our relations with China proves that the class which monopolizes political power in that country is resolutely and consistently opposed to all foreign intercourse, as such; and the closer acquaintance with the Peking Government and with individual Chinese statesmen, which the events of the last fifteen years have forced upon us, has shown us something of the nature and causes of that hostility, and furnished some *data* by which to gauge its strength. The existence in the Chinese Government of two parties, divided on questions of foreign policy, is brought prominently forward in the official correspondence which has been laid before Parliament since 1858. One known as the 'anti-foreign,' or 'war' party, is understood to be pledged to the expulsion of foreigners from the soil of China, at all risks; the other, whose views do not admit of so clear a definition, is called the 'peace,' the 'liberal,' or 'moderate' party, and its policy appears to be to hold the balance between the claims of foreigners on the one hand and the headstrong resistance of the extreme section of its own order on the other. This latter party was well described by Sir F. Bruce as being composed of those who 'are enlightened enough to know that the true policy of China is to conciliate, by a seasonable surrender of her prejudices, that foreign element which she can no longer hope to repel by force.' At heart, therefore, the whole ruling body in China is opposed to the presence of foreigners in the country. 'The educated class,' says Mr. Wade, our present Minister at Peking, 'from which
all

all Chinese officials are taken, is anti-foreign; and he adds, 'it is impossible that it should not be,' and that 'its influence with the masses will always be exerted against us rather than otherwise.' In another place the same authority declares, that in the eyes of these educated persons, 'the very extension of our trade must appear politically, or, what is in China the same thing, morally wrong.' 'The concessions made to us,' Mr. Wade further observes, 'have been extorted against the conscience of the nation,' explaining that by 'the nation' he means the educated men in it. Waiving the question of the claim of any section of a population to be called 'the nation,' it will suffice here to note, that in China the so-called educated class is coincident, commensurate, and virtually identical with the governing class. It is not only that the office-holders are selected out of the educated class, but that the primary object of education is the attainment of office. But if a ruling class in any country may be presumed to have interests apart from those of the people as a whole, there are special circumstances attending the system of government in China which create a distinct antagonism between the objects sought after by the official order and the interests of the nation—using the word, not in Mr. Wade's sense, but in its more commonly received acceptation. The relations between the rulers and the ruled in China can hardly be described, except in hyperbolic language. We need not seek unbiassed information on the subject either in the memorials of British merchants or the columns of the European press in China, whose unceasing invective against the 'Mandarins' has been such as to call for public condemnation at the hands of Sir R. Alcock; nor are we bound to accept as a fair statement of the case the accounts given of the Mandarin system by members of the order themselves, who, with a suspicious excess of candour, sometimes represent the people of China as sheep, and the Mandarins, that is, the educated class, as the wolves and tigers who eat them. But we can hardly be wrong in adopting, as an authority on this matter, Sir R. Alcock, whose views have been matured by a long experience, and whose earnest remonstrances against the 'censure and abuse' heaped upon the Chinese officials by local journalists and others warrant the presumption that he has not overdrawn his picture in a sense uncomplimentary to the officials. In a 'Memorandum on the Present Condition of the Chinese Empire,' drawn up for communication to the *Corps Diplomatique* in Peking in 1867, Sir R. Alcock wrote:—

'These again (disorder and misrule) are to be traced partly to defects in the Government at Peking, and partly to the venality and incapacity

incapacity of the whole body of officials throughout the empire. The sale of places and rank fills the public offices with corrupt and incompetent men: while the system of exacting heavy fees of office in the shape of bribes from every officer, on appointment or promotion, to those above him, and especially to the high authorities in Peking, in the several Boards and in the palace, lends a sanction to the only means by which such sums can be raised,—extortion and corruption. From the highest to the lowest rank these vices prevail, to the ruin of the people and discredit of the Government. Justice is no longer administered by the tribunals, but in its place injustice is sold notoriously to the highest bidder. Hence universal discontent, tax riots, and more extensive insurrections.'

Elsewhere Sir R. Alcock incidentally describes, in a single sentence, the salient features of office-holding in China as the 'power of irresponsible taxation;' a state of things which, from our point of view, it requires some effort of the mind to realize. If we suppose Great Britain parcelled out, by a system of wholesale bribery, among a band of hungry tax-gatherers, whose powers of extortion were only limited by the capacity of the people to respond to their exactions; against whom there was no appeal to any tribunal; who were unfettered by any written law; who were bound by no territorial sympathies to the field of their golden harvest, their term of office lasting only for about three years in one locality; we should still have but an inadequate conception of what is comprehended in Sir R. Alcock's picture of official life in China. What renders the state of things at once most calamitous and most desperate is, the absence of political life among the masses, and the paralysis of the moral sense everywhere which condones these corrupt practices. The exceptional mandarin, who would forego his opportunities of enriching himself, would be less likely to be honoured as a patriot than despised as a person who was too simple to be entrusted with the management of affairs. There appears to be no personage in the empire too exalted in station to receive common bribes; for Sir R. Alcock singles out for special remark 'the high authorities in Peking in the several Boards, and in the palace.'

That the oligarchy thus graphically portrayed by the late British Minister should subordinate the national prosperity to what they conceive to be their personal and immediate interests, is perfectly natural; and, from what we have seen of their peculiar type of morality, we can appreciate the remark of the present British Minister, that the increase of foreign trade is considered by them a moral wrong. No ethical research is required to account for the detestation in which the Mandarinate holds foreign intercourse, whether it be commercial, diplomatic, social,

social, or religious. An instinctive dread of change, and of possible disturbance to the system under which the industrial resources of the country are placed practically at the disposal of the bureaucracy, will account for the whole anti-foreign policy of the Chinese Government. The spread of knowledge, and the birth of political opinion among the people of China, as the result of contact with the energetic races of the world, are intelligible subjects of apprehension to the authorities.*

In our relations with a power so constituted and so circumstanced as the Government of China is, it would appear that the gentle agency of diplomacy can find no place. The position attained by foreign nations in China could only be, in the words of Sir R. Alcock, 'created by force, naked physical force;' and his declaration that, 'to maintain or improve that position, we must still look to force in some form, latent or expressed, for the result,' is entitled to the gravest consideration. This is, indeed, plain speaking; and it is no wonder that the Lords of Trade attached 'the greatest possible significance' to the fact thus bluntly communicated to them; 'for if,' they say, 'the principle of creating new openings for trade by force has been definitively renounced by her Majesty's Government, it follows that, unless some other basis can be found on which to rest our future relations with China, our trade with that empire, and the great interests involved in it, must be precarious and insecure.' How urgently 'some other basis' of international relations is needed, will appear from a perusal of the Blue-Book 'China,' No. 5, of 1871, the 467 pages of which are filled with the history of a complete break-down in our diplomatic machinery, as applied to Chinese affairs. It is recorded in this volume that, during the years 1868 and 1869, strenuous efforts were made by the British Minister to obtain, by way of the revision of the Treaty of Tientsin, some concession of trading facilities for foreigners. Steam-navigation on the principal rivers, and a qualified right of residence for commercial purposes in the interior, were among the

* 'The increasing intercourse between the Chinese people and foreigners, by means of communication at the Treaty-ports, and the passage to and fro of some 30,000 or 40,000 intelligent natives annually, as well as the introduction of Western scientific and moral teaching through missionary publications and foreign newspapers, now regularly translated into Chinese, is slowly but surely awakening the people to a sense of their own ignorance of the outer world, their general inferiority as a nation, and the artificial nature of the system by which they are ruled. The literati, with intuitive prescience, feel that their craft is in danger, and that their influence will be lost should the growth of foreign intercourse not be checked.'—'British Policy in China,' by a Shanghai Merchant. In this little treatise the salient errors in the conduct of our intercourse with the Chinese are exposed with singular clearness and in narrow compass. The pamphlet will well repay perusal.

chief desiderata, and the benefit to both Chinese and foreigners was held out as the inducement to grant them. Railroads and telegraphs, the most potent means of stimulating trade, were studiously omitted from the discussion, as being too far in advance of any step the Chinese Government would be likely to take. To obtain the more practicable concessions, no device that could be legitimately resorted to by Sir R. Alcock seems to have been left untried; but the substance of the response was an unvarying negative. It happened that concerning one, at least, of the principal subjects of negotiation, there was an unusual unanimity on the part of those who officially represented the mercantile and manufacturing interests of England. Mr. Wade, a loyal advocate of the conservative rights of the Chinese, was 'of opinion that we may fairly urge the Chinese to allow us to trade with steamers' along certain routes where we may be prepared to place consular establishments. He elsewhere specified the Great River, as high up as Chungking, in Szechuen, the Tungting Lake, and other water-courses, as proper to be thrown open to steam-traffic; and he considered 'the multiplication of steamers the most developing agency that we bring to bear on the cause of advancement in China.' The Board of Trade, in the same despatch in which it commented with some asperity on the excess of zeal displayed by Sir R. Alcock in seeking the extension of British commerce—was, nevertheless, constrained to admit that 'there would appear to be no direction in which trade can be extended with less risk than by steam-communication along the Yangtze and other great rivers.' Yet to all the arguments urged in favour of opening these water-courses to steam, as well as to the other proposals of improvement, the Chinese Government opposed a stolid resistance; and the best arrangement that could be made with them, after two years of the most active moral pressure that could be brought to bear by any single Power, was such that, on the representations of those commercially interested, the Queen refused her ratification to the Convention in which it was embodied.

Moral suasion, as exerted by England individually, having thus proved unavailing, and coercive measures being out of the question, there would seem to be little hope at present of escaping from the dead-lock in our Chinese affairs, unless it be from 'the concerted action and co-operation of all the Treaty Powers,' as pointed out at the close of the communication of the Board of Trade already cited. The efficacy of, and necessity for, such co-operation has, indeed, been always recognised by the best authorities; and matters have now come to such

a pass, that it might be worth while to bring the maxim down from the region of mere theory. 'If there is one act of diplomacy,' wrote Sir F. Bruce in 1860, 'understood by the Chinese, it is that of separating interests which ought to be identical.' And with reference to the special case of the Taku treachery in 1859, he observed, 'there is evidence of a hope on the part of the Chinese that the present question may be considered as one affecting the English only,' a hope that was fortunately disappointed by the continuance of the French alliance through the Peking campaign of 1860. Subsequently we perceive the Chinese patiently following out the maxim *Divide et impera*, and of late years it has been France more especially whom they have endeavoured to isolate from the other Powers. A Chinese minister, in conversation with Sir R. Alcock, 'intimated a conviction, or it might only be a hope, that France might herself, ere long, be so embroiled in Europe as to have little leisure or power to dictate the law to other countries so far distant as China.' These words were uttered on May 19, 1869; and read in the light of the terrible events of 1870, they have a peculiar and painful interest to us. The events of 1870, to which we more particularly allude, are the wholesale massacre of French subjects and protégés at Tientsin, and, almost simultaneously, the overthrow of the French Empire. If the co-operative policy was ever to be employed, then was surely the time for this country to show her adhesion to it by espousing in the Far East the common cause of civilized mankind. Her Majesty's Government, however, held aloof, or interposed only so far as to proclaim their determination to remain passive, thereby virtually sheltering the instigators of the Tientsin massacre from the consequences of their crime. 'Were they not Frenchmen * who were massacred, and is it not exclusively a French question?' seems to be the burden of the Foreign Office correspondence on the subject, thinly veiled under a flutter of official platitudes. A 'safe course,' doubtless, for the passing moment, but hardly likely to contribute much towards the discovery of that 'other basis on which to rest our future relations with China' which the Board of Trade hopes for from 'the concerted action and co-operation of all the Treaty Powers.'

* One of the victims was Miss Alice O'Sullivan, an Irish lady, well known in the European communities of China. It seems to have been held that by her association with the French and other Sisters of Mercy she forfeited her right to British protection. The Imperial Government of China is said to have appraised her at 3000*l.*, but whether this sum has been accepted, and by whom, does not appear.

It should not be forgotten that there is one Power which has not merely a preponderating interest, but an interest compared with which that of all other states is insignificant, in promoting combined action in China, and that power is Great Britain.

ART. IV.—*The Life of John Milton, narrated in Connexion with the Political, Ecclesiastical and Literary History of his Time.*
By David Masson, M.A. Vols. I. and II. London, 1871.

IF Biography, next after poetry of the highest class, be that form of literature which gives mankind the most intense and enduring pleasure, no excuse is required for a student who, two centuries after Milton's death, endeavours once more, and more perfectly, to tell the oft-told story of that great and eventful life. In its general outlines it is familiar to every one: and, although much might be said on the details of Milton's poetry, yet the main scope and character of it has been, on the whole, adequately made known by a long series of criticisms, from Addison to Macaulay and Landor. Thus we shall not here attempt to add one more to the many essays on Milton; proposing rather to give some account of what Mr. Masson has brought before us, or has himself added to our knowledge, and of the plan which he has pursued in the work, so far as the portion yet published enables us to form a judgment. What he has already done, we may say at once, entitles Mr. Masson to the hearty gratitude of those who care for our history, and those who study our literature. But the scheme of the book, as described in its title, is a large one; and, we think, one not free from rather serious faults, both in its plan and in its details. And as one-half, or perhaps more, of the whole is as yet unpublished, we shall touch here and there on these defects: feeling sure, from the tone of the book, that Mr. Masson is not one of those authors, sensitiveness and egotism all over, to whom nothing is praise but *all praise*; and that, whether our criticisms should strike him as well-founded or not, he will recognise in them our sincere wish to aid in perfecting a work of national importance.

A word of explanation is, perhaps, due also to the reader when an incomplete book, like that before us, is made the subject of review. One reason of our notice is, that a book published by instalments is apt to miss the notice which it may deserve; reader and reviewer alike deferring the matter till it be com-

pleted, and thus (unconsciously) discouraging in many ways the completion of it. A second reason is that, in this case, Mr. Masson has both given us already a substantive work of value, and has sufficiently defined the sphere of his labour. What he has done, and what he promises (we may add), alike make us hope, for our own sakes, that, with some needful alteration in the plan, he may be able to 'crown the edifice' without those delays which have too often proved fatal to human good intentions.

Let us here, also, in justice to the writer before us, briefly point out certain special difficulties which will impede or circumscribe the biographer who deals with the life, not of a man of action, but of an artist. What do we ask from biography? It may be briefly answered, 'to enable us to *live* with a man for a few days.' If the author can effect this for us, we shall then truly and delightfully follow the whole course of a life,—but not otherwise. Now, in the case of the poet or the painter, the first, the natural (though the mistaken) impression is that, in order to 'live with him,' we must penetrate into the secret of his soul, unlock the innermost enchanted chamber of his genius, and know, in short, what he never knew himself,—why he thought of that phrase, or laid on that colour. This desire, of course, cannot be gratified by any biographer. The artist, probably, could not have satisfied it for his nearest friends,—not even for himself. Nor, could the secret of genius be laid bare, would this be a desirable revelation. The poet, as such, expresses himself in the finished work; he has said in it all that he could say, or desired to say, in relation to poetry. It would destroy the charm, could he analyse the fine processes of creation; it would seem to him perfectly ludicrous that any one should trouble himself about the sketch and the scaffolding. Hence some have contended that biography has no place in regard to the creative artist. Mr. Tennyson, in some vigorous lines, argues, or seems to argue, that the poet's works are all of his life which the world is entitled to ask for. But the sentiment of the world, from Homer's day downwards, has been wholly against such a silence, and, we think, with perfect justice. No craving can be more inevitable, or connected with higher impulses of the soul, than that which leads us to ask what manner of man he was, who has moved us to our best tears and our most poignant admiration, and how far his own nature was the true reflex or mould of his creations. And the biographies of many artists, in each class, have, as a matter of fact, placed us in this desired position. We do know men such as Dante, Michel Angelo, Dürer, Spenser, Beethoven, Schiller, enough for a much more satisfactory enjoyment of their works than

than if we had their works alone;—if we do not and cannot learn *why* their genius led them to this or that, we have learned *how* it led them.

It will easily be seen that this is, however, no easy task which we assign to the poet's biographer. Much tact, much delicacy of critical power, must be his, or he will fall short of success; either giving the external aspect of a life only, or creating a false impression of the inner genius. Scott (to make our meaning clearer by an example) has suffered from the error first-named; Shelley from the second. He has been placed before us too much as the world's regenerating philosopher and prophet: Scott as the man of the world. Milton has hitherto suffered a fate somewhat similar to Scott's. His numerous biographers* have rendered mainly the active, the external, incidents in a life which, like Dante's, was, in truth, shared between a double allegiance to poetry and to politics. Johnson's larger mind and clear knowledge of what biography should be, led him, indeed, to a truer idea; but, in his famous *Life of Milton*, he has allowed his own political creed to alloy and obscure his poetical insight. That *Life* is, indeed, a masterpiece of ability and monumental weight: the 'grand style' of a genuine, if not a refined, artist is written on every page. As an example of reserve and largeness in the treatment of details, and a magazine of powerful though partial criticism, it stands as a model to be studied by biographers. Yet throughout we hear the growl with which Boswell has familiarized us: *The dog is a Whig!*—and dog's justice, it must be owned, was too often all that Milton himself found from that 'Great Bear' into whose muscular grasp he had fallen.

The preceding considerations may at once seem to point out the general difficulties of Mr. Masson's task, and his justification for attempting it. In perceiving the necessity for combining the story of Milton's life with that of England herself during his manhood, he has simply followed the necessities of the case. Much of the poet's life was unreservedly devoted to politics; and politics, in turn, colour much of his poetry. These historical elements have, therefore, mingled largely in previous lives. Mr. Masson's plan, however, differs very much from those of his predecessors in the degree wherein he inserts a narrative of contemporary history; and here we think it more than doubtful

* The principal may be here named, without attempting a bibliographical catalogue:—Phillips, Milton's nephew; Aubrey, the antiquary; and Wood, the annalist of Oxford, are the contemporary sources. Toland and Dr. Birch published in 1698 and 1733. Dr. Newton and Dr. Johnson follow during the latter half of the century; Symmons and Todd at the beginning of this. There are other lesser attempts innumerable, and many valuable contributions of detail have been made recently.

whether he has chosen the scheme most likely to further his own purposes. It is true that no period of English and Scottish history is of more interest than that lying between 1625 and 1674, and true also that, while we have many admirable subsidiary books and essays upon it, we have as yet no adequate history, as such, of any portion. The vast amount of materials, the greatness of the interests involved, the peculiarly partisan character of those interests, explain the deficiency, but explain also the hopelessness of endeavouring to supply it as an appendage to, or grouped around, the life of Milton. If properly executed, the history of this period would obviously be out of all proportion to a single life, presented as a parallel work. The poet would be wholly crushed beneath the vast robes and wrappings of his biography.

In some degree this is the case with Mr. Masson's work, and we are sorry to see, in a rapidly-increasing proportion.

'It is intended,' he said in his preface to the first volume, 'to exhibit Milton's Life in its connexions with all the more notable phenomena of the period of British history in which it was cast,—its state-politics, its ecclesiastical variations, its literature and speculative thought.'

Hence Mr. Masson proposed at the outset to give a general history of the contemporary literature, with those 'incidents and tendencies of the great Puritan Revolution which illustrate Milton's life especially.'

This scheme, even if strictly carried out, by presenting the politics and literature of the time in clear but condensed sketches, was a sufficiently large one; and we are not surprised that Mr. Masson should have anticipated that he would fill not less than three volumes (vol. i. p. vi.). As, however, he has advanced with his work, the history becomes far more prominent than the biography. Thus, in the second volume, he has cast aside the attempt to preserve a continuity of interest, and the book now presents a history, interleaved with chapters referring to Milton. Barely one-third (183 pages among 608) falls to the poet's share; and so far from reaching 1660, the volume closes with the summer of 1643. Now, as the seventeen following years are even more rich in events than the four or five which fill this volume, and infinitely more closely connected with Milton's personal history, it is obvious that Mr. Masson's book will either become one of the longest biographies in existence,* or that the

* Mr. Masson's scale of work may be partly measured by a comparison with Mr. Todd, in the latest edition of whose 'Life' thirty-six pages include the greater part of the time covered by his successor's two bulky volumes.

fulness of treatment now adopted must be abandoned, and a whole thus produced which it will be impossible to preserve from the appearance of disproportion and arbitrary selection of contents.

Mr. Masson, conscious that his plan is open to some objection, in the preface to the second volume has given the reasons under which he has acted :—

‘ No one can study the *Life of Milton* as it ought to be studied without being obliged to study, extensively and intimately, the contemporary history of England, and even, incidentally, of Scotland and Ireland.’

¶ To follow his author fully, he has also found no little original investigation necessary :—

‘ Thus a History grew on my hands. It was not in human nature to confine the historical inquiries, once they were in progress, within the precise limits of their demonstrable bearing on the Biography. . . . ; and so the History assumed a co-ordinate importance with me, was pursued often for its own sake, and became, though always with a sense of organic relation to the Biography, continuous in itself. I venture to think that this incessant connexion of the History and the Biography in my own thoughts through many years, the History always sending me back more fully informed for the Biography, and the Biography again suggesting new tracks for the History, is a sufficient warrant for the form of the publication.’

We must confess ourselves, with reluctance, wholly unconvinced by Mr. Masson's argument. His remarks, indeed, incidentally prove that he has approached his work as a student of Milton's life in a true historical spirit, and with a thoroughness for which every student will respect him. Yet he has fallen, we think, into a serious error as an author when he argues that because, in order to grasp his subject, he was compelled to cover a wide field of interesting investigation, he was therefore entitled to carry his reader also over the area of his researches. A historical painter might as justly conceive himself warranted in exhibiting, together with his finished picture, the first studies and sketches for it, together with the models who sat for the figures, and the dresses and armour from which he painted. Mr. Masson has embodied the results of his labour in his book, and this gives it its great value ; but we do not think he has made out any case, theoretically, for embodying also so much of his processes.

Nor, when we look at the practical effects of this peculiar theory, can we regard it as satisfactory, either in reference to the ‘ *Life* ’ as a work of biographical art, or to its probable success with the public. Its ‘ too much learning ’ encumbers it. Those who read and re-read it (as we have done) may, indeed, rise from the perusal with a much clearer idea of the circumstances which environed

enviored Milton than they had gained from previous biographies. But many, even of such readers, will be provoked by the immense digressions of the scheme; while most will turn impatiently from the work. We say this with reluctance, lest it should seem disparaging to Mr. Masson's labours as a historian. But for these (as such) we feel a high respect. Many of the chapters of English history which he has thus been led to give are obviously of great value. The detailed accounts of the leading members of the Long Parliament, of the Royal and Parliamentary forces, even of that grim Westminster Assembly of Puritans which may justly rank in importance with the great Church Councils of old, although not likely to recommend themselves to those whose first care in a history is liveliness of narration, do really enable us to place ourselves within the age, to realize its parties, and to understand why the contest ended as it did. We enter into personal acquaintance with the actors in the game, instead of being permitted only (as is too often the method with historians) to see the moves made, under the light of the author's theory upon the secrets of the underplay which prompted them. Mr. Masson's long chapters on 'English Presbyterianism and Independency,' from 1564 to 1643 (for the completion of which we have to expect his next volume), are also a clear and, in their way, an interesting narrative of a movement, the importance of which, to English political and social development, not less than to our course in theology and church government, is of immense moment. Those portions which refer to the growth of these forms of thought in America are of special interest, and should be compared with the parallel narrative in Mr. Fraser's excellent 'Life of Bishop Berkeley' (which we noticed in our last number), recounting the efforts of that good man and great philosopher to carry a culture, higher and sweeter than that of Independency, to New England.

Yet the simple notice of these chapters is enough to show the impracticable nature of Mr. Masson's task, and the arbitrariness with which his *copia rerum* compels him to conduct it. 'We cannot relate the events of the Civil War in detail,' he remarks; yet the elaborate and valuable analysis of the staff of each army, and of the mode in which the country was divided between the two great parties, would surely only be in place as the first chapter of such a narrative. The same criticism must, we think, inevitably occur to the reader, as he surveys the capital 'Companion to the Long Parliament,' which Mr. Masson's industry has compiled. This curious personal account of the members should find its place in a detailed history of the debates of that celebrated assembly. Buried as these valuable statistics are in the mass of 'Milton's Life,' we fear they are likely to be of as little

little service as the stores similarly collected within that wondrous 'Blue Book' literature, of which the alarming flood gathers annually in the dining-rooms and studies of our senators, till the advent of the grouse and the partridge is the sign for its flight to regions where the dignity of the historian forbids him to follow it.

We by no means share in the vulgar horror against a 'large book,' simply as such. Abridgments, sketches, and the like, almost invariably falsify or deteriorate the knowledge which they profess to give, fill the reader with the easy pride of a false science, and mark the declining age of a nation's intellectual energy. We also feel great respect for the diligence and first-hand labour with which Mr. Masson has prosecuted his historical investigations. Hence we have endeavoured to show proof why these investigations, in themselves necessary for the writer of Milton's life, are not, however, really proper for incorporation within the life itself, after the manner which Mr. Masson has hitherto followed. But, from the reviews which have appeared of his book, and from the spirit of the age, tending more and more at present towards impatience at thorough work or adherence to one subject of thought or study, we do not doubt that most readers will have been at one with our view, upon a mere glance at the volumes before us. Let us, therefore, turn now to the more pleasant and satisfactory task of noticing Mr. Masson's contributions to our knowledge of Milton himself, whether as man or as poet.

Much labour has been expended of late years, since the arrangement and opening of our national records to national use, in deciding upon Milton's ancestry and the place to which the family belonged. The name itself (even if we exclude from consideration the parallel forms of Mitton and Middleton, which appear occasionally identical with it) belongs to about twenty English villages, scattered widely over the soil; and it is likely that, in those ages when surnames were formed and crystallized from a man's business, or appearance, or local habitation, every one of these twenty village Miltons may have given birth to a family designated from it. But the early evidence and the first known facts, in case of the poet, point to Oxfordshire and the neighbouring counties as the true source of his family. The links of direct evidence appear to have been satisfactorily established since Mr. Masson printed his opening chapter; and, in agreement with the conclusions first ascertained by the distinguished antiquarian Hunter, he now satisfactorily discovers the great-grandfather in one Henry Milton, of Stanton St. John's, close to
Forest

Forest Hill, both being little villages on the edge of the old forest of Shotover, familiar to all Oxford students. Henry Milton is known only by his will:—

'In the name of God, Amen: the 21st day of November, Anno Domini, 1558, I, Henri Mylton, of Stanton St. John's, sick of body but perfect of mind, do make my last will and testament in manner and form following: First, I bequeathe my soul to God, to our Lady Saint Mary, and to all the holy company of heaven, and my body to be buried in the churchyard of Stanton: I give to Isabell, my daughter, a bullock, and half a quarter of barley, and Richard, my son, shall keep the said bullock until he be three years old: Item, I give to Rowland Mylton and Alice Mylton, each of them, half a quarter of barley: I give to Agnes Mylton, my wife, a gelding, a grey mare, and two kye, and all my household stuff, whom I make my executrix.'

We think this document worth transcribing, as a little genuine picture of a substantial husbandman's or yeoman's life six years before the birth of Shakespeare. Henry, like his son Richard (and like Shakespeare's own immediate ancestors), we see, was a sturdy adherent of the old faith, the hold of which was of course stronger in villages than in towns. Richard, as Mr. Masson conjectures, was probably an independent man—hence the dying yeoman's general bequest to his wife. And so, 'sick of body, but perfect of mind,' seemingly at peace towards men and with a manly faith in the future, Henry Milton, after this brief glimpse, passes from our eyes, leaving an impression that if not in the world's sense, yet in a truer estimate, his illustrious great-grandson was justified in describing himself as 'sprung from an honourable stock'—*genere honesto*—of wholesome English blood.

'Richard my son,' to whom the bullock was given in trust, seems to have followed his father's steps. But we can only imperfectly trace that by marriage with a widow he may have improved his fortunes and raised his position, sending his son John (the poet's father) to the great University which lay in its ancient Gothic beauty, spires and pinnacles (a tower or two perhaps now lost, but the great mass of the Library, the noble Radcliffe dome, Wren's graceful gatehouse, yet unbuilt) below Shotover; although in what position John entered Christ Church is not ascertained. Here, however, probably occurred that great change which must have divided thousands of families during the first half of Elizabeth's reign. John passed from the old religion to the new, was cast off by his father, and between 1585 and 1590 came as a young man to London. There he fixed himself in the then respectable profession of a 'scrivener,' or sworn draughtsman of legal documents—an employment with which business much resembling that of an attorney in our days was

was naturally united. The proud honesty which seems to have stamped the race was continued in John Milton; *vir integerri-mus*, says his son, whose witness we need not suspect: he prospered greatly, and living till 1646-7, saw the first splendid dawn of the glory by which his own name was to be immortalized.

The 'Spread Eagle,' in Bread-street, near Cheapside (for in those days every house of business had its sign), Milton's birth-place, disappeared in the Great Fire. But Mr. Masson has contrived to give us a vivid picture of the locality as it may have looked in 1608:—

'This house was as much in the heart of the London of that day as the houses on the same site are in the heart of the London of this. The only difference is that, whereas the population of London now exceeds two millions, it was then, perhaps, not more than two hundred thousand souls. The future poet, then, was not only a Londoner, like his predecessors Chaucer and Spenser, but a Londoner of the innermost circle, a child of the very heart of Cockaigne. . . . If, though it is above our meagre science to say how much of the form of Shakespeare's genius depended on his having been born and bred amid the circumstances of a Warwickshire village, we still follow the boy in his wanderings by the banks of the Avon, hardly the less is it necessary to remember that England's next great poet was born in the middle of old London, and that the sights and sounds amid which his childhood was nurtured were those of crowded street-life.'

If Mr. Masson's plan includes (as we hold every poet's life should include) a critical examination of Milton's place in poetry, he will doubtless work out the suggestion conveyed by the last words of this passage. Meanwhile it may be noticed that the three great poets whom he has specified as Londoners, not only stand in a direct relation of spiritual descent to each other—Milton avowedly looking up to Spenser, much as Spenser looked up to Chaucer—but that they are all united by one characteristic. Compared with poets like Shakespeare, or Burns, or Wordsworth, they are distinctively *learned* poets. In Chaucer's case this is disguised from our first impression by the lapse of centuries, giving to much that is really court-culture and literary expedient the air of freshness and *naïveté* in our later eyes. But no one will question it in the case of Spenser and Milton; nay, we occasionally feel the literary element almost too predominant. Of course, other circumstances than those of education within the 'great city' may have occasioned, or deepened, this characteristic; for who can pretend to analyse the subtle constituents of genius? Yet it is not improbable that a common cause may be here at work. At any rate, none of these three great men seems to us to have been initiated in the deepest mysteries of Nature. The
mountain

mountain exultation of Scott, the ethereal ecstasy of Shelley, the deep reverie of Wordsworth—

‘The visions of the hills,
And souls of lonely places,’

do not meet us in their verse. Familiar with her beauty and her wealth, they are not quite at home with Nature in her wildness. They have, indeed, learned her lessons well! Yet there is something about them all which reveals that they had not the happiness of being free of her secrets from the cradle; they are children brought into the country, not born in it.

However these things may be, it is certain that Milton's father held a place in his son's development very unusual among the fathers of poets. His mother's very surname has been long disputed, and all Mr. Masson's diligence cannot decide positively between the rival claims of *Caston* and *Bradshaw*.^{*} She is indeed mentioned with warm praise by her son. But the father, whose musical powers are not yet wholly forgotten, appears to have perceived from the first how gifted a child had been born into his house, and trained him with care as great and appliances as liberal as can have fallen to the share of the best-born children of his day. We do not know when Richard Milton, the disinheriting grandfather of Stanton St. John's, who seems to have stood out in his sturdy Roman Catholicism ‘recusancy’ to the last, may have died; but if he were still alive about 1620, at eighty or so, what a singular contrast, in cultivation and position and sentiment, between him and his bright-haired girl-grandson at St. Paul's!

In the following three chapters Mr. Masson traces Milton's youth, from his days of private study before he entered St. Paul's School, to the close of his Cambridge career in 1632. To this period above 250 pages are devoted, and although here and there some passages occur which a severer sense of literary art and form might have omitted; yet on the whole all who reverence Milton as he should be revered, will be grateful to Mr. Masson for enabling them to follow with a precision and a delightful detail hitherto impossible, the lordly development of that exquisite genius. Here he has also received great assistance from a section of Milton's own writings, with which, it may be suspected, few readers are familiar. We do not allude so much to those early Latin poems, which are known to all in whom love of ‘the

^{*} A letter from Mr. J. L. Chester, published in the ‘Athenæum’ of 7th November, 1868 (long subsequent to Mr. Masson's first volume), gives what appears satisfactory proof that she was daughter to Paul Jeffray (or Jefferys), merchant-tailor of St. Swithin's. Mr. Chester is disposed to consider that Caston and Bradshaw may be Mrs. Jeffray's maiden and first-marriage names.

humanities”

humanities' has not been extinguished by the sensational cultivation of the day, as to the academical exercises which, in 1674, Milton appended to a small volume of 'Familiar Letters,' at the request of the publisher. Of course these youthful prolusions want the intrinsic value of Milton's maturer work; but they not only give us some glimpses into his ways of thought—they are also valuable, together with the copious details supplied by Mr. Masson from general Cambridge sources, in placing before our eyes the curious picture of an English University two centuries and a half ago. From the nature of the case, however, this picture is rather presented in a long series of small points than in any single paragraph. We therefore refrain from quotation, and refer the reader to the book itself.

Yet we cannot altogether pass one incident which, among many others of interest, rises prominently to the mind during Milton's academic career—those stripes which, commemorated by Johnson with a certain half sardonic dignity, in the words of Canning or Frere—

'erst chastised

Our Milton, when at college.'

Mr. Masson is hardly so full on this curious topic as might have been expected, nor does he exhibit here any of that biographer's over-tenderness which appears a little in his treatment of Milton as a controversialist. Yet we think, on the evidence as exhibited, he might have fairly dispersed the myth for ever. It is incredible that had Milton been flogged as a matter of college discipline, the virulent enemies whom his own virulence shortly drew upon him would have spared allusion to a scandal so suitable for their purposes. Looking at the publicity of such a punishment, to the pains with which his opponents searched out his career, and the unscrupulousness with which they made or adapted gossip to his disadvantage, this negative argument reaches, in our judgment, the highest degree of certainty which argument of that nature can attain. Viewed in this light, old Aubrey's famous statement (interlined like what scholars style a 'gloss,' in his manuscript collection) that Milton's first tutor, Chappell, treated him with 'some unkindness,' namely 'whipt him,' may be resolved almost without hesitation, into a private dispute between the two, in which Milton was felt to be in the right by the College itself. For Aubrey goes on to state that, against the ordinary rules, Milton was transferred to another tutor; and we have satisfactory evidence that the impression which the poet left on his University was that of austere purity and unblemished height of character. Is it too bold, therefore, to hope that this legend may henceforth be remitted to limbo?

Mr.

Mr. Masson gives an excellent summary of Milton's college studies and progress, and of his character as formed at that period of his life. Few men can have left the universities of the time with more learning; none, with a wider and more humanizing cultivation. These studies, with his earlier training, and, far most, the natural gifts and graces which he had thus sedulously educated, had changed the schoolboy of the 'Spread Eagle' into the 'Lady of his College:' pure, self-respecting, perhaps a little too self-dependent, austere; yet with an exquisite tenderness and sensitiveness running through the solemn chords of his life like some far-heard but ethereal melody.

Literature, in its highest forms was, no doubt, the object of the career which Milton had framed for himself by July, 1632, when he reached the degree of Master in Arts and (except in one noteworthy case which we shall afterwards touch on) seems to have severed his University connections. What had he effected, by this time, towards that career? We hope that Mr. Masson, who prefixes to his account of Milton's youth a chapter on English contemporary literature which, if longer than modern impatience is likely to welcome, contains a good summary of the facts, will, in a later volume, endeavour to give that critical estimate of Milton's position as a poet which we have already specified as indispensable to a poet's life, properly executed. Meanwhile we may here note that the noble 'Ode on the Nativity,' the exquisitely tender elegies 'On a Fair Infant,' and on Lady Winchester, had been already written, together with a few smaller pieces in English, and others of some length, in Latin. Mr. Hallam, in that critical history of modern literature which retains its place wholly without a rival in later attempts, has remarked that "'Comus' was sufficient to convince any one of taste and feeling that a great poet had arisen in England, and one partly formed in a different school from his contemporaries." This is strictly true; as 'Comus' seems to have been the first published of Milton's English poems. But we think that the criticism would have been equally correct, had the pieces above enumerated been given to the world before 1637.

It is not our wish to attempt more here than a survey, necessarily imperfect, of Mr. Masson's book. Detailed remarks upon Milton as a poet are beyond our scheme. But we may notice as a fact which his later career renders curious, that several of the poems produced by 1632 lead to the inference that at this time, Milton, though personally Puritan, or something more, to the backbone, was willing to follow in his subjects for verse the current academical sentiment of the day. Beautiful as it is, the epitaph on the Roman Catholic Lady Winchester stands in no traceable

traceable personal relation to Milton's own feelings; and the same remark applies to the Latin elegies on the Bishops of Winchester and Ely.

The next seven years of Milton's life, 1632 to 1639, were probably the happiest portion of it. Or if we measure happiness by the larger and more philosophical scale of an Aristotle or an Augustine, and allow that the old man's memories of years spent in laborious tasks of duty and attempts of lofty aim, however imperfectly realized, belong to the higher stage—name it *blessedness*, perhaps, rather than *happiness*!—these years were, at any rate, Milton's brightest, and those in which, with the least external inroad, he pursued the vocation for which Nature, as he now began to be aware, had most specially consecrated him. Service in the Church had been his parents' first choice for the devout and studious boy. But this intention was adjourned or abandoned at Cambridge. Milton, in some often-quoted words, assigns the tyranny of the Prelates as the reason for his change of purpose. And certainly the Church, as administered by Laud with the aid of the Council and the Star Chamber; and the Law, bound by precedents and judges;—neither was any place for one trained as Milton had been, and gifted with his peculiar temperament. Let us dwell on this point for a moment. Much as has been written upon it, we think there is still room for reconsideration.

It has been the misfortune of Milton that—living at the time when the first great struggle between 'personal' autocratic government and national self-government was fought in England, and throwing himself with all his might into the cause of freedom,—he has been inevitably judged by the light of political sympathy. We call it his misfortune; yet, probably, Milton, like Dante (with whom Milton's parallelism is deeper and wider than that which Lord Macaulay has indicated), would have thought of himself not more as poet than as statesman and theologian. Looking back now, however, on these great men, are we not justified in saying that, what really lay deepest in them, what swayed them with the largest and most dominant impulse, from cradle to grave, was, after all, the nature of the poet? As we read Macaulay's brilliant essay, he seems to paint Milton as essentially a Puritan of advanced tendencies, a Republican of the highest type; too liberally educated, and too refined by disposition, not to see the beauty of art, yet looking on art and the love of it as a species of unworthy fascination.

'The illusions which captivated his imagination never impaired his reasoning powers. The statesman was proof against the splendour, the solemnity, and the romance, which enchanted the poet. . . . This

is

is an inconsistency which, more than anything else, raises his character in our estimation, because it shows how many private tastes and feelings he sacrificed, in order to do what he considered his duty to mankind.'

Lord Macaulay has remarked upon this essay, that 'it contains scarcely a paragraph such as his matured judgment approves.' We may, therefore, with less diffidence add that the estimate of Milton above quoted, and others of the same kind, are wrongly framed; Milton, as statesman and as theologian, is always acting under poetical impulse and inspiration. His intense love of freedom, which even Shelley could not surpass, had this in common with his immortal successor's, that it is a poet's Utopia of liberty after which he works and aspires: an horizon which seems always to recede before him. But the very different moral fibre of the two poets has produced a vast contrast in the theories which they each set forth, with powers rarely given to the sons of men. Shelley's future relies all on brotherhood and co-operation. It reflects the overwrought sensitiveness, the 'flower-soft' tenderness, of his singular temperament. Milton, on the other hand, has always before him a world where all men will be even as he:—as high-hearted, as austere, as capable of being a law unto themselves, as much 'underneath the great Task-Master's eye.' Throwing himself into these ideas, like Shelley into his ideal communism, with a force of inspiration which drove every modifying suggestion derivable from the world's experience out of his soul, Milton passed from party to party; serving each in turn, until its inevitable human limitations and weaknesses dissatisfied his inward vision; in one sense, beyond and above his fellows; in another, not capable of working with them to practical results. And in all this we see him strictly obeying the nature of the poet—which, when it exists, must imperiously command the whole man. For the poet, like the poet's cloud,

' Moveth altogether if he moves at all,'

whether contending for the Emperor against the Pope, or for Independency against prelate and Puritan, or, as we love him best, with his 'singing-robcs about him,' in Paradise by the side of Eve and Beatrice.

If this view of Milton's nature and work be correct (and we hope for it the concurrence of those to whom he and poetry are most intimately dear), the political and theological circumstances of his age, though, as we have before observed, essentially bound up with his life, and requiring clear explanation to present that life with due vividness, are yet throughout and always
subordinate

subordinate to Milton's mind and place as a poet. This conception of the matter, to return to our task, would have materially lightened, if not Mr. Masson's admirable industry, at any rate the amount of its results which he has now given us. His chapters on Laud's church-government and on the contemporary literature of England, might have taken a narrower compass, and been restricted to the notice of those ecclesiastical measures and those writings which may reasonably be supposed to have had a *direct* influence upon Milton's own development. For it is that,—and, Heaven knows, a difficult task enough, when a poet of this order is concerned!—which we really long for. Hence the chapters on Milton's life at Horton,—the period to which three-fourths of his best early poetry belong,—and on the Italian journey, during which his scheme for some poem of larger scope appears to have made a great advance, are of the highest interest. In these chapters, we willingly pardon much that elsewhere might have been spared; here the author's labour and skill in collecting and marshalling detail are all in place: here we have a genuine glimpse of the poet's life hitherto not attainable.

Mr. Masson has taken great pains to describe the friends whom Milton made at Florence, Rome, and Naples, and to set forth the life they were leading in Italy. It is a pleasing picture of amiable and garrulous culture; some pursuit of history, some of antiquities and art; much value set upon literary or genial societies, complimentary and elegant writing. Only in physical science the Italians were seriously showing their strength, though toward issues as yet little anticipated. In short, what we see there is mainly the decay or reaction which follows a brilliant burst of national civilization, in a country where no free action or thought upon matters of practical or immediate interest is permitted. There is much here that reminds of a little German court such as Weimar, when Goethe lived there; nay, to confess the truth, many of the occupations and writings of that distinguished man at Weimar, even as represented to us in the glass held up by too-fond worshippers in England, terribly resemble the conceits and flattering trifles of the 'seicentisti' of Italy. Like Goethe's in Germany, it was, in fact, an 'Alexandrian' age: one of those artificial periods, dear to critics and mannerists, when original genius, should it come forth, will be hampered and suffer as Goethe and Schiller too often show that they suffered. But in Italy, creative power (if we except the first faint stirring of the impulse which was to evolve operatic and orchestral music) there was none. The last echoes of what looked like real poetry had died with Marini in 1625;

Filicaja was not yet born. The last gleams of art were fading out in Guido and Domenichino, and taste had almost abandoned the land whither (to judge by all recent evidence) it is not destined to return. Above the graceful crowd of cultivated mediocrities towered the vast form of Galileo, old, blind, and a kind of half-prisoner on the famous hill which the genius of his youthful visitor was to render familiar wherever the English tongue is spoken :—

‘He scarce had ceased, when the superior fiend
Was moving toward the shore : his ponderous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
Behind him cast : the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening, from the top of Fesole,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.’

Of Milton's converse with that great discoverer, and with other friends, especially the most loved of all, Manso (privileged thus twice in life, for in youth he had also been the friend of Torquato Tasso), of his love, real or fanciful, for the fair songstress of Rome, Leonora, and his attempts in Italian verse, Mr. Masson supplies a history which we commend heartily to our readers. We give a portion of his sketch of Rome as she then was, as a sample of the ‘curious diligence’ with which he endeavours to enable us to realize Milton's visit. How far the city differed from that hitherto familiar to English winter visitors will be seen at once ; how far it may resemble the Rome of the future, it would be interesting to speculate.

‘As really the capital of Italy, Rome had still the right to aggregate towards itself whatever was characteristic over the whole peninsula. For more than a century, indeed, despite the subdivision of Italy, and despite the competition of other cities with Rome, this had been the case. Hence, in the arrangements of the city, an unusual number of posts and places, ecclesiastical, educational, and diplomatic, not only affording provision for native talent, but attracting and detaining talent immigrant from other parts of Italy, and from all the countries of Europe. From the necessities of their position as the heads of such a community, the popes and the cardinals had come to regard the patronage of learning and of the arts as a part of their official duties. To build new edifices, surround them with gardens and fountains, and adorn them with sculptures and paintings ; to preside at meetings of the academies, and to hold large reunions in their own palaces, at which all the learned were assembled, and at which the best singing in Italy was to be heard ; to collect books and manuscripts, and to employ librarians to catalogue and keep them—
such

such were the occupations of the resident Roman cardinals, in addition to their ordinary business. . . . What the cardinals did, was done also by the secular Romans of rank; and there were few palaces without their galleries and their libraries, large or small.

'During the unusually long pontificate of Urban VIII. (1623-1644) the aggregation of Catholic talent in Rome was probably as great as in any other pontificate in the same century. Not that this pope was personally so active a Mæcenas as some of his predecessors had been. He belonged himself, indeed, to the class of dilettanti,—having, as Cardinal Maffeo Barberini, written many Latin, Greek, and Italian poems, which, when they were published collectively in a superb folio volume at Paris in 1642, were accounted highly creditable to the head of Christendom. But, as pope, he occupied himself chiefly in capricious interference in the Thirty Years War, which satisfied neither the French nor the Spaniard; and, as regarded Rome itself, in fortifications and other military repairs, and in the creation of new cardinals. No fewer than seventy-four cardinals were made by him; and, in his zeal for the honour of the office, he first conferred on the cardinals the title of "Eminency," since borne by them. . . . Such was the accumulation of rich posts and principalities among the members of the pope's family, that, even after the precedents of former pontificates, Urban's nepotism seemed outrageous. Rome all but belonged to the Barberini, whose family symbol of the bees met the eye on all the public buildings, and on their carriages in the public drives. . . .

'In Rome, as in Florence, the organization of educated society, apart from the University and the schools, was in the Academies. Of some fifteen or perhaps twenty Roman academies, existing in 1638, the most celebrated were the *Umoristi*, the *Ordinati*, the *Lincei*, the *Fantastici*, the *Negletti*, the *Malinconici*, the *Partenii*, the *Delfici*, and the *Intricati*. With the exception of the *Lincei*, of which Galileo was the most illustrious member, all were devoted to eloquence and literature, and chiefly to verse-making and literary archæology, though some tended to theatricals, and some to music. To one or other everybody of account in Rome belonged. What an amount of resident scholarship and authorship there was, to be so accommodated and distributed, may be inferred from two facts. In a curious bibliographical volume of the time, prepared, in compliment to the Barberini, under the title of '*Apes Romanæ*,' or '*The Bees of Rome*,' there is an exact list, with brief appended accounts of all the persons, native or foreign, resident in Rome during the two years 1631 and 1632, who either during these two years gave anything to the press, or had in their previous lives published anything. I have counted the index of names, and find that there must have been upwards of 450 known authors then resident in Rome in a total population of 110,000 souls. . . . In a volume of poetry issued in 1637 by the single academy of the *Fantastici*, there are contributions, in the one article of vernacular verse, chiefly sonnets and canzoni, from fifty-one different poets, members of that academy.'

What a singular scene of activity! What a picture, half
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pathetic,

pathetic, half comic, of a state of life wholly passed and gone, and hardly a relic left of it,—except palaces now let in lodgings, or convents which, as public offices, will renew their old traditions of idleness and corruption! In the midst of all this, partly admiring, partly contemptuous, we may imagine the one true poet, noting much, but enjoying more, and almost ready, it may be fancied, under the eyes of Leonora Baroni, to exchange our distant Thule for the Tiber. This, indeed, was not to be. But Milton's whole journey reads like a triumphal progress; it is all beauty, and song, and friendship, and the growth of a great mind; nor is the least pleasing element the ungrudging warmth with which the Italians of that day, not yet goaded into local jealousy of the northern races, welcomed the fair-haired guest who, like a youthful Phæbus, had descended again upon Ausonia. But the expedition which began so cloudlessly, was fated to an ending more in accordance with the complexion of human life. News of the death of his dearest English friend, Diodati, must apparently have reached Milton by the time he had arrived at Geneva; and he was already aware of events in England, which called him imperiously homeward.

One beautiful incident of his Genevan visit has been accidentally preserved, and may show the seriousness which his thoughts had taken under pressure of English news:—

‘Among Milton’s introductions at Geneva was one to a Neapolitan nobleman, named Cardouin or Cerdogni, apparently a refugee on account of Protestant opinions, who had been settled in Geneva since 1608, as a teacher of Italian. He, or the ladies of his family, kept an album, in which they collected autographs of visitors, and especially of English visitors to the city. Many Englishmen, predecessors of Milton in the continental tour, had written their signatures in it, and among them no less a man than Wentworth. Milton is asked for his, and writes, characteristically, as follows:

“If Virtue feeble were,

Heaven itself would stoope to her.

“*Coelum non animum muto, dum trans mare curro.*

“Junii 10, 1639, Joannes Miltonus, Anglus.”’

This is the last detail we can trace respecting his journey. The rest may be told in his own words:—

‘When I was preparing to pass over into Sicily and Greece, the melancholy intelligence which I received of the civil commotions in England, made me alter my purpose; for I thought it base to be travelling for amusement abroad, while my fellow-citizens were fighting for liberty at home. . . . Then I returned to my native country, at the time when Charles, having broken the peace, was renewing what is called the Bishops’ war with the Scots.’*

* *Defensio Secunda.*

This was in the autumn of 1639. In fact affairs were not quite so far advanced as Milton, dictating long after, seems to imply; the 'first Bishops' war' (in which Charles's aim apparently was to put down Presbyterianism, just established by the great 'General Assembly' of 1638) having been just concluded by the peace of Berwick; although the king very soon after recommenced the private endeavours to renew the contest which, in 1640, ended in his own decisive defeat. There was, in fact, no overt breach of national peace for some months; and hence Milton, when resuming at once his literary schemes, and taking his own two little nephews (sons to his now deceased brother-in-law, Phillips) into his first London house in St. Bride's churchyard, was not (we may notice) fairly open to the forcibly-expressed sneer which Johnson levelled at him. Indeed Milton's first thoughts were devoted to the memory of the friendship which he had lost in the death of Diodati. The 'Epitaphium Damonis,' in which he lamented him, and, at the same time, summed up his own aspirations in poetry, is well worthy of the attention which Mr. Masson has devoted to its analysis; although he seems to us to underrate the unreal or factitious character which necessarily attends the employment of the 'pastoral' style, as a vehicle for non-pastoral subject-matter. It is true, of course, that great names have consecrated this mode; Virgil, Dante, Tasso, Spenser, Milton; nor is it easily possible to wish the 'Gallus' and the 'Lycidas' other than they are; yet there is always something hazardous about every treatment in art which departs from *directness*; and the moment the poet declines from his most felicitous or most powerful vein, such a pastoral is always felt to want simplicity, and fails in its natural effect upon the common, or, so to speak, unprofessional reader.* As the 'Epitaphium' is probably not familiar to all who care for Milton, we quote a passage of great biographical interest from Mr. Masson, who has (in this case judiciously) rendered the whole poem into the metre which passes muster as Hexameter in English and German.

'Go unpastured, my lambs: your master now heeds not your bleating.
I have a theme of the Trojans cruising our southern headlands
Shaping to song, and the realm of Imogen, daughter of Pandras,
Brennus and Arvirach, dukes, and Bren's bold brother, Belinus,

* It is hardly correct, though common, to quote Theocritus as a poet of this class. His exquisite Idyls bear proof, indeed, of his Alexandrian cultivation; yet there seems to be very little in them which is untrue to the realities of Sicilian shepherd-life, or painted conventionally under a pastoral guise. Theocritus could, in truth, hardly be a Greek, and do otherwise; the *directness* noticed above being one of the special and most enduring 'notes' of Hellenic art, through every mode of its manifestation.

Then

Then the Armorican settlers under the laws of the Britons,
 Ay, and the womb of Igraine fatally pregnant with Arthur,
 Uther's son, whom he got, disguised in Gorlois' likeness,
 All by Merlin's craft. O then, if life shall be spared me,
 Thou shalt be hung, my pipe, far off on some brown dying pine-tree,
 Much forgotten of me; or else your Latian music
 Changed for the British war-screach. What then? for one to do all
 things,

One to hope all things, fits not. Prize sufficiently ample
 Mine,

If but yellow-hair'd Ouse shall read me, the drinker of Alan,
 Humber which whirls as it flows, and Trent's whole valley of orchards,
 Thames, my own Thames, above all, and Tamar's western waters,
 Tawny with ores, and where the white waves swinge the far Orkneys.'

These lines are an expansion of those which, some months before, Milton had addressed to his friend Manso, wishing for the presence of some as friendly critic:—

'Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,
 Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem.'

It is clear from them that Milton's thoughts, probably under the influence of the land of Ennius and Virgil and Tasso, had turned more towards English history than any other source to find a theme for some great poem, and also that he had now, like Dante again, and with equal wisdom, determined to trust his fame, not to the then-predominant Latin language, but to his native *volgare*. Half of these vows Milton kept: but destiny reserved for a later hand the fascinating dream of 'Arthur come again:—

'Immortale melos, et inenarrabile carmen!'

Whether under the pressure of the age, or by reversion to his earlier instincts, Milton soon began to look to the Bible for his most natural and appropriate subject of song. Entering upon a wide course of reading, he drew up, about this time, a long list of possible schemes for dramatic or epic treatment—the latter form seeming by degrees to gain the predominance in his mind. Milton, in the sense of following, not the 'accidents' of subject and phrase, so dear to poets of the Alexandrian or *dilettante* type, but those principles of taste and treatment in which the Greeks have surpassed all other races, is the most Greek of our poets. Observe how he hence exhibits a gradual advance towards *directness* in his art: quitting Latin for English, subjects too remote for permanent revivification for subjects of eternal interest to the heart of man; finally, the conventionalities

* Milton, *Ad Patrem*.

of the (literary) drama for the more natural address made by the narrative or 'epic' form.

This curious list has been, very properly, reprinted in full by Mr. Masson. It contains about one hundred subjects—a prospect at which even a Lope de Vega might have looked aghast. Analysing these, we find that fifty-three are taken from the Old Testament, 'Paradise Lost' figuring in four drafts, which have been often criticized; eight only from the New. The rest cover early English history as it was understood in that age, with a few from Scotch, and stop short of the Norman Conquest. It is remarkable that no subject whatever occurs from the Round Table series: nor from that portion of our Saviour's life which is painted in 'Paradise Regained:' whilst it is Sampson the Conqueror, not the Contender, who figures most prominently in the list from the Old Testament.*

In a passage of singular truth and beauty, Mr. Ruskin has somewhere commented upon the pathetic character of the seemingly unnecessary and unrecompensed losses which humanity has often sustained. Of how much, in the life before us, have not we been thus deprived! It is sad, now, to read Milton's hundred schemes, and the many noble phrases in which he has recorded his devotion to his work as poet, and desire to fulfil it to the uttermost, as a kind of consecration, and that of the highest order—and then to look on the history of his career and see him, from 1640 onward for many years, diverted to controversy and politics, and only resuming his natural sweet vocation when, like Epictetus, old, poor, and blind, and beloved of the gods once more. We do not mean that his gifts were wholly wasted in these new fields: and the thought must be still further distant from those who know Milton and his lofty nature, that he entered upon public strife and public service with any reserve of his great natural powers, or any motive but what seemed to him the highest. On the contrary: it can hardly be doubtful, from the tenor of his whole life, that, like the great Italian with whom we have already compared him, Milton would have spoken of himself as theologian or statesman not less than poet; and also that, like Dante, he threw his whole poet's imagination and fire into what he did for the national service. A hundred passages, in prose and verse, of which the eloquence and passionate beauty have rarely been equalled, rise before us as we write:—passages, too, where we are hardly less touched by the beauty than by the noble pathos with which the writer enters upon the difficult ground of personal allusion—the sensitive and childlike con-

* Mr. Masson's usual accuracy is thus rather at fault when he remarks (p. 116) that this list exhibits the tenacity of Milton's mind in regard to his poetical projects.
science,

science, the modest and manly self-confidence. Yet it is, after all, not in this region that we find *our* Milton; not here, the second star of English poetry. He has himself confessed one justification (if much justification were needed), for a feeling in which, we think, most readers will concur, when describing his own 'Reason of Church Government.' 'This manner of writing, wherein knowing myself inferior to myself, led by the genial power of nature to another task, *I have the use*, as I may account it, *but of my left hand*.'

'*I decus, i nostrum; melioribus utere fatis!*'

We shall, therefore, pass over with brief comment the labours and the contemporary history whence those labours arose, which occupy (as we have already noted) too ample a space in Mr. Masson's second volume. We refer here particularly to the details upon the 'second Bishops' war,' which filled the summer of 1640; the debates in the 'Long Parliament,' which began its strangely chequered career in the winter following; the final reluctant preparations for civil war; and the first stages of the war itself. Valuable as much that the author has collected upon these topics, which, whilst England retains her identity, cannot lose their hold upon our deepest interests, may be, it seems to us wrongly introduced into the life of Milton. For, during this period, it should be remembered that Milton, although a keen politician from the point of view which we have tried to define, yet took no part in the great struggle except as a literary man: a topic to which we shall presently revert. We have already pointed out the irrelevance of Johnson's sneer at the educational work which the poet commenced upon his return from Italy. No war was then raging; he was not in the Commons; he could only 'stand and wait.' But now, when the course of events had made an opening in England for the abolition of the Episcopal system, and the substitution of the Presbyterian, Milton at once contributed his share to the struggle in the single mode which he seems to have considered suitable to his powers and position.

This contribution was made in the form of five treatises or pamphlets, the first three without their author's name (though with no attempt, seemingly, to conceal it), which appeared within about twelve months, dating from June, 1641. Two are replies to similar polemical tracts by Bishop Hall: one to a pamphlet by Archbishop Usher, the others, ('Of Reformation,' and 'The Reason of Church Government,') being works of greater compass, which set forth Milton's views on the historical development of free religious thought in England, and on the form which it ought to attain.

As generally happens, the bitter waters of strife were let out through a personal or accidental impulse. Bishop Hall, a man of considerable ability and reputation as a writer (and to whom, we may remark in passing, Mr. Masson does not seem to us quite just), had been put forward by Laud as the defender of Episcopacy. Milton's earliest tutor, Young, presently joined with other Puritan divines in producing a reply to the Bishop under the ungainly title, characteristic of that age of somewhat Dutch and clumsy humour, 'Smectymnuus.' Mr. Masson gives some proof that Milton, who lived much in the society of the leading Puritans, then strongly preponderant amongst the citizens of London, had a hand in this pamphlet. At any rate, we may reasonably believe that its preparation induced him to supplement its arguments by his own treatise 'Of Reformation,' which appeared shortly after. And, once launched on the sea of controversy, he poured himself forth not only with the force, and splendour, and conviction of his whole nature, but, we must add, with a personal licence and scurrility to which his genius gave, not only a singular power at the moment, but an undesirable perpetuation to later ages.

Milton was, indeed, met with weapons too like his own; nor did his indulgence in licence and scurrility, though not unnoticed at the time, with a due sense of his derogation from his better self,* exceed the measure of those odious qualities which controversy—whether political, theological, or scientific—has at all times, before and since, rarely failed to engender. Nor do we agree with the arrogance of those judges of the self-styled 'practical' order, who are disposed to call the poet back with scorn from politics to the Muse, and debar him, as something too 'light,' in Plato's over-critical phrase, from taking his part like a man in contemporary action. Nor again, do we sympathize with those who, from an exaggerated literary or sentimental point of view, would treat the time devoted to matters of the day, however pressing in their importance, as unduly stolen from higher and holier things. For each of these estimates involves (we think) a fundamental misunderstanding of what constitutes poetry. The greatest of poets, so far as evidence enables us to judge, have been precisely those who were most completely and emphatically men of their day; 'children,' as the highest of the German poets has said, 'of their age,' though

* Fuller, one of the best men of that age personally, and a writer of real distinction, noticed thus Milton's attack upon the martyred bishops of Mary's reign: 'One hath lately traduced them with such language as neither becomed his parts, whosoever he was that spake it, nor their piety of whom it was spoken.' It should be remembered that the essay 'Of Reformation,' which called forth this just censure, was published anonymously.

with the mission to 'strengthen and purify it.' The more ethereal and transcendental the gift, the more need that the organ of this inspiration should have his feet firmly planted on the common earth; should share the transitory impulses which he transmutes to permanent issues; should know the very follies and weaknesses which he turns 'to favour and to prettiness.' It is a poor and unwholesome idea of his art, that of the poet piping an idle song, even were it the 'music of the spheres' itself, to idle hearers. Nay, it is at bottom a suicidal idea: for it is not the true music of the spheres which such a writer ever can give: only a sort of harmonica-glass imitation, the fashion of which soon passes, and which, perhaps, never reckoned permanence one of its objects. It is not thus, at any rate, that those poets have worked in whose verse that higher song has been, by the consent of mankind, most distinctly audible—Pindar, the tragedians of Athens, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Shelley. Hence, returning to our subject, these controversial pamphlets, with those which followed them, and Milton's labours as Secretary to the Commonwealth, must be allowed their due share in Milton's life: and the illustration which Mr. Masson's chapters on English nonconformity and church-government give deserves our grateful recognition. If here also not (as we fancy) sufficiently well-digested, yet the human 'somewhat too much' may be excused on a topic not likely to allure most biographers, and for handling which a liberally-minded Scot, we may add, brings some peculiar advantages with him. Yet, after all, we shall be glad when the strictly controversial years in Milton's life are concluded! They helped to form the poet: we can read a noble expression of them in the 'Paradise' and the 'Sampson:' but it is in these results, and results such as these only, that, as part of a poet's life, they are likely, we think, to rouse any vividness of interest.

Take Dante, once more, as a parallel instance. The strife between Emperor and Pope which made the outward history of his life, has an importance in European development comparable to that of our own Civil War and Commonwealth. Yet how eagerly do we turn from Guelf and Ghibelline to the faintest record concerning Beatrice Portinari, or the merest gossip on the composition of the 'Commedia'!

If our position be true, the hope may be legitimately expressed that, for the next twenty years of his narrative, Mr. Masson will content himself with adopting a much less detailed treatment in regard to the State affairs which give to the period between 1640 and 1660 its eminent importance in English history. Let him, we would say, have the courage—perhaps the most painful and arduous

arduous act of courage that can be required from a true student—frankly to set aside his copious store of facts illustrating Milton's career as defender of the Commonwealth and Secretary to the Protector, and restrict himself to little more than such terse comment as may make the poet's own personal convictions and attitude towards the politics of the day intelligible. Let him eschew such tempting topics as the peculiar position of Scottish Presbyterianism under Oliver, the transitional agitations under Richard, and the authorship of 'Icon Basilike.' Or rather, when he has completed Milton's *life* on this rigid but rational scheme, let Mr. Masson gather together his materials, and supply one great and lamentable *hiatus* in our history by giving us, for the first time, a fair, full, and accurate narrative of the Civil Wars and the Protectorate. Tacitus himself, when he set aside the story of Nerva and of Trajan as matter of sufficient fertility to charm and occupy his old age, had hardly a nobler or a more promising field for labour. Vast as the materials are, much has been already done in the way of sifting and preparing them. We have several detailed histories, written each from that party point of view which, as Macaulay remarked, has been at once a bane and a benefit to our literature. We have Macaulay's own splendid sketch, and monographs of value without number on individual lives. One life, and that, after Milton's, the life of the greatest Englishman of the time, has, indeed, still to be written. Yet even here, valueless or hurtful as we hold the loose declamatory context and sophistical distortions of the writer, with his tasteless and everlastingly intrusive egotism, the accurate collection of facts and documents presented by Mr. Carlyle is a great contribution to the story of Cromwell. Here is matter enough, but, we are convinced, not more than enough, for ten or fifteen years' work from a student who approached the subject with adequate preparation: nor should it be a slight inducement to such a labour that it might entitle a man to rank in that select band, who have within our own day deserved the honoured name, oftener claimed than earned, of Historian.

But we are digressing, with the biographer before us, into the very field which a *Life of Milton* should not attempt to cover: we acknowledge, whilst we deprecate, the force of the temptation to which Mr. Masson has succumbed. Two or three curious points remain for notice, which have been carefully made out or illustrated by Mr. Masson, in regard to the poet's personal career during the outbreak of the Civil War. Milton, we have already said, is not fairly open to the charge of leaving Italy in order to take part in public affairs, and then failing in this patriotic profession. On the contrary, after laying out for himself vast schemes
in

in poetry, we have seen how he abandoned his loftier and chosen vocation, and threw himself almost wholly into controversial literature, to be followed, within a short time, by the devotion of his time to high State functions. His pamphlets were obviously the natural contribution of a man, so trained and so gifted, to the first years of the cause. That no one was devoted to that cause with a deeper energy, with a more entire consecration of every faculty, is also indisputable. Yet it is worthy of notice that when, in June, 1641, 'the Parliament had decreed a poll-tax on all English subjects, in order to clear off the expenses of the English and Scottish armies in the north,' Milton declined or neglected to pay his rate, and was consequently specified as a defaulter by the Exchequer.

'As the date of this document,' Mr. Masson adds, 'is not given, we may suppose, if we like, that Milton's neglect to pay arose from his being out of town when the collection was made; but it is quite as likely that it was intentional. He can hardly, indeed, have objected to giving two pounds or so towards indemnifying the Scots, who at that time were high in his esteem. On the contrary, he may have desired not to part with the Scots too soon.'

This *argumentum ex crumena*, if followed widely in England, would, no question, have been a sufficiently convincing one with Mr. Masson's countrymen; but it does not seem a probable reason for a man of Milton's temper. Nor can we rationally ascribe the refusal to niggardliness; Mr. J. Hunter's diligence having discovered that at the same time a contribution was made in Aldersgate towards relieving the Irish Protestants, then suffering under the Rebellion, to which contribution Milton's share was twice or thrice that of his rich neighbours.

Poets, however, have never been celebrated for an over-business-like regularity towards their creditors; and although Milton's mind and habits remove him from the spendthrift class of a Lovelace or a Herrick, yet 'that abstraction, the Revenue, for which I never cared much,'* may have been set aside by him in favour of the distressed Protestantism of Ireland. But it is more curious that, when the Civil War broke out, Milton cannot be traced as taking any personal part in it. Mr. Masson's candour, rising above that silly and jesuitical hero-worship of modern days, which holds it a kind of perverted duty to conceal facts of awkward appearance in the hero's life, has led him to recite the circumstances whence we should have inferred that Milton would have been found in the Parliamentary forces, or, at least, amongst the Trained Bands and Volunteers of London. By several quota-

* C. Lamb.

tions from 'Paradise Lost,' supported by a passage in the tract upon *Education*, he makes it probable that Milton had himself mastered the drill of that day before this time. He was, further, a skilful fencer, of independent means, and in the prime of life. The merchants and apprentices around him enrolled themselves by numbers for the cause. A 'John MELTON' even appears as quartermaster to Colonel Pennington's regiment of City Trained Bands. This gave Mr. Masson hope; yet further investigation leads him honestly to conclude that this John, who appears afterwards, so far as 1660, as 'Major John MILTON,' was not the poet. 'The absolute certainty is, that at no time from the commencement of the war was he out with the Parliamentary army. I am sorry that such was the fact, and cannot account for it.' It was perhaps a similar feeling, that there was here something in Milton's conduct requiring to be accounted for, which led his nephew Phillips to the statement how there was 'about this time a design in agitation of making him Adjutant-General in Sir William Waller's army'—a post for which, however, professional training was eminently required.

Mr. Masson will not admit that Milton's reason for taking no personal part in the war might have been that his weapons were of a different order. He is even at some pains to show that the noble sonnet which the poet wrote for his door 'when the assault' (November, 1642) 'was intended to the City,' was composed as a kind of jest. These reasonings may be just, and personal pride or fastidiousness

'Among the many movements of his mind'

may have governed Milton at this critical conjuncture. Yet we think we shall be safe here, as in most cases, if the simplest explanation be taken. Milton still thought of his vocation as that of the poet. This did not, indeed, deprive him of his rights as a citizen. But he had made his contribution to the struggle through literature—deviating, under the guidance of a wise instinct, the least possible from his natural career. If further reason be sought, it lies, probably, in the imaginative isolation, the austere self-confidence, which marked him both as man and as poet:—

'Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri.'

Already his Church-pamphlets had exhibited a mind not more disposed to be limited by kirk than by bishop. Already he might not be ready to place his freedom under the control of another, or to abandon that position of free criticism, the 'fighting for his own hand,' which he kept to the end of his life; that majestic and unfettered magnanimity which maintained itself,
not

not only before the successful presence of the great Protector, but—a far harder trial to a soul such as Milton's—when every hope of the cause which he fondly identified with all that was good in life had vanished, and even his soul was clouded for a season before the spectacle of God's mysterious dealings with his servants:—

‘Not only dost degrade them, or remit
To life obscured, which were a fair dismissal,
But throw'st them lower than thou didst exalt them high;
Unseemly falls in human eye,
Too grievous for the trespass or omission.
Oft leavest them to the hostile sword
Of heathen and profane, their carcasses
To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captived;
Or to the unjust tribunals, under change of times,
And condemnation of the ungrateful multitude.’

A heart and a voice like this, truly, were not well fitted to be the obedient mouthpiece and executant of others' mandates. And to the same reason we may perhaps refer the curious fact (unnoticed hitherto, so far as we are aware) that throughout the whole period before his eyesight failed him Milton never appears to have made any attempt to enter the Parliament, in which his fortune and station, with his gifts and celebrity, might, one would have thought, have easily and naturally seated him.

Whatever substance there may be in the above speculations, it is certain that, even from Milton's own time, a degree of mystery has hung over this period of his life, never yet dissipated, but which connects itself naturally with that troubled period when, as in similar ages of civil war, families were divided amongst themselves, and curious relations between party and party sprang up. Milton's own house was thus divided. The grandfather, as we have seen, lived a strict Roman Catholic. The poet's younger brother, Christopher, grew up a Royalist. At the point which we have now reached (April, 1643), this brother, with his father (who seems previously to have retired from his London legal business), was besieged in Reading by the Parliamentary forces. Reading fell, and the choice of departure or residence being left free to the inhabitants, old Mr. Milton, who was probably of a Puritan turn, decided on joining his son John in London, whilst Christopher elected to stay in Reading, which, it should be remembered, was near Oxford, then the headquarters of Charles. John, however, himself was not now in London, but precisely where one would *not* expect to find a man so devoted as he to the Parliament, and so conspicuous on their side, namely, in the close neighbourhood of Oxford!

‘About

'About Whitsuntide it was or a little after,' says his nephew, Phillips, to whose narrative of this transaction little has been added by later diligence, 'that he took a journey into the country, nobody about him certainly knowing the reason, or that it was any more than a journey of recreation. After a month's stay, home he returns a married man that went out a bachelor; his wife being Mary, the eldest daughter of Mr. Richard Powell, then a Justice of Peace, of Forest-hill, near Shotover, in Oxfordshire.'

We could hardly name two poets between whom more dissimilarity in motive and conduct might reasonably be looked for than Milton and Shelley. Especially in the choice of a wife one would anticipate the greatest difference between the sagacious and self-respecting Puritan, and the youthful enthusiast for free-love, universal brotherhood, and pantheism. Yet this marriage appears not more suggested by wisdom, and little more happy in its results, than Shelley's melancholy union with his first wife. Mary Powell was a girl of seventeen; her father a Royalist country gentleman; her life seems to have been hitherto spent at Forest-hill, amidst country amusements and cavalier hospitality; and there is no proof that Milton had seen anything of her before his brief courtship. The rest of the story is well known. When the young bride's relations, who accompanied her to Milton's house in London, had left her, the solitariness and austerity of her new home wrought so upon her, Aubrey tells us, that within two months poor Mary Milton wearied of her too 'philosophical life,' and gladly accepted an invitation to Forest-hill, to which she went with a 'distinct understanding' (of all sources of misunderstanding the most fertile) that she should shortly return to Aldersgate-street. The expected return did not take place; and how at last it was brought about has been told in verse, beside which poetry, from Homer to our own day, can offer no second strain of more pathetic melody.

Aubrey adds one source of depression, which strikes us as rather singular in that ruder age of youthful discipline; that Milton's wife 'oftentimes heard his nephews beaten and cry.' Mr. Masson, justly sceptical whether Milton himself suffered similar griefs at Cambridge, again disputes the truth of this story; remarking that Phillips, one of the nephews in question, takes no notice of the castigation; an argument which will probably not appear very conclusive to the reader. We think, indeed, from several points handed down by tradition, that, with all Milton's indubitable tenderness of heart and beauty of disposition, there was also a vein of austerity and self-assertion in this great man's nature, which betrayed him at times into a certain harshness:—another point, we may remark, in his similarity

similarity to what we may infer regarding Dante. Like other men, he could not escape *les défauts de ses qualités*. Yet, although this, with the great change of scene, renders Mary Milton's sudden flight to the home of her childhood (and she herself but a child) sufficiently natural, the main facts touching the inappropriateness and rapidity of Milton's choice remain unexplained, and so far as now seems likely, inexplicable. Singular in themselves, the circumstances of this marriage are made more so by their contrast with the general tenor of the poet's conduct and character. It is like an episode from another life abruptly inserted into his.

One point only is clear. The connection between Milton and his old family region near Oxford, interrupted by his father's disinheritance and settlement in London forty years before the date of this marriage, had been curiously resumed at intervals. Whether owing, as has been suggested, to some inheritance which, on the grandfather's death, may have fallen in, or from the wish to have again an interest near Stanton St. John's and Shotover, or whether only through the course of a scrivener's business, money transactions had already passed between Milton's father and the father of his first wife. For whatever reason, Milton himself, then a lad at Cambridge, was introduced into the business, being made the nominal creditor of Mr. Powell for a considerable sum. That this arrangement was contrived by the father in 1627 with a view to subsequent alliance between the families (Mary Powell being also then a little creature of two) seems unlikely. Yet, looking at the marriage, we may reasonably conclude that some intercourse of more than mere lawyer's letters arose; and with this reversion to Oxfordshire we are disposed to connect the fact that Milton himself, in 1635, obtained an *ad eundem* degree from Oxford. At any rate, we can see no other plausible explanation of a step which, if not uncommon, is not likely to have been undertaken by any one without some distinct cause. Thus the marriage may have been half arranged in Milton's mind before the civil war broke out; and hence, again, carried out with haste when circumstances had divided the houses of Capulet and Montague so bitterly. Other conjectures are given by Mr. Masson;* but we can do nothing more than conjecture. The real lesson of value appears to us

* Mr. Masson has expressed one of his conjectures as to Milton's marriage thus: 'Did he come seeking his 500*l.*, and did Mrs. Powell *heave a daughter at him*.' We have marked, but we refrain from quoting, several phrases in a similar vein. They are not numerous; but we are sure that their effect upon the reader will not be that intended by the writer. And we trust that Mr. Masson will not take it amiss if, valuing his book as we do, we suggest to him to ask counsel of his own better taste as he proceeds with his work, or revises it for another edition.

to be this: that, although in regard to his public career and the general outlines of his private life, what is known of Milton furnishes a contrast to our scanty information regarding Shakespeare, yet the details of his personal existence, of his loves and enmities, his likings and studies, must remain in the same tantalizing twilight under which we view the similar elements in the career of his great Florentine predecessor.—Is this accident, or is there always something about the Poet which eludes the insight of his contemporaries, and is, perhaps, unknown or irrecoverable even to himself?

ART. V.—*Christian Theology and Modern Scepticism.* By the Duke of Somerset, K.G. London, 1872.

THIS ducal manifesto of unbelief demands a notice beyond the proportion of its magnitude, its ability, or any influence likely to be exerted by its powers of argument or eloquence. The substance of the essay may be described as almost flimsy. The Duke of Somerset has given to the vast subject set forth in his title a small volume of just 180 pages, as lightly printed as those of a novel; and within this compass he treats—without affecting to discuss, or rather, with an elaborate affectation of *not* discussing fully—no less than thirty-nine points of high moment in as many chapters. We know not whether there be an ironical purpose in the *number*; but the idea would be quite consistent with the whole spirit of the work.

It is because that spirit is highly characteristic of the latest type of unbelief, that we feel called to notice it in a case where the rank and reputation of the writer might be mistaken for a sign that this is the spirit of the educated classes in relation to the Bible and Christianity. The time was when even sceptics approached the mysteries of 'Christian Theology' with religious reverence, and deemed the evidences of Scripture worthy of refutation by serious argument, and by learning not picked up at random; when the triumph they sought to win, in however bad a cause, was at least a triumph of argument. But all this is now changed by a school which arrogates to itself the claim of uttering the conclusive sentence of 'modern thought,' the *ipse dixit* of an invisible and irresponsible judge, not simply rejecting all old religious authority, but assuming belief to be an exploded superstition. The very title of the volume before us expresses the spirit of this school by a double antithesis. Christian belief has always taken the form of 'theology,' but the

essence of science is 'scepticism': the former is old, the latter is 'modern,' an epithet equivalent, if not to perfection, at least to an ever growing improvement, the more sure and rapid in the measure of its rejecting whatever is old. But a closer scrutiny of this claim detects the true meaning of the term '*modern*'—a mere *fashion* of the day, adopted by a school of half-educated, one-sided men, who boast of it as loudly and demand as unreasoning a submission, as do the equally qualified leaders of fashion in dress.

'WE, in this *later age*'—a phrase on which 'they ring round the same unvaried chimes,'—have come to the conclusion that 'the progress of civilization has not been favourable to faith.' There is scarcely one page of the volume in which we are not met by this offensive assumption. In the compass of a brief Introduction the writer reiterates on every single page such statements as the following:—'the opinions of *educated society* upon the most important questions that can occupy the human mind appear *at the present time* to be more unsettled than at any previous period of European history:'—'a change in religious thought has gradually forced its way through the *cultivated classes* of the community:'—'the whole system of *modern education* tends towards the same result:'—'scepticism has been naturalized in *modern society*,' 'pervades the whole *atmosphere of thought*, and leads the *most learned societies*,' and '*the mass of society* is anxiously seeking a belief which shall not be at issue with the *moral sense of educated men*:'—'it is *now obvious* that the theology of former days *cannot* be permanently maintained' amidst 'the process of religious change, which is gradually permeating the *Protestant world*.' These phrases occur in just a twentieth part of the whole work, and they are repeated nearly twenty times as often in the remaining chapters.

The complacency with which the writer regards 'this altered condition of belief' of '*the educated Protestant*' (for the definite article is made to do yeoman's service in the cause of mere assertion) is matched by the cool scorn with which old beliefs are put aside as dead, and hardly worth burying. For this purpose the past tense is made as serviceable as the definite article. 'So long as Christians *believed* in the personification of evil'—are the opening words of the first chapter, the whole of which is pitched to the same key-note. 'From the commencement of the Christian era until comparatively *modern* times the existence of evil spirits *was* appealed to in vindication of the Gospel history.' The '*scientific Barrow*, and the learned Bishop Bull' are cited to prove 'to how late a period the belief in the intervention of the devil *was* regarded as an important bulwark of the

the 'Christian faith.' Yet now—says the higher authority of the Duke of Somerset—"the worthy historians, the wise lawgivers, the vast concourse of witnesses are all equally unavailing; *the spell is broken*—the evil spirits have vanished, and *these phantoms of discredited tradition* will not again re-visit a more *experienced and incredulous world*:"—whence we may infer that incredulity is the choicest fruit of experience! The whole witness of the Gospels on this subject is rejected as merely showing that 'the first three Evangelists shared the superstitious notions of their countrymen;' that 'these narratives belong to Jewish traditions, and *are rejected as traditional*:'—from which we learn the curious canon of criticism, that all traditions are to be rejected!

By this easy method not only is a great and difficult question of doctrine summarily disposed of, but its settlement is made to react on the higher question of the credibility of the Gospels; and this is the author's whole gist and aim. Not, indeed, that he argues out his conclusion: that course, we suppose, would be unworthy of 'this period of mental activity.' The Duke of Somerset is content to adopt 'the *obvious* solution, that these Gospels are not exempt from human imperfection.' Using the rhetorical artifice of making a question do duty for an argument, he mentions the omission of demoniacs from the fourth Gospel, and asks, 'Was this silence a tacit repudiation of *idle tales*, which the writer of that Gospel did not wish openly to contradict?' 'This view'—he quietly sums up—'*if adopted*, undoubtedly impairs the authority of the Gospel history. On this subject change of opinion is *inevitable*.' There are, '*it has been said*'—such is his constant mixture of dogmatism and vagueness—'*many other illusions* which will be gradually cast out of the *Protestant mind*, although they may rend their victim as they come out of him, and leave him half dead at their departure:'—a fit type of the mental and moral state to which this book might bring an unwary reader.

We have been led on from the exposure of the Author's method of cool, confident assertion, to its illustration from his treatment of the first of the thirty-nine articles of his essay. But we cannot pass from this particular subject without noticing an *animus* which we have observed as a character of 'modern scepticism.' The doctrines of 'Christian theology' are not merely set aside as effete; they are travestied for the purpose of contemptuous insinuation. Thus we are told that 'Satan, whilst he was the terror of the multitude, was also *the efficient ally of the priest*. In some cases he became *the guardian angel of the Church*, strengthening her empire, and enabling her to repress the lawless violence of men, whom no human authority could

control.' These words do, indeed, stand in connection with the claims of Roman Catholic priestcraft; but the Duke of Somerset is little careful to distinguish Romish superstitions from the doctrines of his own and other Protestant churches. He assumes that attitude of hostility to the clergy, as such, which is another special mark of 'modern scepticism': in fact, this antagonism forms his very starting-point.

Our natural and wondering enquiry, how and why such a book as this came to be written, is anticipated in a Preface marked by the affectedly sententious brevity of the chapters that follow it, and striking the key-note of the whole essay.

'For many years past religious questions have incessantly interfered with the social and educational improvement of the community. Instead of gradually diminishing in their effects, these causes of disturbance seem to be increasing.

'A politician would gladly avoid touching these thorny subjects, but he observes that the religious teachers never cease from intermeddling with politics.

'The Church of Rome, as in olden times, pours imprecations on our heads; and the Roman Catholic clergy in the United Kingdom administer the same balm in a more inconvenient form.

'The Established Church distracts us with so many doctrinal disputes and perplexing doubts, that we almost wish she would slumber again, as she did during the greater part of the last century.

'The Non-conformists appear to be exasperated, and threaten to upset everything from the village-school to the cabinet, unless they are allowed to have their own way.

'All these convulsive movements are symptoms of mental disquietude, which forebodes a religious change.

'Meanwhile, every Protestant may exercise his private judgment; and since inquiry cannot easily make matters worse, let us again examine into the fountain-head of all these differences, and see whether there is any possible solution at least of the Protestant difficulties.

'We live in an age of free thinking and plain speaking, "*rarâ temporum felicitate, ubi sentire quæ velis, et, quæ sentias dicere, licet.*"

The very first of these sentences has the true ring of modern scepticism. Religious questions are now to be regarded as an incessant *interference* with our social and educational improvement; an increasing *cause of disturbance* in a Christian State. Religious teachers are spoken of as if they had merely a professional interest in their doctrines and their work; and so throughout the book, all the most earnest and devoted defenders of Christian truth—from Stephen the Hellenist, with his 'lamentably feeble vindication of Christianity,' and Paul the Pharisee,

Pharisee, with his Judaizing theology and his Manichæan philosophy—are represented as either interested or self-deceiving persons, labouring in their vocation. Truly if religious teachers intermeddled with politics in the same manner and spirit as this 'politician' does in religion, 'the social and educational improvement of the country' would be in no small danger. But the Duke seems to grudge the clergy even their proper work of discussing the 'doctrinal disputes and perplexing doubts,' which are the very signs that life is stirring on the waters. And no wonder: for his own simpler method is to end the disputes by abolishing all doctrinal teaching, and to get free from the perplexity of doubt by almost universal scepticism. We forbear to characterize the contemptuous superiority with which the 'politician' would conjure back the Church into the spell of slumber out of which it is her happiness to have been roused.

Whether the existing religious agitations are more violent than in other periods of mental and spiritual activity, is a question which it would be difficult to settle. Describing them as 'convulsive'—an epithet not inapplicable to their treatment in his own pages—the Duke discerns in them 'symptoms of mental disquiet, which forebodes a religious change:' that is to say, dissatisfaction with the generally accepted doctrines of Christianity is so general, at least in 'the educated mind,' that nothing remains for us but a religious revolution. Now we ask, first, Is this witness true? Or is it the utterance of a few shallow and conceited sceptics, who arrogate to themselves the name of 'thinkers,' prating to each other of the doubts, of which they are as vain as if they were new truths, and mistaking the echoes of the dark cave to which they have retreated for the voices of general assent? Their confidence of having the age with them seems belied by the very violence and dogmatism of their assertions: for the most vehement dogmatism is the dogmatism of unbelief. We turn for a moment from the book before us to cite another example of the same spirit.

A few months since one of the school communicated to a public journal some of his experiences 'in search of a good sermon,' for all he could hear near home were a compound of 'humbug' and 'twaddle.' And yet he was not hard to satisfy, for (said he) 'I can listen with pleasure to anybody who speaks like an honest man, who has some moderate faculty of utterance, and *who is not too great a fool!*' In search of these moderate qualities, the wanderings of this 'stray sheep' (for so he called himself) led him to Mr. Voysey as his first experiment. Here he witnessed 'the rare and pleasant spectacle of one who has really

really something to say which he believes to be of the last importance, and which he says without reservation or equivocation.' We need not state in detail what that something was:—how Mr. Voysey denounced popular Christianity:—how he gave a rare example of the reasoning of 'modern sceptics' by assuming man to have been created in the lowest rank of savages ('he might have said a monkey,' adds the reporter), and hence inferring the absurdity of the doctrine of the Fall, because it implies that primeval man was perfect:—how the Atonement was denounced, with a long list of doctrines 'only less noxious' than these two 'cardinal errors':—how 'a single sentence was sufficient to abolish the devil, eternal damnation, the doctrines of the Trinity and the Divinity of Christ, the Sacraments,' and more still, as 'superstitions,' to destroy which was the preacher's great work. But our present object is not so much to expose this sort of teaching as to mark its effect on his sympathizing hearer. Will our readers believe that he finds fault with it simply for being *superfluous*? 'Is not Mr. Voysey, one was forced to ask, rather slaying the dead? Have those grim doctrines of popular theology which, as he said, "painted man as worse than a worm, and God as blacker than a fiend," any hold upon educated minds?' Of Mr. Voysey's attempt to 'explode' our belief in the devil it is said, 'surely for persons above the level of ranters this is rather waste of powder.' 'His vehement assaults against what he holds as debasing superstitions are aimed at evils which lurk only in the lower intellectual strata'—'the coarse interpretations of Christianity popular in an effete school of theology'—'antiquated errors that linger in obscure corners;' and it has now become merely 'amusing to hear a man refuting the most ignorant and bigoted part of the clergy.'

When the writer regards all this as but 'doing over again the work of the last century,' his triumphant assumption forms a satire on 'the great waves of thought,' of which he boasts as 'sweeping over Europe.' It is quite true that the modern scepticism of this new age of thoughtful enquiry and unprecedented progress is but a return to the spirit and method of Voltaire and the infidels of the eighteenth century, who themselves followed in the steps of the English deists of the seventeenth, though varnished over with a flimsy show of Biblical learning got from the rationalists of the nineteenth. And now it is all paraded over again, not only with an affected unconsciousness that it has ever been answered, but with a brazen assumption that it is unanswered and unanswerable—that the whole question is settled, and all who retain any remnant of old belief are mere fools and βεκεσέληνοι.

Such

Such is the style of 'modern scepticism,' to which the Duke of Somerset brings the support of his great historic name, his conspicuous position in the political world, and his high rank—the last an advantage which has not yet lost its weight even in the progress of modern society. These considerations, as they must attract the more notice to his opinions, increase his responsibility for their utterance, though they can add nothing to their real value. The Duke of Somerset has no hereditary power to see more of the truth than the humblest student of the Bible; but there may be those who would expect him to maintain the evangelical Protestantism, of which the first Duke of Somerset, with all his faults, was the honest as well as the official Protector. He needed not to justify the conduct of a politician in touching religious subjects; for the cause of Christianity has found many an effective champion among the laity, and some among the nobility of our land. The very title of his book might have raised the hope that another such champion had come forward to add new lustre to the title of Somerset, by maintaining the cause of 'Christian Theology' against 'Modern Scepticism.' But the volume is no sooner opened than it is found to contain abundance of Modern Scepticism, with but little Christian Theology; that little being distorted, perverted, and sometimes (we are compelled to add) wantonly caricatured, for the purpose of justifying the scepticism.

The enquiry is, indeed, opened in the name of the Protestant right of private judgment; but rather on the ground that 'inquiry cannot easily make matters worse,' than with any serious or reverent purpose of making them better. We are invited to 'examine again into the fountain-head of all these differences'—a challenge which no true believer will refuse when it is honestly made—and to 'see whether there is any possible solution at least of the Protestant difficulties.' But we soon find that our proffered guide is not in search of a solution, but only bent on proving—or rather reiterating—that none is possible; and he affects to lead us back to the fountain-head, only to show that the well-spring of life is hopelessly corrupted, or, at best, that it sends forth at the same opening both sweet water and bitter. We say 'affects' to go back; for of exact, painstaking, critical enquiry into the difficulties of Scripture and its teachings, there is none. The author boasts of the age of free thinking and plain speaking in which we live, as if that were some new thing in Protestant England; but his plain speaking seems to us the expression of little thinking of any sort; nor can we call that thinking free, which is for the most part the slavish echo of the most random thoughts of others, the
catch-cry

catch-cry of the mocking-bird claiming the character of 'native wood-notes wild.'

One fact is enough to stamp the critical value of the work—almost enough, too, to discharge an opponent from any duty of engaging to refute it:—amidst a considerable parade of authorities, there is not from beginning to end one exact reference by which they may be tested. Indeed the author, with cynical candour, discharges himself from the office of making good his objections or examining the arguments by which most of them have already been refuted. His Introduction ends with this frank avowal:—

'To enter fully into these elaborate inquiries would occupy too large a space. . . . The several points at issue are compressed into short chapters, so as not tediously to repeat objections, which are already familiar to many readers.

And this he calls taking 'a comprehensive view of the subject'—by merely blurting out again objections which are assumed to be 'already familiar,' instead of attempting either to solve them, on the one hand, or, on the other, to maintain them by ample argument, and in a spirit conscious of the solemn responsibility of assailing the foundations of Christian faith. By appealing to educated society, the writer deprives himself of the excuse that his work is intended to be popular; and the brief and light form he has adopted leaves him in this dilemma:—Either the objections, which he throws out almost at random, are so 'familiar' that their repetition was needless; or, in any case, they are thrown out in a form which can only be described—in its tendency, if not in its purpose—as mischievous. He might have been content to leave them where they were left by writers of far more power and learning; or, if he had any new views, he should have stated them fully and have sustained them by argument. But he has done neither. If a great book is a great evil, a small book may be a greater evil still. If brevity is the soul of wit, it is not always the spirit of wisdom. As much fallacy and folly may be condensed into a short sentence as whole volumes would be needed to expose. We have lately seen how a cow upsetting a lamp with one kick could spread a conflagration through a great city. The lamp of truth is never exempt from the wanton blows of—well, no matter about completing the parallel; but an Apostle has warned us that the tongue may set on fire the whole course of nature.

The Duke of Somerset is a well-read scholar; and he has the scholar-like practice of showing the bent of his mind by the quotations which he adopts as mottoes; nor are we sure that
the

the spirit of his volume could be better shown than by culling a selection of these ornaments of his chapters.

The motto chosen for his chapter on Hebrew Poetry—‘*Utinam tam facile vera invenire possim quam falsa convincere*’—is at least expressive of the free and easy mode in which he affects to do the latter. The Virgin Mary is at once relegated to the limbo of doubt and placed suggestively on a level with the heathen queen of heaven, by the quotation, ‘*Caput inter nubila condit.*’ The gloom into which the writer is led by the difficulties of the Gospel history is expressed by the figure—

‘*Quale per incertam lunam sub luce malignâ
Est iter in silvis :*’

but humbler enquirers have found there a path ‘as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.’ The Pauline Theology is described as ‘*non solum philosophia phantastica, sed etiam religio hæretica*’: against the Pauline Philosophy the Apostle himself is quoted—‘*Ne decipiamur per inanem philosophiam*’; and the ‘Modern Conclusions’ upon the whole teaching of St. Paul are summed up in another Scripture quotation, in a spirit which we leave our readers to characterize—‘*VADE SATANA!*’

We might add more of the same sort, but we are content to stop here and ask, Is this the tone in which ‘the opinions of educated society upon the most important questions which can occupy the human mind’ ought to be uttered? Truly the Duke of Somerset goes to the war of Modern Scepticism against Christian Theology with a light heart; but, when his forces come to be reviewed, they might not unfitly be likened to ‘troops that can’t march, and ships that won’t swim.’ It is enough to pass them in rapid review, and to show by a few tests that they are unsubstantial phantoms—‘*ineptiæ, somnia, nugæ,*’ in the Duke’s classic phrase. The war has been fought out already; and the leader, who now brings some few of the feeblest forces of scepticism back into the field, avows that he has marshalled them not for fight, but for a display which may justify his claiming a triumph. We have read the mottoes borne upon his banners: we have heard the flourish of trumpets proclaiming the accomplished victory of the ‘army of doubters’ over Mansoul and Emmanuel. When we ask for the trophies of the victory, we find trifles only to be compared with the shells which Caligula picked up on the sea-shore, to carry home as the spoils of the ocean. As little do the objections culled in this book affect the boundless and fathomless ocean of divine truth, the very ebb and flow of which is working out for man those

those great ends, towards which the Duke of Somerset fails to see any advance 'after eighteen hundred years of Christian teaching.'

Through these centuries of Christian teaching he asserts that 'man has made no advance in certainty of religious knowledge,' and he draws the trite, but false, parallel between science and Christianity; the one receiving all credit for its 'partial success,' while the other is suggested to have failed because 'certainty' is not yet attained, and because there is still a diversity of religious opinion. The objector does not enquire whether it was the purpose of Christianity to exclude that diversity, which has the merit of setting its essential truths in many different lights, and preventing them from stagnating into lifeless formularies, and the still higher use of exalting true spiritual life above all mere forms of opinion. Nor does he attempt the difficult but most necessary definition of that 'certainty' which he misses. He denies to Christianity even that 'partial success' which science has had in 'contributing to the convenience or to the happiness of mankind, encouraging fresh exertions, and opening a prospect of future acquisitions.' He dares to add that 'in the study of revealed religion this process seems to have been reversed.' What! has Christianity turned knowledge and human progress backward? Has it diminished the convenience and happiness of mankind? Does it discourage fresh exertions, and shut out the prospect of future acquisitions? Ten thousand answers are given by the blessings wrought by Christianity in this world, and the eternal hopes which it holds forth in the world to come.

The fundamental position of scepticism is the impossibility of arriving at truth on religious subjects; and this alleged impossibility is made the one ground for denying a divine revelation. The believer, on the other hand, points to a revelation actually made, as proving that what is impossible with man has been made not only possible, but a living reality, by God himself. The sceptic merely *affirms* the first position, or, at best, maintains it by arguments which prove to him that religious truth lies beyond the range of what he understands by 'science.' But the believer offers positive proof, from the strict laws of historical truth and scientific criticism, that such a revelation has in fact been made, that it confirms and is confirmed by the witness which Nature bears of God, and that it, and it alone, meets the moral and spiritual wants and troubles of which human nature is ever conscious. How then is this issue to be tried? The two chief classes of sceptics give two answers. The 'scientific' sceptic, no longer reasoning 'from Nature to Nature's God,'

God,' denies that Nature has any room for God, or that authority can ever be a ground of belief. With this school we are not at present specially concerned. The writer before us only alludes briefly to the progress of physical science as one of the causes which 'have concurred to modify the religious beliefs of the Protestant world.' The former loyalty of philosophy, science, and literature to revealed religion is recognised, with allusions to Locke, Newton, and Addison, savouring (in the last case at least) of sarcasm. But this alliance, he tells us, is now converted into hostility, and he echoes the scorn which the scientific sceptic throws on any attempt to show the harmony of science and religion.

We had thought it one of the noblest efforts of 'modern thought' to bring any apparent antagonism of divine and human science to the test of free but calm reasoning; and to enquire whether the true God does not bear one consistent witness of Himself in the threefold light of revelation, the laws of nature, and the working of the human mind. Nay more, we had fondly deemed it one of the glories of our own and of more than one preceding age to have made, in this work of reconciliation, some 'advance in certainty of religious knowledge.' But it is the peculiar character of Modern Scepticism, not to retrace and disprove the advance thus made, but loudly and scornfully to deny it, and to affirm that 'scepticism has been naturalized in modern society,' and we are required to confess the fact of this change of belief at the peril of being branded as fools or pilloried as hypocrites. If we venture to suggest that true views of science may be reconciled with the right interpretation of Scripture, we are sure to be told that none but 'a scientific man' has a right to an opinion on a question of science, but that he may tie down the theologian to the very narrowest and most literal sense of Scripture which seems to contradict a scientific fact. A sort of infidel inquisition is set up, to bring the Galileos of theology to confess upon their knees that the world of matter is the centre of all truth, and that the light of God must move in obedience to it.

This intolerance is practised in the name of Science, the very essence of which is an humble readiness to receive truth of every kind; in the name of a Philosophy which contradicts its very title by showing neither love nor reverence for wisdom. We might even say that Modern Scepticism belies the very name of which it boasts; for, in the original and best sense, this philosophic title denotes the attitude of impartial observation. No contrast can be greater than that between the genesis of scientific truth and the development of religious unbelief as we see it working in this boastful age of science. When the true man of science

science sees through an old error, and discovers a new truth, he sits down to a long course of patient enquiry, continued observation, and repeated experiment, before he allows himself to be convinced, or proclaims it to the world. When at length he makes it known, he displays no spirit of arrogant dogmatism; but he submits it modestly to the investigation of those most competent to confirm his discovery or to detect his mistake. But where the infinitely momentous questions of religion are at issue, we continually see the sceptic hugging every doubt as if it were the discovery of a new truth. Instead of labouring to enlighten the world by finding the true solution, he exults in having obscured the sun with his tiny puff of smoke. If the objection has been answered over and over again, he only clings to it the more fondly, and repeats it like a child trying to rekindle an exploded squib. A growing habit is formed of rejecting everything that is generally accepted; till, the inner light being put out, the sceptic declares that all who see what he is blind to are in the same darkness.

But the volume before us rather illustrates the other type of scepticism, which may be called the pseudo-critical. Its purpose is not so much to set science and philosophy against religion, as to set Scripture against itself. We had almost said that the writer quotes Scripture in the fashion of a well-known proverb: but in all soberness we affirm that no 'wresting' of texts could be more violent at one time, or more insidiously offensive at another, than some to be found in his pages. He strikes the key-note by quoting the saying of Selden, that the words '*scrutmini scripturas*' have undone the world: but, as usual, he gives no reference to enable the reader to test the sense or connection in which the apparent paradox was used. In vain would he seek any authority in Selden for saying that our Lord's solemn appeal, '*Search the Scriptures*,' ought to have made the Jews see that in them they had *not* eternal life, or that the noble-minded Bereans, when they searched the Scriptures daily, ought to have found that the things preached by Paul were *not so*, but were a mixture of Jewish tradition and oriental philosophy.

'The search of the Scriptures has impaired the authority of Scripture, and the learned endeavours to remove obscurity have increased doubt.' Is this really so? Have a cloud of witnesses, such as Grotius and Butler, Paley and Lardner—not to quote many a name illustrious in our own day—gathered together the testimony of history, and science, and philosophy, all in vain? Was it reserved for the Duke of Somerset, in this tiny volume, to neutralize all the libraries of Christian Theology, and undo all that stands proved in the '*De Veritate*' and the '*Credibility*'? Above

all,

all, is the BIBLE to bear witness against itself, and the more we know the Holy Scriptures, are we to find them the less able to make us wise unto salvation? The author boasts of appealing, in the spirit of '*the Protestant*,' to an '*open Bible*.' Is, then, the Bible now opened for the first time? The phrase recalls to mind the age when the Bible was first laid open for every man to read it in his own tongue. Who has not been touched by the picture of the humble seeker for truth bending with reverence over the open volume, free to all alike, though chained to its desk in the Church porch? What if we were to add to the picture a Duke of Somerset—not a Protector of the Realm and Church of England—standing at the elbow of the poor reader (for the very education of the poor, it seems, is to be imbued with scepticism) to poison his mind with doubts? What if some mischievous opponent had come to the open Bible only to tear out leaf after leaf, and to scribble over the remaining fragments with comments, suggesting that the Hebrew prophets were themselves sceptics, the Evangelists mistaken in their facts and deluded in their notions, the '*Acts of the Apostles*' a collection of fabulous traditions, and the Pauline Epistles a compound of fantastic philosophy and heretical religion?

The whole system of pseudo-critical scepticism begins at the wrong end. The true critic examines first the evidence by which the genuineness and authority of the Bible is established, and then he approaches the difficulties suggested by its contents. Internal evidence on the negative side must be absolutely overwhelming to outweigh the direct evidence of testimony; and even in such a case the negative conclusion is not fully justified, till at least the chief flaws in the external evidence are exposed. But modern scepticism passes over the question of testimony altogether, and outrages the very first canon of evidence by resting its case on internal difficulties alone. The question whether God revealed to Moses—we do not say a system of cosmogony, for that term at once raises difficulties that do not exist—but some great first truths concerning the creation of the world and man—is to be first approached by examining the evidence for the genuineness of the record, and for the divine mission of Moses; and then the difficulties are to be taken into account. If we indeed possess the historic record of Moses, that he did lead Israel out of Egypt in the manner described in the Exodus, the arithmetical difficulties raised by a Colenso can only prove that the critic has misunderstood the meaning of his text. So with the objections to the New Testament in the volume before us, we fail to see a sign of any real earnest study of the very first step in the mere approach to
'Christian

'Christian Theology.' If it has been proved that St. Luke professed truly to write the deeds and words of Jesus from the testimony of 'eyewitnesses and ministers of the word'—and if St. John wrote, 'he that saw it bare record, and his record is true, and he knoweth that he saith true, that ye might believe'—it would almost seem as if there were self-condemning irony in the assertion, that 'the *educated* Protestant no longer believes what the Evangelists believed and affirmed.' What a witness against that 'modern education' which is the boasted ally of 'modern scepticism'!

In one brief sentence, indeed, the author does just touch upon the argument from miracles. From what he is pleased to call the '*admission*' (!) of the Evangelists, that the multitude believed John the Baptist to be a prophet, while they hesitated to acknowledge Jesus, he draws the sweeping inference, 'This admission *disposes of* the reasoning of Paley and other writers, who argue that miracles were indispensable as the credentials of a divine mission.' A wonderful example of how few words may suffice to heap error upon error. The characters of a *prophet* and of the *Messiah* are confounded, and that in the case of the very prophet who himself so clearly warned his hearers against the confusion; and the nature of the argument from miracles is quite misstated. Where did the Duke of Somerset find in Paley, or the authorities whom he quotes with such nice accuracy as 'other writers,' that miracles were essential as the credentials of every prophet? He might have learnt better from the Jews themselves, who said of the very case he cites, 'John did no miracle; but all things that John spake of this man were true.' The people, familiar in their history with prophets, and on the very strain of expectation for 'that prophet' who was to rouse them to a new national life, believed John, without miracles: but no miracle was enough to reconcile them to a Messiah whose kingdom was not of this world, and the divine claims which His miracles attested were resented as blasphemy. In both cases their course was consistent with the self-righteous and exclusive character into which the Jewish nation had long been settling down. And yet the very writer, who admits 'the simple truthfulness' which marks the record, holds it to be 'unfavourable to the conclusions' drawn by the Evangelists!

The wisest of men—unless the Duke of Somerset has found a wiser in this modern age of progress—has expressed by a pair of proverbs, paradoxical at first sight, the difficulty of dealing with a certain class of opponents. In some cases we may perhaps combine the two maxims, giving answer enough to expose the conceit of fancied wisdom, but not enough to join issue on the level of the objector's folly. Few of the Duke of Somerset's objections deserve

deserve a specific answer; but a few may serve to expose his spirit and method, and to justify our treatment of his book as a type of the character of 'Modern Scepticism.'

In the usual style of assumption, which declares the work of destruction to be already done, we are told that 'the manifestations connected with the nativity and baptism of Jesus *had in early times* been withdrawn from the province of legitimate history'! The angelic visions of Zacharias and the Virgin, the alternate hymns sung by Elizabeth and Mary, the choir of angels chanting to the shepherds—are 'presented in the poetical form of earlier Hebrew records,' and on that sole ground are rejected without a word of reasoning. A chapter of four pages suffices to discredit the star seen in the East as a fragment of the astrology which the Christian Church denounces, the voice from heaven at our Lord's baptism as 'a common superstition of the Jews,' and the dove as an emblem of Syrian idolatry! The first is disposed of in the usual style of random assertion and insinuation. 'Modern expounders' (who?) '*now admit*' (where and for how long?) 'that the star belongs to the poetical imagery of a nascent creed' (whatever this pretty phrase may mean). 'It has indeed a *curious family likeness* to the star described by Virgil, and *even recalls* the astrological associations commemorated by Horace. Poets are often plagiarists, and fiction repeats itself in different minds.' Was Balaam's prophetic vision of the Star in the East, we wonder, an unconscious anticipation of Virgil and Horace? Yet such incoherent suggestions as these lead to the momentous conclusion, '*the Protestant therefore feels himself justified in discrediting this portion of the Gospel from the category of authentic history.*' Is there in all this the semblance of an argument to invalidate the testimony borne by eye-witnesses to a *phenomenon*, to which their testimony is the more credible just because they do not attempt to explain it? Surely it was a striking sign of the universal blessing to spring from the stable at Bethlehem, that the false science of the Chaldean sages should be overruled to lead them to that lowly roof, where they shewed the truth which our author himself confesses—'Wisdom and wealth have bowed down in humble submission to the superior power of a faith, which in its original purity must for ever hold the human mind in subjection.'

On the voice from heaven we have a characteristic argument. The sceptic is always ready to quote, as authorities against each other, the very Scriptures whose authority he professes to reject. So we are told, 'the epistle ascribed to St. Peter (not even specifying which) so far *disparages* these voices that it refers to the word of prophecy as a *more sure proof of* divine

divine truth! Can the Duke of Somerset's 'modern education' have failed to teach him the force of a climax? The strange inference is clenched by a sneer—'A modern Protestant cannot be expected to be more *Catholic* than St. Peter, or to attach high authority to a phenomenon which an Apostle had *depreciated*!' How depreciated? Let the Epistle itself answer—'We have not followed cunningly devised fables, when we made known unto you the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, but were eye-witnesses of his majesty. For he received from God the Father honour and glory, *when there came such a voice to him from the excellent glory. . . . AND THIS VOICE WHICH CAME FROM HEAVEN WE HEARD.*'*

As to the emblem of the dove, which is affirmed with the most striking emphasis to have been really seen by the Baptist and the bystanders,† we stand aghast at the spirit in which these words could be deliberately written:—'The dove had been an object of popular veneration in Palestine, and it *is not to be supposed* that a special miracle was performed for the purpose of consecrating an old Syrian superstition. These symbols have the stamp of Jewish legends, and it is *now needless* to discuss them further.' Needless, we suppose, because the discussion is finished: needless, we echo, because the propounder of the theory has not even opened any serious discussion in its support.

Such is the process which is held to justify the assertion, that, 'if the early chapters of the Gospel history *can be no longer received* as a record of actual events, this conclusion *has been arrived at from the study of Scripture itself*!' All is resolved into the poetic and typical language of pure Judaism, uttering its aspiration for deliverance from the heathen conquerors, and the establishment of a Jewish kingdom under a national sovereign. 'The hymns and types of the Gospels may please imaginative minds, but they do not satisfy *the religious wants of the present age*. The exigencies of *modern thought* require *more distinct and definite convictions*'; and such convictions—unless they be purely negative—modern scepticism affirms to be unattainable! In this dilemma we may be thankful that minds are still left imaginative enough to attune their devotion to the harp of David, and to respond with heart as well as voice to the songs of Zachariah and Mary and Simeon.

After all this, the author admits that the Jewish spirit of the first Christian poetry 'appears to refute the theories which ascribe the Gospels to a later period.' And he confesses that—

'The imputation of forgery and fraud made against the evangelists

* 2 Peter i. 16-18.

† Matt. iii. 16, Mark i. 10, Luke iii. 22, and especially John i. 32-34.

by writers in the last century has been dispelled by a more careful study of the Gospels.'

His whole labour is to show that the difficulties are not about, but within, the Scriptures; to throw a cloud of doubt and discredit, not over the text, but over the writers themselves; to exhibit the Evangelists as honest and only too simple recorders of traditions current among the first disciples, the Apostles as enthusiasts, 'in whose vehemence we see the tongues of fire, but we look in vain for the holy inspiration.' This view, supported by scarcely more than the semblance of one or two illustrations, may then demand a fuller refutation, when its propounder explains how *contemporary writers* (for this is his own admission) could be honest recorders of a false tradition about the facts of which they professed to be eye-witnesses! Enough of this system of carping and cavilling at point after point picked out for the purpose of being perverted and distorted: there is no escape from the position that the genuineness of the Scriptures, the honesty and credibility of the writers, and their claim to Divine authority, must stand or fall together.

The 'Acts of the Apostles' is treated, like the Gospels, as a 'traditional' record of uncertain date, in defiance of the distinct statement of the Preface, which identifies the author with that of St. Luke's Gospel,* and of the fact that the author uses the first person to imply his own part in the events which he records.† One of the strangest arguments for this traditional character is found by the writer in the defence of St. Stephen. He concedes that 'this speech has, however, the character of authenticity;' but he adds that 'the author of the Acts, had he not adhered to traditions, could undoubtedly have composed a more effective speech in favour of Christianity!' Of course this means that the Duke of Somerset can supply him with such a speech, and its scope would be as follows:—'Writing with the *acquired knowledge of a later age*, he could have described Stephen overwhelming the Sanhedrim with ancient prophecies and recent miracles.' So it seems, that the *ancient* prophecies, to which our Lord and His Apostles constantly appealed, and the *recent* miracles, which had been wrought before the eyes of Stephen's hearers, and by Stephen himself, were a part of the acquired knowledge of a later age! Again, our eager critical enquirer for 'historical truth' seems

* Compare Luke i. 3, and Acts i. 1.

† See Acts xvi. 10–18, xx. 5 *et seq.* These wonderful indications of the authorship of the book, in the use of the first and third person, according as St. Luke was or was not with St. Paul, are far beyond the reach of such criticism as the Duke of Somerset's.

to think that the author of the Acts would better have discharged his duty as an historian by refusing to 'adhere to traditions' which supplied him with a speech having 'the character of authenticity,' and preferring, after the manner of Livy, to compose another for Stephen, adapted to the more advanced knowledge of a later age! And yet the materials of this speech were to be derived from the ancient prophecies, of which Stephen had full knowledge, and from miracles so recent in his time, that the Duke of Somerset complains of him for not appealing to them! But these were the very topics out of which the whole controversy arose: the resurrection of Christ was the one great fact which had been proclaimed by the Apostles and their followers daily and hourly since the Pentecost: and the miracles which were daily wrought spoke for themselves. 'Stephen,' however, 'did not even explain the Gospel which, *it is said*, he had expounded in the synagogues with irresistible force.' Of the sneer we need only say that, if Hellenists endowed with the power and eloquence of Saul of Tarsus 'were not able to resist the wisdom and spirit by which he spake,' the 'lamentable feebleness' discovered by the Duke of Somerset must be purely subjective.

Of all who have ever read the speech before him, is our author alone unable to see that its whole aim was to 'show the connection between ancient dispensations and recent events'? It is based on the great principle, so familiar to the Jews, and so persistently attacked by sceptics, of the historical nature of the Divine revelation. It showed the consistent dealings of God with His people, through every age of their history, in raising up prophets whom they as persistently refused to hear; and thus the argument leads up to the climax of their obstinacy in the rejection of Christ. The essence of the charge against Stephen was that he had spoken 'blasphemous words against this holy place and the law:' and, in reply, he shows how his accusers and judges had rejected Christ just as their fathers rejected the great law-giver who was his type: how, as their fathers had always profaned the temple by their idolatries, they were refusing the truth, foreshadowed by Solomon when that temple was dedicated, that the Most High has a still higher and holier abode. The protomartyr had not to preach the Gospel or prove its truth to enquiring hearers—that he had been doing daily—but to convict the consciences of unjust judges, who were already resolved on his destruction. He was at the very point of his argument, when its 'lamentable feebleness' carried such conviction to his hearers, that they, his judges, stopped him with an outburst of wild fury. 'When they heard these things, *they were cut to the heart*, and gnashed upon

upon him with their teeth'—a movement which our sceptic calls 'the not unnatural remonstrance of the Council'!

If there be one branch of biblical criticism that has been more satisfactorily treated than another, it is the argument from the essential agreement and the undesigned coincidences between the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles of St. Paul. But our author asserts that the argument of the '*Horæ Paulinæ*' must be rejected, and, we need scarcely add, rejected with contempt. As an example of the '*calm reason*' and '*fair criticism*,' with which the question is to be discussed, he says, '*Of course Paley arrives at the sound orthodox conclusion which is expected from an English divine*'! He is so delighted with the sneer, that he must needs repeat it in a form striking at once at the Acts, at St. Paul, and at the clergy, whom he seems to dislike even worse than the Apostle. His '*prominent objection to the narrative in the Acts consists in its incompatibility with the moral character and truthfulness of St. Paul*.' As an example, he cites St. Paul's vow in the Temple, shutting his eyes to the distinction between the yoke of imposed Judaism which Paul resisted, and his voluntary compliance with the usages of the Temple service; and then he exclaims—

'An English clergyman in the enjoyment of a lucrative benefice, with a pleasing prospect of promotion, may be pardoned if he yields some of his opinions for the sake of tranquillity,—but he should not measure St. Paul by his own standard.'

Is not this in the worst spirit of Tom Paine?

For the rest, he singles out two or three cases of trivial apparent discrepancy, which have been explained over and over again by Paley and later writers; while the innumerable examples, which those writers have irrefragably established, of essential and clearly unpremeditated agreement, are passed over in utter silence. And here we may remark the total absence of any real use of standard authorities throughout the book. This sweeping impugner of Christian Theology barely condescends to give some dozen random references to the works of Christian theologians. This exponent of modern thought betrays—unless we might more truly say, affects—utter ignorance of modern Biblical criticism, except some rationalistic glosses picked up at random and paraded as fixed conclusions.

As one example out of many, we may take the text cited in support of his monstrous position, that the Pauline philosophy was based on the doctrine of the essentially evil character of matter! 'The creature was made subject to vanity. . . . The whole creation groaneth and travaileth together in pain until

now.* Even if the application of these words to the whole frame of inanimate nature were not 'a poet's dream,' how would it support the inference? So far from the creature being in a state essentially evil, it is '*subjected to vanity unwillingly* by the power of *one who subjected it*'—the external conquering power of evil: beneath that power it 'groans,' like one born to freedom beneath a tyrant, sustained by the 'hope' of a 'deliverance from the *bondage* of corruption into the glorious liberty of the Sons of God.' What trace of Manichæism is there here?

But the truth is—as a slight knowledge of New Testament Greek and 'modern' criticism might have taught our writer—that 'the creature' (*ἡ κτίσις*) of the whole argument denotes the *rational creation*, the mass of unregenerate *human nature*, as yet lying in bondage to the yoke of sin, and outside of the Gospel light and liberty, its yearnings for which still bear witness to the sense of lost freedom and the glorious hope of redemption. For the rest, can any one, who has listened beside the open grave to St. Paul's argument on the resurrection of the body, admit for a moment the idea that he taught the essential evil of matter?

There is far more audacity than novelty in finding an example of the 'fluctuating and uncertain traditions' collected by the 'author or compiler of the Acts' in the three accounts of St. Paul's conversion. If ever a case of that 'difference in some details,' which is often the truest mark of real agreement, has been thoroughly discussed, it is surely this. Instead of three different traditions of the event, we have one only in a strictly narrative form by the writer of the Acts; the other two are in the Apostle's own speeches, made in his defence before different classes of hearers. The varieties in the points of view, and in the incidents dwelt upon, are exactly such as we might have expected from the different circumstances of the speaker, the hearers, and the writer. There is not a word in either which really contradicts the rest; and there is no other case of essential agreement combined with diversity of form, which we would more readily take as a crucial test of truth, at least to any mind not fortified against a fair judgment by the foregone conclusions of modern scepticism.

It is worth the while to examine more closely a case perhaps less familiar, as the one by which the author/professes to make out, in just two pages, the thesis that 'The Epistles contradict the Acts.' His proof of this is none other than the famous comparison of St. Paul's movements after his conversion, as narrated in Acts ix., and as appealed to by the Apostle himself

* Romans, viii. 19-23. ;

in Galatians i. and ii. As usual, the Duke does not condescend to these references: it is enough for him to cite 'the author of the Acts' and 'according to St. Paul's Epistles.' How convenient an instrument of gross misquotation this loose method becomes in his hands, will be seen in a moment.

As if he had made a discovery, he observes that 'St. Paul attached, *apparently*, great importance to the assertion, that he did not receive his Gospel from man, but by revelation of Jesus Christ. In support of this assertion he emphatically states that he conferred not with flesh and blood, nor went to Jerusalem to the Apostles, but went into *Arabia*.' Observe the omission of the words so essential to the account of the Apostle's movements, 'and I returned again unto *Damascus*!' (Galatians i. 16, 17). In the Acts (ix. 19-23) we have a fuller account of the new convert's residence at Damascus, strikingly confirming the statement of the Epistle, that he began at once to preach the Gospel which he had received by revelation, instead of 'conferring with flesh and blood.' The temporary retirement to Arabia is passed over in the Acts as unessential; though the concoctor of a 'traditional history' would certainly have brought it in from the Epistle: but by omitting Damascus in the Epistle, our champion of 'fair criticism' makes it appear as if *Arabia* only were named in the one place in contradiction to *Damascus* in the other!

Our critic proceeds—'After three years, he (Paul) says, he went to Jerusalem, and abode with Peter, as he carefully adds, for fifteen days. During this period he only saw Peter and James. This special reference to dates *awakens a suspicion* that Paul's Christian doctrine had been ascribed to human intervention, and that St. Paul was intent on refuting this assertion.' So fond is the writer of vague surmise, and so bent on showing his own ingenuity of conjecture, that he puts as a 'suspicion,' and as above '*apparently*,' the avowed gist of the Apostle's own argument (verses 11 and 12). But this *suspicion* of the modern sceptic becomes next an '*assertion distinctly made* by the author of the Acts, who states that Paul, after his conversion, received his baptism and the gift of the Holy Ghost from Ananias at Damascus'! A pause of startled wonder suspends for a moment our apprehension of the argument. St. Paul says, 'the GOSPEL, which was preached of me is *not after man*, for I neither received it of man, nor was I taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ.' And this claim we always thought to be made good by the account given in the Acts of the appearance and words of Christ to Saul of Tarsus in the moment of his conversion, and the visions with which he was favoured during his three days'

days' blindness and solitude, besides those others on which he himself insists (2 Corinthians xii. 1, *seqq.*). But now it seems that the author of the Acts makes the 'distinct assertion,' that Paul did receive his *Gospel*, its *teaching* and *revelation*, *from man*, because, forsooth, he received his *baptism* and the *gift of the Holy Ghost* through the agency of Ananias! Was ever confusion of thought and language carried further? There are, indeed, two distinct assertions on the matter in the narrative of the Acts: one is that the *revelation* was quite separate from the office of Ananias, to whom the Lord said, 'I WILL SHEW HIM how great things he must suffer for my name's sake;' the other is, that Ananias went to Saul as the messenger of Jesus that had *already 'appeared unto him in the way'* (Acts ix. 16, 17).

Next we have the attempt to prove a contradiction about the Apostle's first journey to Jerusalem. The account is quoted from the Acts (ix. 23-28) of Paul's flight from Damascus and his introduction by Barnabas to the Apostles, with whom he was 'coming in and going out at Jerusalem.' The flight, however, is placed (tacitly at least) in direct sequence with the conversion; thus concealing the correspondence of the 'many days fulfilled' at Damascus with the 'three years' of Galatians i. 18. Then comes the daring case of misquotation that we have referred to:—'*In order to connect Paul still more closely with the Apostles THIS BOOK (the Acts) states that "Paul showed first unto them of Damascus and Jerusalem, and throughout all the coasts of Judæa, and then to the Gentiles."* ST. PAUL *explicitly denies this*, and declares before God, that after the fifteen days at Jerusalem he came into the regions of Syria and Cilicia, and was unknown by face unto the churches of Judæa.* See what we have here! '*This Book states*'—in implied connection with the opening of St. Paul's ministry (for this is the whole argument)—what, on turning to the book, we find to be the Apostle's own summary of his whole career, in his defence before Agrippa, in marked connection with the close of that career at Jerusalem (Acts xxvi. 21). '*This Book states*' what '*Paul explicitly denies*'

* By verifying the quotations—a process the more needful as the Duke makes it difficult by suppressing his references—the reader will find some apparently slight, but rather significant variations. In Acts xxvi. 20 we have, 'unto them of Damascus, and at Jerusalem,' two stages which are brought seemingly closer by the Duke's reading 'them of Damascus and Jerusalem.' In the clause 'throughout the coasts of Judæa, and then to all the Gentiles,' the 'then' is not in the original (a fact of which the Italics gave fair warning); but its insertion helped to mark a sequence of time that suited the objection. The strong asseveration in Galatians i. 20 applies specifically, not to the statement quoted by the Duke, but to the words, 'But other of the Apostles saw I none, save James the Lord's brother.' Such points of accuracy form the best test of the care and honesty of an enquirer on matters of criticism.

(implicitly,

(*implicitly*, if at all)—the one passage being from his own mouth, the other from his own pen! 'This Book states'—in words used by the Apostle to illustrate his direct mission by Christ, but adopted by the reporter 'in order to connect Paul' with human teachers!

If it is meant the speech is not genuine, but the invention of the writer of the Acts, this ought to have been clearly stated and proved. Till then we may fairly assume that the Duke would say of it, as of the defence of Stephen, 'This speech has the character of authenticity,' and that the writer of the Acts did not, in this case any more than in that, 'compose a more effective speech' than that which almost persuaded King Agrippa to be a Christian. Meanwhile we have the Apostle quoted against himself, to prove that he is contradicted by some one else! And the words used 'in order to connect Paul more closely with the Apostles' begin with 'first unto them of Damascus'—the very stage of his ministry insisted on in Galatians i. 17 as preceding any intercourse with the Apostles! No wonder that the more 'advanced' sceptics, who belaud the Duke of Somerset, regard the fact of the appearance of his book as of greater import than its contents, and confess it to be 'not all new, nor anything like exhaustive'!

To exhaust his errors, however, in this one crucial case, we must return from his daring flight of misquotation. St. Paul's 'explicit denial' of what he said before Agrippa consists in the assertion, 'that after the fifteen days at Jerusalem he came into the regions of Syria and Cilicia, and was unknown by face unto the churches of Judæa' (Galatians i. 21, 22). This quotation also is garbled by suppression: but first compare it with Acts ix. 29, 30. Here we have the Apostle's speedy departure accounted for by a plot of the Hellenists, whom he had confuted, like Stephen, in the synagogues, to put him to Stephen's death. We have his departure by way of Cæsarea to Tarsus, the 'regions of Cilicia' to which he tells us that he went. Could any case of mutual confirmation between two independent documents be stronger? How, in all this, do 'the Epistles contradict the Acts'?

Just thus—'according to Paul's *Epistles*, seventeen years had elapsed after his conversion before he had *any intercourse* with the church at Jerusalem.' A careful writer would have explained that his 'seventeen years' were made up of the three years of Galatians i. 18, and the fourteen years of Galatians ii. 1. A candid writer would not have assumed that no possible room is left for any visit to Judæa and Jerusalem between these two. An exact writer would not have made a vague allusion to
'St.

'St. Paul's Epistles;' but would have verified and *completed* the quotation he had just made, 'I was *unknown by face* unto the churches of Judæa which were in Christ: but they had heard only, That he which persecuted us in times past now preacheth the faith which he once destroyed. And they glorified God in me' (Galatians i. 22-24). Though during the fortnight spent at Jerusalem the Apostle did not become *personally known* to the churches throughout JUDÆA, they heard and rejoiced in the very success mentioned in the Acts: and this is the Apostle's denial of any intercourse with *the church at JERUSALEM!* Surely a teacher of a new religion might spend fifteen days of zealous work in London, and his fame might spread through the country districts, and yet he might be 'unknown by face' in the remoter countries where Dukes have sometimes delighted in trying their strength with Bishops.

Some will say, 'We have seen all this in Paley.' Precisely so! Then why not answer the old refutation of the old objections, which you blurt out as new discoveries? You ask us to produce our proofs: we point to them as long established; and the rejoinder is, that Paley was a self-seeking divine, who brought down Paul to his own moral level! Such is a fairly-selected, and surely a sufficient, sample of the argument against the 'Acts of the Apostles.'

The Duke of Somerset must needs allege a motive for the concoction of this false traditional narrative of the apostolic history—flinging out the point with his usual vagueness and then withdrawing it with equal levity. '*Learned critics*'—who, when, where, and on what grounds?—'have suggested that the object of this book was to effect a compromise between the two divergent doctrines, and to reconcile the followers of Paul with the Judaizing Christians'—the book closing (as he has already told us) with the irreconcilable breach within the two! 'With this view,' he has no scruple in suggesting that 'the author *would*' do what amounts to wilfully falsifying his account both of facts and doctrines. But, after all, 'there are several objections to the adoption of this solution *which need not be here discussed*'! From whatever motive then, and in what spirit towards these solemn subjects, was the '*solution*,' forsooth, thrown out? Can such conduct be described in any other words than Solomon's:—'As a madman who casteth flames, arrows, and death, so is the man that deceiveth his neighbour, and saith, Am not I in sport?'

In the midst of this darkness visible and confusion worse confounded the Duke of Somerset at length sees a 'ray of light;' and it is this—we are to learn, from discrediting the Acts, to disbelieve still more the Gospels which he has already treated as traditional stories

stories full of error! And, as usual, this luminous result is to take the form of a *suspicion*, with which the reader is 'irresistibly impressed' from the use of such an 'authentic criterion' as the Duke of Somerset's surmises and assumptions. When first we read his promise of a ray of light, we could but compare him to Diogenes kindling his glimmering taper at mid-day, but on no such honest quest; but we find that he is only holding up a dark lantern to our eyes, with the cry, 'You must be a fool not to see that the sun is put out!' We can only answer the vain boast in the prophet's words—'Woe unto them that put darkness for light and light for darkness! Woe unto them that are wise in their own eyes, and prudent in their own sight!' We have the Duke of Somerset's assurance—against the evidence of his book—that 'doubt tempers the mind to humility.' In that state of mind we trust that he may at length find the fulfilment of the promise—'I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them and crooked things straight.'

For we do not believe that the state of 'modern society' in relation to Christianity is so hopeless as this school of sceptics would have us confess. The very loudness and eagerness, with which they proclaim that the religious revolution is already accomplished, betrays the restless thoughts of the few, rather than the firm convictions of the many. The moral causes of that restlessness are a more difficult and delicate question than we care to pursue now; nor would we seem to impute motives. But of its mental causes, one at least is to be found in the false ideas of progress which possess many half-trained minds. The leading principle avowed by this school seems to be that, if not in every age, assuredly in our own, the progress of humanity is always from the worse to the better; and if the word *modern* is not the climax of perfection, it is only because the future must be better still. Hence, as Christian Theology is *not modern*, it must be effete; as Scepticism is *modern*, it must be so far right. Apart from the fallacy of the principle, we deny the facts. The ancient fabric of Christian Theology, which (beyond and above all cavil about minor differences) the Duke of Somerset admits to have been held in every age, and which he recognises by the choice of his points of attack—that 'faith once for all delivered to the saints' has proved itself also modern in every one of the successive ages, by reappearing in the hearts and minds of believers as an ever living power, to meet the ever recurring sense of sin, to be the ever fresh spring of goodness, love, and charity. Thus, in the words of St. John, the commandment is both old and new. On the other hand, we deny that the shallow

shallow and dogmatic scepticism now flaunted before us is modern, much less the product of modern *thought*. But even if it were, should that be a paramount claim on our belief and reverence—if, indeed, we may speak of believing a system of doubts and revering a spirit of irreverence? Clever and ardent minds have often a short rather than a comprehensive sight—magnifying the present, viewing the past at a distorted focus, and seeing the future only in a haze of illusion. For them the past is done with, the present is all important, and by proceeding in the same path they hope to attain a perfect future. But it is not given to any one age—and only self-satisfied vanity can suppose it given to our own—thus to embrace all the ages at once, nor to one generation to hold ‘the earth and the fulness thereof’ in its narrow grasp. Man is always losing as well as gaining—forgetting as well as learning—destroying in the vain hope of building up something better. This is his infirmity and his misfortune: let him beware of making the destruction of the past his deliberate choice. Intent on some slight defect, vain of some fancied discovery, he forgets the reasons for the old things that he goes about to destroy: nay, he forgets the reasons for his own improvements as soon as they are made; and the change of to-day becomes the reproach and ridicule of to-morrow. This is, perhaps, the chief error of our age in its attitude to the past: certainly it is the fundamental error of modern scepticism, which seems to wish to repeat the boast of Attila, by crushing out true life from every spot where it leaves the footprint of its headlong ‘progress.’ Far truer is the saying of Niebuhr—who assuredly had no dread of free enquiry or even scepticism in its sound sense—‘No present can bear fruit, nor the future give promise, unless its roots are firmly fixt in the past.’

It is the Nemesis of the rash or wanton destroyer, that he has still the task before him of ‘building up again the things he once destroyed’ with worse materials, and under less favourable conditions; and it is his best fate if he learns that, after all, he must work, with long and late repentance, on the old foundations. Even the sympathizing critic of Mr. Voysey (whom we quoted above) confesses that the old religious beliefs ‘had some pith and substance in them, and were not in danger of *dissolving into mere sentimentalism* ;’ and he regrets that Mr. Voysey ‘*passed a little too smoothly over the positive side of his teaching*.’ We may certainly say the same of the Duke of Somerset. He holds out to us a ‘Glimpse of Better Days’—*Auspicium melioris ævi*. But, alas! the settlement of the great questions raised must ‘be left to the judgment of another generation’—‘for these results we must wait, remembering that truth is the daughter of time and

and not of authority,' for so does he misapply to religious truth the motto of Bacon which he puts on his title-page. Rightly objecting to one element of 'Modern Education' that 'an exclusive devotion to physical science may perhaps disqualify the mind for the more enlarged contemplation which a nobler philosophy requires'—he regards this education as the hopeful means of—we shudder at the prospect!—depriving even the poor of the Gospel preached to them, and bringing them also to the dead level of modern scepticism. In fact, the chief practical purpose of the book seems to be, in reference to this great controversy of our day, to insist on education being made, not merely secular, but anti-Christian. He began with the complaint, that 'religious questions interfere with the social and educational improvement of the community': he ends with this 'glimpse of better days'—

'A large portion of the people will, it may be hoped, be better educated. *Their opinions will then approximate to the views now prevalent amongst the cultivated classes of society.*'

But these opinions!—how negative!—how vague!—how remote! Meanwhile the modern sceptic finds his last refuge in the old, old delusion of 'Sentimental Theism.' After disparaging Faith as 'bordering more closely on the feelings than the reason;' he adds—

'There is, however, one unassailable fortress to which she may retire—faith in God. In this unapproachable sanctuary she will reign supreme. Here, at last, the natural and supernatural will be merged in one harmonious universe, under one Supreme intelligence.

'In affliction and in sickness, the thoughtful man will find here his safest support. Even in that dread hour, when the shadows of death are gathering around him, when the visible world fades from his sight, and the human faculties fail, when the reason is enfeebled, and the memory relaxes its grasp, faith, the consoler, still remains, soothing the last moments, and pointing to a ray of light beyond the mystery of the grave.'

In the plaintive eloquence of this passage we would gladly see, for the noble author, and those who share his views, that 'auspiciū melioris ævi' of which he has had a glimpse so dark. They will find it, if they will learn that the truth here proclaimed is not the substitute for, but the very foundation of, that Christian faith which alone reveals God to man. It is here that 'Christian Theology' proves itself to be the only 'practical religion.' At the root of all the speculative and critical and scientific errors of 'Modern Scepticism' lies its blind refusal to confess that man is sinful. The refuge of pure Theism to which the sceptic flies, is the very one which the

soul

soul conscious of sin finds to be no refuge, but too truly an 'unapproachable sanctuary,' till it is opened by that atonement, which is only revealed through our faith in the facts and doctrines of the Scriptures. Remove the reconciling doctrines of Christianity, and all that is left of faith in God must be whelmed in the abyss of doubt, and its object will be but an Unknown God—the OTTIS reserved to be devoured last by the one-eyed monster of modern scepticism.

Already we hear 'more advanced' sceptics than the Duke of Somerset admitting that his confession of the existence of a God is a fault of the same class as that with which he charges the supporters of revelation; and apologizing for such Theism as 'a caravanserai of thought,' a resting-place which may be compassionately allowed to those whose minds are not yet made up to Atheism. The true goal of the 'extreme,' which is further defined to mean '*finished* convictions,' is the position that God is not even to be conceived of as comprehensible by the human mind; and this obstacle must be removed before the 'evidences' are even to be listened to! The consciousness which testifies of God is ignored; and Providence in the outer world, Conscience and Faith in the inner, are alike denied.

In conclusion, we repeat, that our only reason for noticing a book, which has so little to recommend it to the serious inquirer—whether sceptic or believer—is to hold up to the light of day the intolerance and dogmatism which characterizes the sceptical school. The bigotry, which was formerly imputed to the theologian, is now the distinguishing attribute of the sceptic. But 'it is not to be endured,' to use the words of Dr. Arnold 'that scepticism should run at once into dogmatism, and that we should be required to doubt with as little discrimination as we were formerly called upon to believe.'

ART. VI.—*A Book of Parliamentary Anecdote, Compiled from Authentic Sources.* By G. H. Jennings and W. S. Johnstone. London, Paris, and New York, 1872.

THERE is a comic History of England. Why might there not be an anecdotal one, in which the salient points should be placed in broad relief by memorable sayings and striking incidents—by well-chosen traits of valour, virtue, patriotism, eloquence, and wit? There is no pleasanter mode of conveying knowledge, no surer mode of durably impressing it. The most fugitive attention is caught by anecdotes: the most volatile mind retains them so long as it retains anything; and

and none but the shallowest will miss the moral they point, the reflections they suggest, or the conclusions they justify. The compilers of 'A Book of Parliamentary Anecdote' have manifested no extraordinary amount of discrimination or research. Their materials are drawn from familiar and easily accessible sources; their arrangement is open to grave objection; yet their main object, as explained in their Preface, has been attained. They have produced an amusing, useful, and interesting work; nor is it well possible for any thoughtful reader, at all given to political speculation, to skim their pages without picturing to himself the various stages by which the British Parliament has reached its proud pre-eminence amongst the legislative assemblies of both hemispheres; without evoking scene after scene, or crisis upon crisis, in which its independent existence was rudely threatened by high-handed prerogative from without, or its character, as an instrument of freedom and civilization, sadly compromised by faction or corruption from within.

When Madame de Staël was expatiating to the Emperor Alexander on the good fortune of Russia in possessing such a ruler, he replied, 'Alas, Madame, I am nothing but a happy accident.' Can the British Parliament, looking either to its origin, its constitution, or its growth, be honestly described as anything else? Where are the marks of contrivance or design, of unity of plan, of calculated harmony of parts? Which of the three branches of the legislature at its creation or inception held, or was intended to hold, the same relative rank which it holds now? Mr. Butler relates in his 'Reminiscences,' that Moreton, Chief Justice of Chester, happened to say in the House, 'King, Lords, and Commons, or (looking at the first Pitt) as that right honourable member would term them, Commons, Lords, and King.' Pitt called him to order, and desired the words to be taken down. They were written down by the clerk. 'Bring them to me,' said Pitt, in his loftiest tone. By this time Moreton was frightened out of his senses. 'Sir,' he stammered out, addressing the Speaker, 'I am sorry to have given any offence to the right honourable member or to the House. I meant nothing. King, Lords, and Commons—Lords, King, and Commons—Commons, Lords, and King: *tria juncta in uno*. I meant nothing; indeed, I meant nothing.' Pitt rose: 'I don't wish to push the matter further. The moment a man acknowledges his error, he ceases to be guilty. I have a great regard for the honourable member, and as an instance of that regard, I give him this advice: whenever he means nothing I recommend him to say nothing.'

This incident is related in illustration of Pitt's ascendancy, which

which must have been absolutely overwhelming if he could bully an eminent lawyer into a craven apology for words which, by no great latitude of interpretation, might be proved historically true. Again and again has the order of precedence been practically reversed. The very shifting of places which he blurted out in his confusion has occurred. It was Lords, King, and Commons frequently, if not normally, under the Plantagenets: King, Lords, and Commons, under the Tudors: Commons, Lords, and King, during the Great Rebellion. Where the varying arrangement fails, is in not conveying an accurate impression of the contrast presented by the Commons as they started and as they stand. The obscure and unhonoured state from which they emerged recalls 'the dirt and seaweed whence proud Venice rose.' The burgesses were summoned solely to vote subsidies. The right of representation was regarded as an oppressive burthen from which the smaller boroughs frequently petitioned to be freed. The Commons dared not initiate any measure of legislation: too happy to procure the redress of their grievances by tacking a humble prayer or a halting hesitating condition to a money bill. They prostrated themselves like slaves before the Crown. They crouched like menials, and bent uncovered, like vassals owing suit and service, before the Lords. They received wages from their constituents: like other paid agents, they were bound to abide by their instructions; and it would have puzzled Burke to confirm the proposition by authority when he told the electors of Bristol that a member of the British Parliament was not a delegate.

All readers of Hume will remember the story of Henry VIII. sending for Edward Montague, a member who was supposed to have considerable influence, and thus apostrophising him: 'Ha! man! will they not suffer my bill to pass?' and, laying his hand on Montague's head, then on his knees, 'Get my bill passed by to-morrow, or else to-morrow this head of yours shall be off.' The Bill was passed on the morrow, To complete the humiliation of the Commons, the Cardinal Minister treated them with no more respect than his master.

'In full blown dignity see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice and fortune in his hand.'

It was in this plenitude of pride and power in which the satirist has painted him, that Wolsey, fearing lest a subsidy of extraordinary amount (800,000*l.*) might not pass smoothly, announced his intention to be present when it was brought forward. He came in state, and delivered a solemn oration, setting

setting forth that less than the sum demanded would not answer the prince's occasions; and then looked round for a reply. 'Getting none, he required answer of Mr. Speaker (Sir Thomas More), who first reverently on his knees, excusing the silence of the House, abashed at the presence of so noble a personage, able to amaze the wisest and best learned in a realm, and then, by many probable arguments, proving that for them to make answer was neither expedient nor agreeable with the ancient liberty of the House; in conclusion for himself showed that though they had all with their voices trusted him, yet except every one of them could put into his own head their several wits, he alone in so weighty a matter was unmeet to make his grace answer.'*

The Cardinal, angry and mystified, as he well might be, suddenly arose and departed. The next time More waited on him at Whitehall, he said: 'I wish to God, Mr. More, you had been at Rome when I made you Speaker.' 'Your Grace not offended, so would I too, my Lord,' replied Sir Thomas, 'for then should I have seen the place I long have desired to visit.' The subserviency of the Third Estate is rendered more glaring by the means which More's ready wit suggested for extricating them from the dilemma.

Queen Elizabeth expressly prohibited Parliament from meddling with State matters or ecclesiastical causes, and she sent members to prison who dared to transgress her imperial edict in these particulars. When James commanded a conference between the House of Commons and the Judges, he commanded it (to use his own words), 'as an absolute king,' from whom all their privileges had been derived. He stuck to this pretension, which was rather evaded than contested; never called together his faithful Commons except when he wanted money; and never met them without quarrelling with them. His sense of their growing importance, however, was betrayed in 1620 by his pettish exclamation when the deputation of twelve waited on him at Newmarket to present the declaration against monopolies: 'Chairs! chairs! here be twal kynges comin.' And again, by his apostrophe to the restive horse: 'The de'il i my saul, sirrah, an you be not quiet, I'se send you to the five hundred kings in the House of Commons; they'll quickly tame you.' When the Prince (Charles I.) and Buckingham were promoting the impeachment of the Earl of Middlesex, the canny old king told his son that 'he would live to have his bellyfull of Parliamentary impeachments.'

* Roper's 'Life of Sir Thomas More.'

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During the Reform Bill agitation of 1831, an enthusiastically loyal orator at Nottingham called on the lieges to rally round their sovereign 'like the barons at Runnymede.' This style of rallying was discontinued after the wars of the Roses, which made sad havoc amongst the peerage. Only twenty-nine temporal peers were summoned to the first Parliament of Henry VII. They numbered fifty-nine at the death of Elizabeth, 139 the year after the Restoration, 168 at the death of Queen Anne, exclusive of the 16 representative peers of Scotland, 174 at the accession of George III. In the first ten years of his reign forty-two peers were created, or raised to a higher order in the peerage. Lord North created or promoted about thirty. In 1801, when Mr. Pitt temporarily left office, he had created or promoted 140 British peers.* The House of Lords now consists of nearly five hundred members, including the episcopal bench and the representative peers; yet the augmentation has hardly kept pace with the increase of wealth and population.

The silken barons, who replaced the iron barons, were, most of them, the creatures of the Crown, and the House of Lords could hardly be said to possess an independent existence or will of its own till after the Great Rebellion. When it began to play a leading part in Government and legislation, its leaning towards the Crown was influenced by the frequent attendance of the King at its sittings. Charles the Second used to say they were as good as a comedy. They lost their comic character towards the conclusion of the reign, but the King was present during the whole debate on the Exclusion Bill, which was prolonged till eleven at night. Subsequently to the Revolution, the attendance of the Sovereign as a listener would have been deemed unconstitutional, and the custom has consequently fallen into disuse.

The conflicts between the two Houses, with their comparative weight and influence at different epochs, are replete with dramatic situations and details. Take, for example, the conflict in 1700, when the Commons brought in a Bill for annulling the royal grants of forfeited property, and sought to force it intact through the Lords by coupling it with a money Bill. The Lords passed amendments: the Commons rejected them: the Lords passed them a second time, and a second time received the Bill back again with a threatening intimation that it must pass. In every conflict of this kind the final appeal must be to the people, and the boldest champions of the peerage felt that they had no alternative but to give way. It is worthy of remark that the hero of Blenheim then acted the part so frequently acted

* 'Treatise upon the Law, Privileges, &c. of Parliament.' By Sir T. Erskine May.

in our time by the hero of Waterloo. The Duke of Marlborough counselled concession as the less of two evils. Better pass a bad Bill than provoke another revolution or civil war. This is substantially the same argument by which the Duke of Wellington persuaded the Lords to pass the Reform Bill, the same by which he satisfied himself that he was bound to support the Bill for the abolition of the Corn Laws. He told a Protectionist Peer, who expressed a bad opinion of it, 'Bad opinion of the Bill, my Lord! You can't have a worse opinion of it than I have, but it was recommended from the throne; it was passed by the Commons by a large majority, and we must all vote for it. The Queen's Government must be supported.'

Has not this (the great Duke's favourite) doctrine been carried farther than he intended or could have wished? The Queen's Government—meaning government as involving law and order—must be supported; but not any particular government or ministry, nor any particular policy in which their official existence may be wrapped up. Sound well-considered legislation is an impossibility, if all honest judgment is to be waived in deference to a so-called public opinion, which we are to take on trust, forgetting that it is we ourselves who, by falling in with it whilst we dissent from it, give it weight. Let no man, either Peer or Commoner, support or vote for what he deems a bad Bill or measure. We shall then, at all events, be able to ascertain what is the real state of public opinion: we shall then have something firm and trustworthy to proceed upon, and the constitution will work better than if, whenever the political horizon is troubled or clouded, we are content to sacrifice our convictions to expediency.

By a strange perversity of fortune, according to Lord Russell, the Duke of Wellington was the unconscious instrument of bringing about that increase of popular power which has proved so detrimental to the legitimate influence of the hereditary assembly. 'When at the meeting of Parliament, November 3rd, 1830, the Duke of Wellington declared that the constitution of the House of Commons was perfect, and that the wit of man could not *à priori* have devised anything so good, the general feeling was one of dismay. The House of Lords, usually so calm, showed signs of amazement and perturbation. The Duke whispered to one of his colleagues, "What can I have said which seems to make so great a disturbance?" "You have announced the fall of your Government, that is all," replied his more clear-sighted colleague.'*

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* 'Earl Russell—Introduction to Speeches.' The Duke had already taken his line when he gave the forfeited franchise to East Retford. In the division on the

The Duke had taken his line deliberately before this Parliament met, and knew very well what he was saying. Moreover, it was the discontented Tories (who agreed with him about the constitution of the House of Commons) that turned the scale. But the fall of the Duke's Government cleared the way for the authors of the Reform Bill, and the Reform Bill destroyed that balance of power between the two branches of the Legislature which so largely contributed to their harmonious action and joint efficiency. It did so by severing the strongest of the connecting links between the two Houses, and by enabling the House of Commons to speak in the name of the people, which prior to 1832 would have been an idle pretension. A list was given in 'Notes and Queries' of fifty members in 1869, who, so far as could be ascertained, were the direct lineal descendants of those who sat in the Long Parliament of 1640. Lord Stanhope, after enumerating thirty-five instances, remarks: 'These hereditary seats, combining in some degree the permanence of peerage with the popularity of elections—these bulwarks against any sudden and overwhelming tide of popular delusion—appear to me to have been one of the main causes of the good working of our ancient constitution, and still more of its long duration.' He also expatiates with well-founded enthusiasm on the number of eminent statesmen who owed to the smaller boroughs, now disfranchised, either their introduction into public life or their refuge during some part of it.* But the essential element of a popular assembly was proportionally diminished, and it was no Radical Reformer of our day, but Mr. Pitt, speaking in 1783, who said: 'This House is not the representative of the people of Great Britain; it is the representative of nominal boroughs, of ruined and exterminated towns, of noble families, of wealthy individuals, of foreign potentates.'

One of these foreign potentates, the Nabob of Arcot, had eight nominees in the House. A well-known story authenticates the fact of a noble family having seven: a Whig Earl had as many when (in 1830) he patriotically bartered his boroughs for a Marquisate, to be followed by a Dukedom.† The counties, says Mr. Massey, were in the hands of the great landowners, who mostly settled the representation by previous concert. When they could not agree, or when there was a rivalry between two great families,

Civil List (November, 1830), which caused the Duke's resignation, thirty Tories, headed by Mr. Banks and Sir Charles Wetherall, voted in the majority which consisted of twenty-nine.

* 'History of England, from the Peace of Utrecht,' &c., vol. i. chap. 1.

† 'The Duke of Norfolk had eleven members; Lord Lonsdale nine; Lord Darlington seven; the Duke of Rutland, the Marquis of Buckingham, and Lord Carrington six each.'—*May*. Three of these numbers include county members.

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the contest, which in former ages would have been decided in the field, was fought at the hustings; and at least as many ancient houses have been ruined in modern times by these conflicts as were formerly destroyed by private war. He adds that the great feud between the houses of Lascelles and Wentworth, when they disputed the county of York for fourteen days, cost one hundred thousand pounds.* It cost more than treble that sum. Wellesley Pole spent eighty thousand pounds in contesting Wilts, of which four thousand pounds went in ribbons.

Unfortunately, the inherent corruption or perversity of poor human nature is such, that it has proved as difficult to convince the people at large of the wickedness of selling votes as of killing a pheasant or a hare. In some of the largest constituencies (Liverpool, for one), at the last general election, independent electors might have been bought by the hundred at five shillings a head. In one of his powerful speeches against Parliamentary Reform, Mr. Lowe, after reading a list of sums allowed as legitimate expenses (ranging from eight thousand pounds up to twenty-seven thousand), said: 'Now, I ask the House how it is possible that the institutions of this country can endure, if this kind of thing is to go on and increase?' We do not see how this kind of thing is to be stopped by legislation. The only hope is that it may be checked and die out, like another kind of thing which grew out of it. When, towards the commencement of the last century, Henley, member for Southampton, was called to account by his constituents for voting against their interests for the promotion of his own, he replied, 'I bought you, and, by G—d, I will sell you.' This was the practice, if not the language, of his time. Mr. Massey has found no trace of the practice after the Grenville Administration. Up to that period, he says, money was received and expected by members from the Minister whose measure they supported, apparently without any consciousness of infamy, very much in the same manner as the voters in certain boroughs receive head-money from the candidate as a matter of right and custom. There is a letter in the Grenville Correspondence showing that the practice extended to the Peers:—

'London, November 26, 1763.

'Honoured Sir,—I am very much obliged to you for that freedom of converse you this morning indulged me in, which I prize more than the lucrative advantage I then received. To show the sincerity of my words, (pardon, sir, the, perhaps, over-niceness of my disposition) I

* 'History of England during the Reign of George III.,' vol. i. chap. 9.

return endorsed the bill for 300*l.* you favoured me with, *as good manners would not permit my refusal of it, when tendered by you.*

‘Your most obliged and most obedient servant,

‘SAY and SELB.

‘As a free horse wants no spur, so I stand in need of no inducement or douceur to lend my small assistance to the King or his friends in the present administration.’

Fancy the state of morals when good manners would not permit the direct oral refusal of a bribe. A parallel story is told by Dr. King. Sir Robert Walpole, meeting a member of the opposition in the Court of Requests, took him aside and offered him a bank bill of 2000*l.*, which he put into his hands, for his vote. The member replied : ‘Sir Robert, you have lately served some of my particular friends ; and when my wife was last at Court, the King was very gracious to her, which must have happened at your instance. I should therefore think myself very ungrateful (putting the bank-note into his pocket) if I were to refuse the favour you are now pleased to ask me.’ The difference in amount may possibly account for the difference of conduct in the commoner and the peer.

The arrangement for the management of the House of Commons in 1754 between the Duke of Newcastle and Fox, having been broken off, the Duke conferred the leadership on Sir Thomas Robinson, the Keeper of the Great Wardrobe, whose qualifications may be guessed from the remark of Pitt on hearing of the nomination : ‘Sir Thomas Robinson lead us ! The Duke might as well send his jack-boot to lead us.’ Nothing more strongly illustrates the altered position and character of the House than the immeasurably enhanced importance of the leadership. The conversation at ‘The Grove’ happening to turn on a probable change of Ministry, ‘Don’t trouble yourself about the Prime Minister,’ exclaimed the late Sir George Cornewall Lewis ; ‘you may always find one amongst the Peers : tell me who is to lead the House of Commons.’ Tell us who is to lead on either side in the contingency of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli being superseded or displaced. There arose no such difficulty in 1754. Thanks to the ducal distribution of the secret service money and the patronage, the equivalent to the jack-boot got smoothly through a session, and was prepared to try another when a European war compelled the avowal of his helplessness. A fresh negotiation was opened with Fox, and ended in the junction made famous by the comparison to the junction of the Rhone and the

the Saone. 'At Lyons,' said Pitt, 'I was taken to see the place where the two rivers meet: the one gentle, feeble, languid and, though languid, yet of no depth; the other a boisterous and impetuous torrent, but different as they are, they meet at last.'

From the accession of the House of Hanover till within living memory, the two Houses hardly ever differed about public matters, because they had the same objects in view, and were subject to the same influences. The course taken by the House of Lords in 1783, when they threw out the India Bill, can hardly be considered an exception, for this was done by the express desire of the King; and the House of Commons which had passed the Bill was immediately dissolved and replaced by one that agreed with his Majesty. But these august assemblies sometimes quarrelled about minor matters, and on one occasion they proceeded to such extremities in the interchange of rude and coarse language, as to make it a subject of mutual congratulation that their proceedings were then conducted with closed doors. The scene on December 11, 1770, when the Commons were turned out of the House of Lords with the rest of the 'strangers,' was thus described by Colonel Barré:

'I also was a witness of the scene; and never shall I forget it. I was listening to a noble duke, who was speaking upon the important subject of Gibraltar and Minorca. I am not aware that he was in possession of any secret. If he was, he certainly did not disclose it. Suddenly the whole scene became changed. I could not suppose that a single peer remained in the House. It seemed as if the mob had broke in: and they certainly acted in a very extraordinary manner. One of the heads of this mob—for there were two—was a Scotchman. I heard him call out several times "Clear the Hoose! Clear the Hoose!" The face of the other was hardly human; *for he had contrived to put on a nose of an enormous size, that disfigured him completely, and his eyes started out of his head in so frightful a way, that he seemed to be undergoing the operation of being strangled.* It was altogether the most violent mob I ever beheld. You would imagine that these leaders would have continued so throughout. But no! at the latter end of the day, these two men took their places as door-keepers, and executed the office with as much exactness, as if it had been a well-regulated assembly.'

Sir Gilbert Elliot replied:—

'Personal allusions, though occasionally met with in books, are not frequent in the debates of this House. In the "Spectator" we have an account of a club, to which the length of a man's nose gave him a claim to admittance; and a whole volume of "Tristram Shandy" is devoted to the same distorted feature. *The noses of the two lords alluded to certainly happen to be remarkably prominent.*'

The two lords were the Earls of Marchmont and Denbigh.

Two

Two years afterwards, in 1772, Burke complained to the House that he had been kept three hours waiting at the door of the Lords with a Bill sent up from the Commons. The Commons were so indignant that, the next time a Bill was brought down from the Lords, it was rejected by a unanimous vote. The Speaker then tossed it across the table on the floor, and a number of members rushed forward and kicked it out of the House.

The constitutional mode of dealing with a refractory House of Commons is by dissolution. When the House of Lords asserts its independence, the only mode of compelling its co-operation with the other branches of the Legislature is by the creation of new peers ; as in 1712, when Oxford and Bolingbroke gazetted twelve in one day ; when, on their taking their seats, Wharton inquired if they were to vote (like a jury) by their foreman ; and Bolingbroke, on hearing that they had carried the question by a majority of one, exclaimed : ' If those twelve had not been enough, we would have given them another dozen.' This is the solitary instance of a creation in mass to carry a measure : the purpose has been commonly effected by a threat, which has gradually become nugatory and impracticable ; the Conservative majority in the Upper House being now roughly estimated at more than seventy. The only available mode, in the contingency of a decided split between the two Houses, would be an appeal to the country by a dissolution upon an implied understanding that the Lords would be guided by the result. As regards votes of censure, a vote by the Upper House might be neutralised by the vote of the Lower ; as plainly intimated, with questionable prudence, by the Duke of Argyll and the Lord Chancellor, in the debate on the appointment of Sir Robert Collier. ' This (said the Lord Chancellor) is as clearly a party manœuvre as ever came before Parliament.' . . . ' But, my Lords, I tell you plainly I will hold my ground. I will not quail till my profession tell me I ought, or, at all events, till the House of Commons shall censure me for what I have done.' More than one embarrassing collision has been averted by the graceful and judicious leadership of Lord Granville.

The true cause of the declining authority of the hereditary assembly is what we have indicated—the increasing importance and authority of the Commons. It cannot be attributed to any falling off in personal qualifications, in dignity, patriotism, or ability. ' When (says Lord Russell) a great question arises which requires a display of more than ordinary knowledge of history, more accurate learning, more constitutional lore, and
more

more practical wisdom than is to be found in the usual debates of Parliament, I know not where

‘ the general debate,
The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic and the wisdom and the wit,’

are to be found in greater perfection than among the prelates on the episcopal bench, the peers of three centuries of nobility, and the recent occupants of the woolsack.’

It may be doubted whether the peers of three centuries of nobility, a small minority, are endowed, in proportion to their pedigrees, with the logic, the wisdom, or the wit, although this limit includes the house of Russell, ennobled in 1539. Peers of meaner blood are quite on a par with them in this respect. Nor should it be forgotten how many of those who reflect, or have reflected, most honour on their House, received their training, their baptism of debate, in the House of Commons, and left that assembly with foreboding or regret. ‘When I have turned out Walpole,’ said Pulteney, ‘I will retire into that hospital for invalids, the House of Lords.’ On entering it as Earl of Bath, he was thus addressed by his old adversary, who had recently become Earl of Orford: ‘My Lord Bath, you and I are now two as insignificant men as any in England.’ When (in 1766) the citizens of London learned that the great commoner was to be First Minister, they were in transports of joy, and prepared for a general illumination. The lamps had actually been placed round the Monument, when the ‘Gazette’ announced that he had become an Earl. The lamps were taken down. The contemplated entertainments were countermanded, and (according to Macaulay) the clamour against him appears to have had a serious effect on the foreign relations of the country. ‘The name of Pitt had been a charmed name. Our envoys tried in vain to conjure with the name of Chatham.’ Brougham in the Lords, after three or four exciting years, was like Samson with his hair cut. There is a letter from Charles Fox to the first Earl Grey, earnestly condoling with him on the acceptance of a peerage by his father; and who would not condole with a man of energy, laudable ambition, capacity, and debating power, like Lord Salisbury, on his being excluded in the prime of life from the arena in which all the decisive battles of the Constitution must be fought?

We regard the House of Lords as a main pillar of the social edifice; but one of the finest and deepest of living writers and thinkers has plausibly maintained that the peerage would gain instead of losing by a fusion; that the eminent members would

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exercise more influence in the long run by (so to speak) leavening the popular assembly than they can ever hope to exercise in their hereditary one.*

Forms long outlive realities. The Standing Order of the Lords for the regulation of Conferences between the Houses runs thus :—

‘ The place of our meeting with the Lower House upon conference is usually the Painted Chamber, where they are commonly before we come, and expect our leisure. We are to come thither in a whole body, and not some lords scattering before the rest, which both takes from the gravity of the lords, and besides may hinder the lords from taking their proper places. We are to sit there, and be covered ; but they are at no committee or conference ever either to be covered or sit down in our presence, unless it be some infirm person, and that by connivance in a corner out of sight, to sit, but not to be covered.’

The ‘ Personal Anecdotes,’ comprising three-fourths of the book before us, are arranged alphabetically and biographically ; beginning Addington, Addison, Agnew, &c., and ending Wilberforce, Wilkes, Windham. This arrangement is fatal to generalisation of any kind. Epochs and subjects are thrown together without coherence or analogy, and a confused mass of desultory impressions is the result. To utilise the materials, we must classify them : and, adding to them what we have procured from other sources, we will endeavour to illustrate a few more of the distinctive features of the British Parliament.

Prominent amongst them must be ranked the proneness to be swayed by eloquence, and the abundant supply of it, of the best quality, at all times. In England, the oratorical ages, instead of being separated by long intervals, like the literary ages, follow in unbroken succession. To the going and coming man we may again and again apply the noble imagery of Burke :— ‘ Even then before this splendid orb was entirely set, and while the western horizon was in a blaze with his descending glory, on the opposite quarter of the heavens arose another luminary, and,

* ‘ England and the English.’ By Lord Lytton. The noble author, who delivered more than one fine and effective speech in the House of Commons, has never addressed the Lords. Lord Macaulay, also, never spoke as a peer. Yet surely the House of Lords offers the most congenial audience for speakers who shine by intellectual richness and brilliancy, and owe little or nothing to the exciting current of debate. It is unfortunate that a tacit convention or understanding excludes the episcopal bench from secular topics of debate ; for it is rich in eloquence of a high order. The late Lord Fitzwilliam, meeting the Bishop of Oxford (now Winchester) soon after his celebrated speech on the Corn Laws, told him that such a display of episcopal eloquence in the House of Lords was altogether contrary to rule. The Bishop of Winchester is a born orator, and deserves so much the more credit for his abstinence. The Bishop of Peterborough has more than once laid himself open to a similar reproach.

for the time, became lord of the ascendant.' Whenever speaking was possible, there were able, forcible, and fine speakers: although the fame of many has been preserved only by description or tradition, no rational doubt can be entertained of their excellence. Ben Jonson writes thus of Bacon:—

'There happened in my time one noble speaker who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language, when he could spare or pass by a jest, was nobly censorious. No man ever spoke more neatly, more pressly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. No member of his speech but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough or look aside from him without loss. He commanded where he spoke, and had his judges angry and pleased at his devotion. No man had their affections more in his power. The fear of every man that heard him was *lest he should make an end.*'

Clarendon's pages teem with proof that the period included in his history was marked by debating ability of the highest order. The occasion was grand: Pym, Hampden, Hollis, Digby, Capel, Hyde, Falkland, rose to it. Strafford's defence is a model of dignified pathos, and the chasteness of his imagery (that of the buoy, for example) is no less admirable than its felicitous application. The Royal Martyr spoke with ease, force, and simplicity.

The oratorical claims of the Restoration cycle are amply sustained by Shaftesbury and Halifax. At the meeting of the Convention in 1688, we hear of Sir Thomas Littleton, 'gifted with a vehement and piercing logic, which had often, when, after a long sitting, the candles had been lighted, roused the languishing House, and decided the event of the debate.' There, too, was William Sacheverell, an orator whose great parliamentary abilities were many years later a favourite theme of old men who lived to see the conflicts of Walpole and Pulteney. There too were other veterans, but all were speedily to be thrown into the shade by two young Whigs, who, on this momentous day, took their seats for the first time,—Charles Montague and John Somers.*

The palm of eloquence in the next generation is, by universal consent, awarded to Bolingbroke, of whom not one spoken sentence has been preserved.† He had many contemporaries

* Macaulay's 'History,' chap. x.

† The tradition of his eloquence is confirmed by his writings. 'Lord Bolingbroke's productions, with all their defects in argument, method, and precision, contain a force and energy which our orators rarely aim at, though it is evident that such an elevated style has much better grace in an orator than a writer, and is assured of more prompt and astonishing success.' (Hume, *Essay on Eloquence.*)

only just second to him in the same walk : Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, for one ; the same who, on the death of Queen Anne, offered to head a troop of horse in his lawn sleeves, and proclaim James III. at Charing Cross. In the debate on the Occasional Conformity and Schism Bills in the House of Lords, in December, 1718, they were very warmly opposed by Atterbury, who said, "he had prophesied last winter this bill would be attempted in the present session, and he was sorry to find he had proved a true prophet." Lord Coningsby, who always spoke in a passion, rose immediately after the bishop, and remarked, that "one of the right reverends had set himself forth as a prophet ; but, for his part, he did not know what prophet to liken him to, unless to that famous prophet Balaam, who was reproved by his own ass." The bishop, in reply : "Since the noble lord hath discovered in our manners such a similitude, I am well content to be compared to the prophet Balaam ; but, my lords, I am at a loss how to make out the other part of the parallel. I am sure that I have been reproved by nobody but his lordship."

The famous Lord Peterborough was as ready for an encounter in the senate as in the field. Speaking in opposition to the Septennial Bill in 1716 he said 'that if this present Parliament continued beyond the time for which they were chosen, he knew not how to express the manner of their existence, unless, begging leave of that venerable bench (turning to the bishops) they had recourse to the distinction used in the Athanasian Creed ; for they would be neither made nor created, but proceeding.'

After Bolingbroke, or rather after his sudden fall which he survived for thirty-seven years, we arrive at Walpole and the phalanx of assailants he had provoked, as if for the express purpose of encountering them single-handed and taking all their points upon his shield. During the first fourteen years of his administration the most formidable was Pulteney, whom Macaulay calls the greatest leader of Opposition that the House of Commons had ever seen. Once, in answering a charge, Walpole laid his hand upon his breast, and said :—

'Nil conscire sibi, nulli pallescere culpæ.'

Pulteney objected that his Latin was as faulty as his argument, the correct reading being *nullâ pallescere culpâ*. A bet of a guinea was proposed and accepted. A 'Horace' was sent for on the instant : Pulteney proved right, and holding up the guinea, which Walpole had thrown across the table, exclaimed, 'It is the only money I have received from the Treasury for many years, and it shall be the last.' The identical guinea is now in the

the Medal Room of the British Museum, with a memorandum in the handwriting of Pulteney recording the incident, with this addition to the common version: 'I told him (Walpole) I could take the money without any blush on my side, but believed it was the only money he ever gave in the House where the giver and the receiver ought not both equally to blush.'

When Walpole first spoke in the House his manner was ungraceful, he paused for want of words, and could only stutter and stammer. 'What future promise (it was asked) was there in that sturdy, bull-necked, red-faced young member for Castle Rising, who looked like the son of a small farmer, and seemed by his gait as though he had been brought up to follow the plough?''* This was in 1701. Speaking of occurrences in 1713, Bishop Newton relates that, when Steele was to be expelled the House of Commons, Mr. Walpole, Mr. Pulteney, and Mr. Addison, were commissioned to go to him, by the noblemen and members of the Kit Kat Club, with the positive order and determination that Steele should not make his own speech, but Addison should make it for him, and he should recite it from the other's writing, without any insertion or addition of his own. 'Addison thought this a hard injunction, and said, that he must be like a school-boy, and desire the gentlemen to give him a little sense. Walpole said that it was impossible to speak a speech in cold blood; but being pressed, he said he would try, and immediately spoke a very good speech of what he thought proper for Steele to say on the occasion; and the next day in the House made another speech as good, or better, on the same subject; but so totally different from the former, that there was scarce a single argument or thought the same.'

Walpole's powers were displayed to advantage in the debate on the renewal of the Septennial Act in 1734;† especially when replying to Sir William Wyndham, who had thought proper 'to suppose a man devoid of all notions of virtue or honour, of no great family and of but mean fortune, raised to be chief minister of State by the concurrence of many whimsical events.' Walpole, 'supposing' in his turn, made a bitter and telling attack on Sir William's friend, political ally and (it was more than suspected) prompter, Bolingbroke:—

'But now, sir, let me too suppose, and the House being cleared, I am sure no person that hears me can come within the description of

* Macknight's 'Life of Bolingbroke.'

† Sir John St. Aubyn, another speaker of note, said in this debate: 'For this reason, short Parliaments have been less corrupt than long ones; they are observed, like streams of water, always to grow more impure the greater distance they run from the fountain head.'

the person I am to suppose—let us suppose in this, or some other unfortunate country, an anti-minister, who thinks himself a person of so great and extensive parts, and of so many eminent qualifications, that he looks upon himself as the only person in the kingdom capable to conduct the public affairs of the nation, and therefore christening every other gentleman who has the honour to be employed in the administration by the name of blunderer : suppose this fine gentleman lucky enough to have gained over to his party some persons really of fine parts, of ancient families, and of great fortunes, and others of desperate views, arising from disappointed and malicious hearts : all these gentlemen, with respect to their political behaviour, moved by him, and by him solely : all they say either in private, or in public, being only a repetition of the words he has put into their mouths, and a spitting out of that venom which he has infused into them : and yet we may suppose this leader not really liked by any, even of those who so blindly follow him, and hated by all the rest of mankind : we'll suppose this anti-minister to be in a country where he really ought not to be, and where he could not have been, but by an effect of too much goodness and mercy ; yet endeavouring with all his might, and with all his art, to destroy the fountain from whence that mercy flowed.'

'Let us farther suppose this anti-minister to have travelled, and at every court where he was, thinking himself the greatest minister, and making it his trade to betray the secrets of every court where he had before been ; void of all faith or honour, and betraying every master he had ever served. Sir, I could carry my suppositions a great deal farther ; and, I may say, I mean no person now in being ; but if we can suppose such a one, can there be imagined a greater disgrace to human nature than such a wretch as this ?'

It was in 1736, five years before the fall of Walpole, that the voice of the 'great commoner,' heard for the first time within the walls of Parliament in which he had sat silent for a session, elicited the well-known remark of the great minister, 'We must muzzle that terrible cornet of horse.' He was rather unmuzzled than muzzled by being deprived of his cornetcy (in the Blues) ; for all members of either service (like the bishops within living memory) were prescriptively bound to vote with the ministers. When, in a preceding reign, several persons holding commissions from the Crown had gone out in a division against the Court, a Secretary of State, Lord Middleton, went down to the Bar to reproach them as they came in, and thus addressed a Captain Kendal, who was one of them : 'Sir, have you not a troop of horse in his Majesty's service?' 'Yes, my Lord, but my brother died last night and has left me 700*l.* a year.'

Pitt's character was admirably drawn by Grattan, who says of his eloquence that it was an era in the senate: that it resembled

resembled sometimes the thunder, and sometimes the music, of the spheres. Judged by its effects or according to the *action-action* theory, he must be deemed the greatest of English orators. No one ever came near him in the sway which he exercised over his audience, whilst the spell of his voice, his eye, his tones, his gestures, was upon them: as when he fixed upon Mr. Grenville the appellation of The Gentle Shepherd, or (as already mentioned) struck terror into the Chief Justice of Chester. 'It is related that once, in the House of Commons, he began a speech with the words, "Sugar, Mr. Speaker, —" and then, observing a smile to pervade the audience, he paused, looked fiercely around, and with a loud voice, rising in its notes and swelling into vehement anger, he pronounced again the word "Sugar!" three times; and having thus quelled the House, and extinguished every appearance of levity or laughter, turned round and disdainfully asked, "Who will laugh at sugar now?"' Several other instances are well known. It was his perfect acting that carried him through; without it some of his most applauded bursts would have been failures. No one else could have hazarded the apostrophe to the tapestried figure of Lord Howard of Effingham, with its overstrained application to the argument:—

'I invoke the genius of the Constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain did he defend the liberty, and establish the religion of Britain, against the tyranny of Rome, if these worse than Popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are endured among us.'

The crutch in his hands became an instrument of oratory, and he would have similarly idealised the dagger which Burke flung on the floor of the House, producing nothing but a smothered laugh and a joke from Sheridan: 'The gentleman has brought us the knife, but where is the fork.' Chatham shone and impressed by boldness, vehemence, intensity, dignity, and grace. His imagination was not of the richest order. There is only one really fine and original image amongst the splendid fragments that have been preserved of him: 'America, if she falls, will fall like the strong man; she will embrace the pillars of the State, and

* Brougham's 'Statesmen.' Boswell tells a story of Dr. Johnson's exercising a similar power over a distinguished company at Mrs. Garrick's who presumed to smile at his saying that 'the woman had a bottom of good sense.' 'He glanced sternly round and called out in a strong tone, 'Where's the merriment?' Then collecting himself, and looking awful, and as it were searching his mind for a still more ludicrous word, he slowly pronounced, 'I say the woman was *fundamentally* sensible,' as if he had said, Hear this word, and laugh if you dare. We all sat composed as at a funeral.'

pull down the constitution along with her.' The very next sentence contains a commonplace and even coarse metaphor: 'Is this your boasted peace—to sheathe the sword, not in its scabbard, but in the bowels of your countrymen?' He relied as much as Danton on *l'audace*, as when he said, 'I rejoice that America has resisted;' or (stronger still) 'I hope some dreadful calamity will befall the country that will open the eyes of the King.' On being called to order, he went on, 'What I have spoken I have spoken conditionally, but I now retract the condition. I speak it absolutely, and I hope that some signal calamity will befall the country.'

He bore down all by his intensity, by reiterating blow upon blow as on an anvil: 'I say we must necessarily undo these violent oppressive Acts. They must be repealed. You will repeal them. I pledge myself for it that you will in the end repeal them. I stake my reputation on it. I will consent to be taken for an idiot if they are not finally repealed. Avoid, then, this humiliating, degrading necessity.'

Two of his best speeches were fortunately reported by Hugh Boyd, and one of these (Nov. 18, 1777) supplies examples of each description of excellence that distinguished him. His grace and felicity of transition are displayed in the exordium:—

'I rise, my Lords, to declare my sentiments on this most solemn and serious subject. It has imposed a load upon my mind, which, I fear, nothing can remove; but which impels me to endeavour its alleviation, by a free and unreserved communication of my sentiments.

'In the first part of the address, I have the honour of heartily concurring with the noble Earl who moved it. No man feels sincerer joy than I do; none can offer more genuine congratulations on every accession of strength to the Protestant succession: I therefore join in every congratulation on the birth of another princess, and the happy recovery of her Majesty. But I must stop here, my courtly complaisance will carry me no further: I will not join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace: I cannot concur in a blind and servile address, which approves, and endeavours to sanctify, the monstrous measures that have heaped disgrace and misfortune upon us—that have brought ruin to our doors. This, my Lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment! It is no time for adulation. The smoothness of flattery cannot now avail—cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must dispel the delusion and the darkness which envelope it; and display, in its full danger and true colours, the ruin that is brought to our doors.

* * * *

'You may swell every expense, and every effort, still more extravagantly;

vagantly ; pile and accumulate every assistance you can buy or borrow ; traffic and barter with every little German Prince,—your efforts are for ever vain and impotent—doubly so from this mercenary aid on which you rely ; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your enemies—to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder ; devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty ! If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—never—never—never.

* * * *

‘ In a just and necessary war, to maintain the rights or honour of my country, I would strip the shirt from my back to support it. But in such a war as this, unjust in its principle, impracticable in its means, and ruinous in its consequences, I would not contribute a single effort, nor a single shilling. I do not call for vengeance on the heads of those who have been guilty ; I only recommend to them to make their retreat ; let them walk off ; and let them make haste, or they may be assured that speedy and condign punishment will overtake them.’

The simplicity of the language is no less remarkable than its strength. The swell and pomp are in the manner and the thought. He was wont to recommend the assiduous study of Barrow’s Sermons for style.

If a cultivated American were asked to name the greatest American orator, he would name Patrick Henry, whom Jefferson declared to be the greatest orator that ever lived.* If a cultivated Frenchman were asked to name the greatest French orator, he would name Mirabeau. The fame of both rests upon precisely the same foundation as that of Chatham, the tradition of the electrical shocks which they produced on great occasions by the glow, the lightning flash, the intermittent splendour, the condensed vitality, of genius. Grandeur and sublimity are heightened by vagueness of outline. A mountain, a castle, or a line-of-battle ship, looms larger through the haze. It may be that Patrick Henry, Mirabeau, and Chatham, all three, stand better with posterity than they would stand had they been reported like the leading speakers of our time. Neither appears to have shone in a set speech. Chatham certainly did not. His elaborate panegyric on Wolfe has been declared the worst of his performances. He appears to have frequently acted on Sydney Smith’s maxim for conversation : to begin with plain talk and take your chance of something rising out of it ; or on that of Rousseau for the composition of a love-letter ; to begin without knowing what you are going to say, and end without knowing

* For specimens of Patrick Henry’s style and manner, see the ‘Quarterly Review’ for March, 1841, art. ‘American Orators and Statesmen.’

what you have said. 'I must sit still,' he once said aside to Lord Shelburne, 'for, when once I am up, everything that is in my mind comes out.'

This habit of giving the rein to his impulsiveness and diverging from the argument at will, spoiled him for a debater; although it favoured the display of his unequalled powers of ridicule, sarcasm, and invective, when provoked by an interruption, an unguarded smile, or a gesture of dissent. His most telling replies were bitter personalities; like the celebrated one (paraphrased by Dr Johnson) to old Horace Walpole who had twitted him with his youth; or the terrible attack on his old rival, the first Lord Holland, who, in reference to a comment on the ill-looks of a witness at the Bar, had said: 'it is unjust, ungenerous and unmanly to censure a man for that signature which God had impressed upon his countenance, and which therefore he could not by any means remedy or avoid.' Pitt started to his feet: 'I agree from my heart with the observation of my fellow-member: it is forcible, it is judicious, it is true. But there are some (looking full at Fox) upon whose faces the hand of Heaven has so stamped the mark of wickedness that it were impiety not to give it credit.' A reply of the higher and more comprehensive kind, embracing the whole course of the discussion and all the bearings of the subject—like his son's on the slave trade in April, 1792—was as much above or beyond his intellectual range as an epic poem or a history.

Applying what a Roman critic said of Cicero and his times, Mr. Charles Butler (writing in 1824), hazards the opinion that no member of either House of the British Parliament will be ranked among the orators of this country, whom Lord North did not see or who did not see Lord North. Mr. Massey suggests that a contemporary of Lord North's might perhaps have said the same of Sir Robert Walpole; and we are far from clear that the saying would not hold equally good of Lord Palmerston. Let us come to particulars. Lord North saw or was seen by Lord Chatham and his son William Pitt, the first Lord Holland and Charles James Fox, Burke, Sheridan, Murray (Lord Mansfield) Dunning, Barré, Charles Townshend. Sir Robert Walpole saw or was seen by Lord Chatham, the first Lord Holland, Pulteney, Bolingbroke, Sir William Wyndham, Yonge, Carteret, Chesterfield, Murray. Lord Palmerston saw or was seen by William Pitt, Charles James Fox, Sheridan, Windham, Grattan, Plunkett, Tierney, Grey, Grenville, Canning, Peel, Brougham, Copley, Sheil, O'Connell, Derby, Russell, Ellenborough (Earl of), Wilberforce (Bishop), Macaulay, Disraeli, Gladstone, Cobden, Bright, with many others

others whom the noble Lord would have been glad to hail as colleagues or proud to encounter in debate. But the line must be drawn somewhere; and we wish it to be clearly understood that we are not here dealing with political opinions or principles, with consistency or inconsistency, with public policy or statesmanship. We are critics, mere critics, of oratory for the nonce; and the degree of excellence attained in eloquence, in rhetorical skill, or in the use of the recognised weapons of parliamentary warfare, is the sole criterion of merit we shall apply.

Oddly enough, the first reflection which a review of these three contrasted eras or groups forces upon us is that neither of the three centre figures, neither Walpole, North, nor Palmerston, attained or retained his position by oratory. Sound manly sense, broad views, a high estimate and thorough knowledge of their country and their countrymen, proud self-confidence, rectitude of purpose which more than half redeemed an inordinate love of place and power, equally characterised Walpole and Palmerston, although the fixed aim of the one was national honour at the risk of war, and that of the other a peace-at-any-price prosperity.

Like Walpole, Lord Palmerston had all the speaking and debating ability that was needed for the practical uses of a minister—*Par negotiis, neque supra*. It is sufficient to refer to his speech on the Pacifico question; a speech which, embracing the whole foreign policy of the country, occupying four or five hours in the delivery, and spoken without a pause or a note, must take rank amongst parliamentary masterpieces, although it hardly rose to what is popularly called eloquence. Even the peroration, containing a now celebrated phrase, did not rise above the level of unimpassioned argument:—

‘I therefore fearlessly challenge the verdict which this House, as representing a political, commercial, and constitutional country, is to give on the question now before it; whether the principles on which Her Majesty’s Government has been conducted, and the sense of duty which has led us to think ourselves bound to afford protection to our fellow subjects abroad, are proper and fitting guides for those who are charged with the government of England: and whether, as the Roman, in days of old, held himself free from indignity when he could say, *Civis Romanus sum*; so also a British subject, in whatever land he may be, shall feel confident that the watchful eye and the strong arm of England will protect him against injustice and wrong.’*

Lord

* It was on the fourth night of the same debate (June 28, 1850) that Sir Alexander Cockburn (now Chief Justice of England) established a reputation for eloquence, which has gone on steadily increasing, although the scene of its display, and consequently its character, have been changed. At the conclusion of his speech—to use the words of Sir Robert Peel who followed him—‘one half of the

Lord Palmerston had humour of the genial give-and-take kind, which, for a party leader, is often more serviceable than wit. He was told that Mr. Osborne, a popular speaker, whose dash and sparkle are relieved by good feeling and sagacity, regretted a personal conflict, which he had provoked. 'Tell him,' said Lord Palmerston, 'that I am not the least offended, the more particularly because I think I had the best of it.'

Burke thus coarsely alluded to Lord North: 'The noble Lord who spoke last, after extending his right leg a full yard before his left, rolling his flaming eyes, and moving his ponderous frame, has at length opened his mouth.' The noble Lord's figure was certainly ill fitted for oratorical effect, but by dint of tact, temper, and wit, he converted even his personal disadvantages into means of persuasion or conciliation; as in his reply to the member who had spoken contemptuously of 'that thing called a Minister.' With equal adroitness he turned his incurable sleepiness to account. When a fiery declaimer, after calling for his head, denounced him for sleeping, he complained how cruel it was to be denied a solace which other criminals so often enjoyed—that of having a night's rest before their execution. And when a dull prosy speaker made a similar charge, he retorted that it was somewhat unjust in the gentleman to blame him for taking the remedy which he himself had been so considerate as to administer.

Lord Chatham properly belongs to the preceding generation. The chief illustrations of Lord North's era were William Pitt, Charles James Fox, Sheridan, and Burke, *magis pares quam similes*; indeed, it would be difficult to name four men of nearly equal eminence presenting so many points of contrast. Pitt was a born orator. Directly after his maiden speech, some one said, 'Pitt will be one of the first men in Parliament.' 'He is so already,' answered Fox. It was by slow degrees that Fox himself attained his unrivalled excellence as a debater, and he attained it at the expense of his audience. 'During five whole sessions,' he used to say, 'I spoke every night but one; and I regret that I did not speak on that night too.' Pitt's style was stately, sonorous, full to abundance, smooth and regular in its flow; Fox's free to carelessness, rapid, rushing, turbid, broken, but overwhelming in its swell. Pitt never sank below his ordinary level, never paused in his declamation, never hesitated for a word: if interrupted by a remark or incident, he disposed

Treasury benches were left empty, whilst honourable members ran one after another, tumbling over each other in their haste, to shake hands with the honourable and learned member.' His summing up in the Matlock Will Case at Guildhall is one amongst many fine examples of his judicial eloquence.

of it parenthetically, and held on the even and lofty tenour of his way. Fox was desultory and ineffective till he warmed ; he did best when he was provoked or excited ; he required the kindling impulse, the explosive spark ; or he might be compared to the rock in Horeb before it was struck. He began his celebrated speech on the Westminster scrutiny by saying that ' far from expecting any indulgence, he could scarcely hope for fair justice from the House.' This raised a cry of order, and gave him occasion for repeating and justifying his obnoxious words in a succession of telling sentences which went far towards making the fortune of the speech. Grenville told Rogers, ' His (Fox's) speeches were full of repetitions ; he used to say that it was necessary to hammer it into them ; but I rather think he could not do otherwise.' His carefully prepared speech (of which he corrected the report) in honour of the Duke of Bedford, may pair off with Lord Chatham's eulogy of Wolfe.

' Magna eloquentia, sicut flamma, materiâ alitur, et motibus excitatur, et urendo clarescit.' This passage from the dialogue of Tacitus *De Oratoribus* was quoted in Pitt's presence and declared to be untranslatable, on which he immediately replied : ' No, I should translate it thus :—It is with eloquence as with a flame. It requires fuel to feed it, motion to excite it, and it brightens as it burns.' This passage (which Pitt has rather paraphrased than translated) whilst exactly describing the eloquence of Fox, is only partially applicable to his own ; for he brought his own fuel ; he stood in no need of adventitious excitement ; and the same lambent flame burnt clearly and equably from the exordium of his best speeches to the close. The best in all probability of his speeches (says Lord Brougham) is that upon the Peace of 1783 and the Coalition, when he closed his magnificent peroration by that noble yet simple figure : ' and if this inauspicious union be not already consummated, in the name of my country *I forbid the banns.*' In the first place, the noble and learned Lord has weakened the passage, which runs thus : ' If, however, the baneful alliance is not already formed, if this ill-omened marriage is not already solemnized, I know a just and lawful impediment, and, in the name of the public safety, I here forbid the banns.' In the second place, it is divided by three pages of the report from the peroration, which ends with a no less celebrated passage. After remarking that no vote of the House could deprive him of the consciousness of having done his duty, he said :—

' And with this consolation, the loss of power, sir, and the loss of fortune, though I affect not to despise them, I hope I soon shall be able to forget :

'Laudo manentem : si celeres quatit
Pennas, resigno quæ dedit —
—— probamque
Pauperiem sine dote quero.'

Why did he omit *et meâ virtute me involvo*? eagerly asked a young man, afterwards a distinguished member of Opposition, of Bishop Tomline, who was under the gallery during the delivery of this speech—an omission, adds the Bishop, generally considered as marking the modesty and good sense of Mr. Pitt.*

The same quotation was appropriately introduced by Canning. After beginning *Laudo manentem*, he went on, 'or to adopt the more beautiful paraphrase of Dryden:—

'I can enjoy her when she's kind,
But while she dances in the wind,
And shakes her wings and will not stay,
I puff the prostitute away.'

This is not the only instance in which Canning used the same quotation as Pitt:—

'Stetimus tela aspera contra
Contulimusque manus : experto credite quantus
In clipeum assurgat, quo turbine torquent hastam.'

This was applied to Fox by Pitt, and by Canning to Brougham. Indeed it is one of the stock quotations which were constantly recurring, like

'Quis tulerit Græchos de seditione querentes?'

The altered constitution of the House since 1832, and still more, we fear, since 1867, has been in no respect more marked than in the absence of that familiarity with the Latin classics, which renders it comparatively dead to quotations or illustrations drawn from them. The time is gone when a false quantity in a man was much the same thing as a *faux pas* in a woman. Ignorance of more important matters then went for little or nothing. When Sir Robert Walpole was accused in the House of attempting to revive the worst practices of Empson and Dudley, he turned to Sir Philip Yorke, and asked who Empson and Dudley were. He was not ashamed of this; but he was sorely nettled by Pulteney's exulting correction of his Latin. The late Lord Derby carried off with a laugh his mistake, during the dis-

* It was just before this speech (not before that on the Slave Trade, as we stated in our last number) that Pitt was vomiting. The incident is thus recorded in Wilberforce's Diary:—'Pitt's famous speech . . . Stomach disordered, and actually holding Solomon's porch door open with one hand whilst vomiting during Fox's speech, to which he was to reply.' Solomon's porch was the portico behind the old House of Commons.

cussion of the Corn Laws about Tamboul; but Lord Clarendon, with all his varied knowledge, high cultivation and accomplishment, was obviously piqued when, as ill luck would have it, in a debate on public schools in the Lords, with an attendance of head-masters below the Bar, he slipped into a false quantity by the transposition of a word:

‘Sunt bona, sunt mediocria, sunt plūra māla.’

Māla plūra, maliciously insinuated Lord Derby in an audible aside; and by a common instinct up went the right hands of the head-masters in fancied application of the birch. His Lordship’s misfortune lay in his audience. In the House of Commons neither felicity nor infelicity of this sort tells upon or is noticed by the majority. We remember the ‘a phenomena’ of a metropolitan member raising only a partial titter; and when general effect is the object, it is hardly safe to go beyond Virgil and Horace, if so far. A county member, Sir William Bagot, rose whilst Burke was speaking, under an impression that he had done; and on Burke’s angrily complaining of the interruption, apologised for it on the ground of country habits:

‘Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis; at ille
Labitur, et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.’

Pitt’s mind was so thoroughly imbued with classical literature, that it colours his speeches like the shifting, varying, yet constantly prevalent hue in shot-silk. Thus, in his great speech on the Slave Trade, after expressing a fervent hope that even ‘Africa, though last of all the quarters of the globe, shall enjoy at length, in the evening of her days, those blessings which have descended so plentifully upon us in a much earlier period of the world’—

‘Nos primus equis Oriens afflavit anhelis;
Illic sera rubens accendit lumina vesper.’

‘I have heard it,’ (says Lord Stanhope) ‘related by some who at that time were members of Parliament, that the first beams of the rising sun shot through the windows of the House in the midst of this final passage, and seemed, as Pitt looked upwards, to suggest to him without premeditation the eloquent simile and the noble Latin lines with which he concluded.’

Curran was struggling for an illustration of his client’s innocence. ‘It was as clear as’ (at this moment the sun shone into the Court)—‘clear as yonder sunbeam that now bursts upon us with its splendid coruscations.’ An equally effective use was made by Patrick Henry of a storm which broke upon the building in which the Convention was sitting when he was in the very

act

act of appealing to 'those celestial beings who are hovering over the scene, and waiting with anxiety for a decision which involves the happiness or misery of more than half the human race.'

The dependence of oratory on physical requisites—on voice, manner, figure, gesture—was never more strikingly exemplified than by Burke. Delivery apart, he was indisputably the greatest of modern orators, and the one who will best stand a comparison with the ancient masters of the art. There is no variety of merit—merit of the highest order—which may not be found in his printed speeches on India and America; nay, which is not comprised in two of them, that on American taxation in April, 1774, and that on the Nabob of Arcot's debts: exuberant fancy, rich imagery, wide views, deep thoughts, beauty and force of diction, vivid description, and (what Hume calls the distinctive features of Grecian eloquence) 'disdain, anger, boldness, freedom, involved in a continued stream of argument.' The beauties of these consummate orations must be familiar to every cultivated reader, who has only to suppose them delivered by Bolingbroke, Chatham, or the silver-tongued Murray, to have before him the *beau idéal*, the finest possible conception, of oratory. To strip Burke of his so-called redundancies under the notion of their overlaying the sense, would be like stripping a tree of its blossoms and foliage, with the view of bringing out the massive roundness of the trunk. Take the passage in which he expands the simple image of the Greek:—

'Having terminated his disputes with every enemy and every rival, who buried their mutual animosities in their common detestation against the creditors of the Nabob of Arcot, he (Hyder Ali) drew from every quarter whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the arts of destruction; and compounding all the materials of fury, havoc, and desolation into one black cloud, he hung for a while on the declivity of the mountains. Whilst the authors of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing on this menacing meteor, which darkened all their horizon, it suddenly burst, and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatic. Then ensued a scene of woe, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and which no tongue can adequately tell.'

Surely this is an immeasurable improvement, at least for the English House of Commons, on the 'like a cloud' (*ὡσπερ νέφος*) of Demosthenes. Lord Stanhope sufficiently accounts for the sole deficiency in his excellent 'Life of Pitt,' the paucity of extracts from the speeches, by the inferiority of the reporting of the period. Burke's greatest speeches were published with the advantage of his own correction and revision, but although carefully meditated, they were not composed beforehand, and some

of

of the happiest bursts were thrown off on the spur of the occasion. A preceding speaker, Lord Carmarthen, had argued that the Americans, being our children, were guilty of rebellion against their parents, and that Manchester, not being represented, had as much right to complain as the colonies. Burke replied :

‘True they are our children, but when children ask for bread, shall we give them a stone? When they wish to assimilate to their parents, and to reflect with a true filial resemblance the beauteous countenance of British liberty, are we to turn towards them the shameful parts of our constitution? Are we to give them our weakness for their strength?—Our opprobrium for their glory?—And the slough of slavery, which we are not able to shake off, to serve them for their freedom?’

It was during the delivery of this speech that Lord John Townshend involuntarily exclaimed, ‘Good God! what a man this is! how could he acquire such transcendent powers?’ Nor is there any reason to suppose that he did not frequently command the rapt attention of his audience. He acquired the name of the Dinner Bell, from his habit of speaking too often and too long, and losing all sense of the relative importance of great and small subjects from excitability. His want of delicate taste, too, fully bears out the criticism of Wilkes, who, recalling what was said of Apelles’ ‘Venus,’ that her flesh seemed as if she had fed on roses, said of Burke, ‘his oratory would sometimes make one suspect that he eats potatoes and drinks whisky.’

Lord Byron maintained that whatever Sheridan had done or chosen to do was always the best of its kind: ‘to crown all, he delivered the very best oration (the famous Begum speech), ever conceived or heard in this country.’ Burke, Fox, Pitt, Windham, Wilberforce, all spoke of it in the same unqualified terms of eulogy: and within twenty-four hours of the delivery Sheridan was offered a thousand pounds for the copyright if he would correct it for the press. That he refused, was probably fortunate for his fame. The most ambitious passages, which were carefully reported—the one on Filial Piety, and the one beginning, ‘Oh, faith! Oh, justice!’—read like laboured efforts to gild and elevate commonplace. There are parts in which the author of ‘The School for Scandal’ stands confessed. For example:—

‘He remembered to have heard an honourable and learned gentleman (Mr. Dundas) remark, that there was something in the frame and constitution of the Company which extended the sordid principles of their origin over all their successive operations; connecting with their civil policy, and even with their boldest achievements, the meanness of a pedlar and the profligacy of pirates—alike in the political

political and military line, could be observed auctioneering ambassadors and trading generals ;—and thus we saw a revolution brought about by affidavits ; an army employed in executing an arrest ; a town besieged on a note of hand ; a prince dethroned for the balance of an account. Thus it was, they exhibited a Government which united the mock majesty of a bloody sceptre, and the little traffic of a merchant's counting-house, wielding a truncheon with one hand, and picking a pocket with the other.'

His parliamentary reputation could hardly have been maintained by his set speeches, although he devoted infinite pains to the preparation of them. Where he shone pre-eminent was in wit and humour. Pitt clearly got the worst of it when, by a contemptuous reference to the theatre, he provoked the comparison of the Angry Boy in the 'Alchymist ;' and this was far from the only instance when Sheridan's light artillery opened with effect after the more powerful guns of his adversary had been ill-directed or missed fire.

It will be found most convenient to divide the Palmerstonian epoch or cycle into three: taking Canning, Brougham, and Plunkett for the first ; the late Sir Robert Peel, the late Lord Derby, and Sheil for the second ; Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Bright, and Mr. Gladstone for the third. Of the first of these triumvirates, we can say little or nothing that we have not said already and very recently. Almost the only question touching them that has not been exhaustively treated, is this: will they bear a comparison with the illustrations of the Walpole and North cycles? Do they show any falling off in form or substance, in declamation or argument, in brilliancy or force? Plunkett was never surpassed as a debater. Equal in cogency, he was superior in sustained closeness of reasoning to Fox. He often rose without effort to the loftiest heights of oratory. It is sufficient to refer to his Union speeches, to his speech on Catholic Emancipation in 1813, and his reply to Lord Lyndhurst in 1825.*

Brougham's greatest orations are models of magnificent invective, fierce irony, and fervid argumentation ; in which the passions and the reason are alternately or simultaneously addressed. They are streams of burning lava, scorching and destroying whatever comes across them in their course. To the familiar examples which we lately dwelt upon, Lord Russell adds Brougham's speech on the conduct of the continental powers towards Spain, terming it, 'certainly one of his brightest flights.' The allusion to

* See 'Quarterly Review,' No. 259 (for Jan. 1871), pp. 192-202, for specimens of Plunkett's eloquence and wit. His fame might rest on his speeches in the English Parliament. Grattan's could not. He properly belongs to that constellation of Irish orators that flourished during the last quarter of the eighteenth century.

the protest of the Russian Minister at Madrid, who had declared with horror that blood had been shed in the Royal Palace, was at once (remarks Lord Russell) a withering invective and a just condemnation of despotism. 'If I had been one of the counselors of the Emperor,' he said, 'the last subject I would have advised my master to touch upon would have been that of blood shed in the Royal Palace.' At the epoch of the Emperor's coronation, a lady, writing from St. Petersburg, had described the ceremony in these terms: 'The Emperor entered the Church preceded by the assassins of his grandfather, surrounded by the assassins of his father, and followed by his own.'

Canning was not equal in declamatory power to Pitt, in debating power to Fox, or in wit to Sheridan; he wanted the reasoning powers of Plunkett, as well as the tremendous energy, the omnivorous capacity, of Brougham. But from the meridian of his career to its untimely end, he was, by common consent, the most eloquent, most accomplished, most popular, of contemporary speakers; and his speeches abound in passages which we are disposed to name as the most finished specimens of spoken rhetoric in our tongue. Thus in supporting the vote of thanks to the Duke (then Marquis) of Wellington for the victory of Vittoria:—

'How was their prospect changed! In those countries where, at most, a short struggle had been terminated by a result disastrous to their wishes, if not altogether closing in despair, they had now to contemplate a very different aspect of affairs. Germany crouched no longer trembling at the feet of the tyrant, but maintained a balanced contest. The mighty deluge by which the Continent had been overwhelmed is subsiding. The limits of nations are again visible, and the spires and turrets of ancient establishments are beginning to reappear above the subsiding waves.'

Or in the speech at Plymouth, in 1823, before the invention of ironclads:

'The resources created by peace are means of war. In cherishing those resources, we but accumulate those means. Our present repose is no more a proof of inability to act, than the state of inertness and inactivity in which I have seen those mighty masses that float in the waters above your town, is a proof that they are devoid of strength and incapable of being fitted out for action. You well know, gentlemen, how soon one of those stupendous masses now reposing on their shadows in perfect stillness—how soon, upon any call of patriotism or of necessity, it would assume the likeness of an animated thing, instinct with life and motion—how soon it would ruffle, as it were, its swelling plumage—how quickly would it put forth all its beauty and its bravery, collect its scattered elements of strength, and awaken its dormant thunder. Such as is one of these magnificent machines
when

when springing from inaction into a display of its might—such is England herself, while apparently passive and motionless she silently concentrates the power to be put forth on an adequate occasion.'

Another striking example is his defence and eulogy of Pitt in a speech on the Silk Trade in 1827. The specimen Sir Henry Bulwer (Lord Dalling) gives of his humour (the sketch of Lord Nugent and his equipment) is confessedly open to the objection of being too laboured and too long. One of his happiest hits was the comparison of Brougham to Dennis claiming the thunder; from which Brougham did not recover for some weeks.

It was John Wilson in 'Blackwood,' we believe, who at Canning's death said or wrote:—'There died George Canning, the last of the rhetoricians.' Nothing of the kind. The rhetorical spirit has survived and transmigrated. It animated the insignificant figure, it lighted up the intelligent eye, it swelled the shrill voice, of Sheil. It has pointed the clever sarcasms, gilded the polished periods, and given form to the dazzling paradoxes, of 'Vivian Grey.'

If to wield at will the fierce democracy be the highest triumph of oratory, O'Connell was the first orator of his generation; but the scene of his glory was the public meeting. It was as the Irish Rienzi, as the representative of Roman Catholic Ireland that he entered the House of Commons; and the position he held in it was principally won without its walls.

'Pass by his faults, his art be here allowed—
Mighty as Chatham, give him but a crowd;
Hear him in Senates, second-rate at best,
Clear in a statement, happy in a jest.'

Sheil, distrusted by the 'tail' and discredited by their chief (as the affair of 'Who's the Traitor' proves) won his way to the front by his rhetoric, and a few specimens will show that it was of the very finest quality in its line. Lord Lyndhurst, adopting the very language of O'Connell, had spoken of the Irish as 'aliens in blood, language, and religion.' He was under the gallery on the peers' bench on the 22nd February, 1837, during the debate on the Irish Municipal Bill, when Sheil caught up and commented on the phrase:—

'Aliens! good God! was Arthur, Duke of Wellington, in the House of Lords, and did he not start up and exclaim, "Hold! I have seen the aliens do their duty?" "The battles, sieges, fortunes he has passed," should have come back upon him. . . . Whose were the arms that drove your bayonets at Vimeira through the phalanxes that never reeled in the shock of war before? What desperate valour climbed

climbed the steep and filled the moats at Badajoz? All his victories should have rushed and crowded back upon his memory—Vimeira, Badajoz, Salamanca, Albuera, Toulouse, and, last of all, the greatest —. Tell me, for you were there—I appeal to the gallant soldier before me (Sir Henry Hardinge,) from whose opinions I differ, but who bears, I know, a generous heart in an intrepid breast;—tell me, for you must needs remember—on that day when the destinies of mankind were trembling in the balance—while death fell in showers—when the artillery of France was levelled with a precision of the most deadly science—when her legions, incited by the voice, and inspired by the example of their mighty leader, rushed again and again to the onset—tell me if, for an instant, when, to hesitate for an instant was to be lost, the “aliens” blenched? And when at length the moment for the last and decisive movement had arrived, and the valour which had so long been wisely checked, was at last let loose—when, with words familiar, but immortal, the great captain commanded the great assault—tell me, if Catholic Ireland, with less heroic valour than the natives of this your own glorious country, precipitated herself upon the foe? The blood of England, Scotland, and of Ireland, flowed in the same stream, and drenched the same field. When the chill morning dawned, their dead lay cold and stark together;—in the same deep pit their bodies were deposited—the green corn of spring is now breaking from their commingled dust—the dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grave. Partakers in every peril—in the glory shall we not be permitted to participate; and shall we be told, as a requital, that we are estranged from the noble country for whose salvation our life-blood was poured out?’

The wave of his hand towards the peers’ bench was the signal for vociferous cheering; still more spirit-stirring was the appeal to Sir Henry Hardinge; and the most enthusiastic applause burst forth at the conclusion. There was not a worn-out or exhausted topic that he could not freshen and adorn; as that of a provision for the Roman Catholic clergy:—

‘The Catholics of Ireland know that if their clergy were endowed with the wealth of the establishment, they would become a profligate corporation, pampered with luxury, swelling with sacerdotal pride, and presenting in their lives a monstrous contrast with that simplicity and that poverty of which they are now as well the practisers as the teachers. They know that, in place of being, as they now are, the indefatigable instructors of the peasantry, their consolers in affliction, their resource in calamity, their preceptors and their models in religion, their visitors in sickness, and their companions at the bed of death; they would become equally insolent to the humble, and sycophantic to the great—flatterers at the noble’s table and extortioners in the poor man’s hovel; slaves in politics, and tyrants in demeanour, who from the porticoes of palaces would give their instructions in humility; who from the banquets of patricians would prescribe their lessons

lessons in abstinence ; and from the primrose path of dalliance point out the steep and thorny way to heaven.'

This covert attack upon the Church, whom Burke exhorts to raise her mitred head in palaces, may be compared with the fell onslaught of Brougham in his defence of Ambrose Williams.

Stanley's (the late Lord Derby's) prominent features are accurately hit off in 'The New Timon :—

'The brilliant chief irregularly great,
Frank, haughty, rash—the Rupert of Debate !
Nor gout, nor toil, his freshness can destroy,
And time still leaves all Eton in the boy.

* * * * *

Yet who not listens with delighted smile
To the pure Saxon of that silver style ?'

The epithet Rupert of Debate, if not originated, was interpreted by Mr. Disraeli :—'His charge is irresistible, but when he has driven the force directly opposed to him off the field, he returns to find his camp in the possession of the enemy.' Macaulay said of him that his knowledge of the science of parliamentary defence resembled an instinct. 'The year 1833 was in my opinion' (observes Lord Russell) 'the most distinguished and the most memorable of Lord Derby's political career.' It was in 1833, after Lord Althorp had brought in the Irish Coercion Bill, that Stanley, finding no impression had been made, turned to Lord Russell, and said, 'I meant not to have spoken till to-morrow night, but I find I must speak to-night.' He took Lord Althorp's box of official papers, and went upstairs to a room where he could look them over quietly. After the debate had proceeded for two or three hours longer, with no change of temper in the House, he rose and laid before them so complete and appalling a picture of the condition of Ireland, that they became deeply interested :

'When (says Lord Russell) he had produced a thrilling effect by these descriptions, he turned upon O'Connell, who led the opposition to the measure, and who seemed a short time before about to achieve a triumph in favour of sedition and anarchy. He recalled to the recollection of the House of Commons that, at a recent public meeting, O'Connell had spoken of the House of Commons as 658 scoundrels. In a tempest of scorn and indignation, he excited the anger of the men thus designated against the author of the calumny. The House, which two hours before seemed about to yield to the great agitator, was now almost ready to tear him to pieces. In the midst of the storm which his eloquence had raised he sat down, having achieved one of the greatest triumphs of eloquence ever won in a popular assembly by the powers of oratory.'

Referring

Referring to the report of this speech, we find that the effect was produced by extracts and letters pointed and applied with great declamatory force. Stanley never thought of shining, and it may be doubted whether he ever prepared any of the most telling passages in his speeches. His luminous points were sparks from a working engine, not fireworks thrown up for display. He was a desperately hard hitter, as both Sheil and O'Connell (who invented the epithet of Scorpion Stanley) found to their cost. It was O'Connell, also, who, in ridicule of the tenuity of Stanley's personal following after quitting the Whigs, made the well-known quotation:—

'Thus down thy hill, romantic Ashbourne, glides
The Derby dilly carrying *six* insides.'*

The reins of the Derby Dilly were soon afterwards in the hands of Sir Robert Peel, and it is no slight testimony to his reputation and position that such men as Stanley and Graham were content to act under him. 'And, in truth, Sir Robert Peel is a remarkable man, confessedly a *puissance* in himself, confessedly the leading member of the representative, yes, even of your reformed, assembly. It is a current mistake in the provinces to suppose that he is rather sensible than eloquent. If to persuade, to bias, to soothe, to command the feelings, the taste, the opinions, of an audience often diametrically opposed to his views, if this be eloquence, which I, a plain man, take it to be, then Sir Robert Peel is among the most eloquent of men.†' What people are wont to call eloquence is that which gives pleasure or excites emotion independently of the subject or the aim; and in following Sir Robert Peel the mind was exclusively bent on the trains of reasoning, the lucidity of statement, or the comprehensiveness of view. To call him a parliamentary middle-man was preposterous. He was the greatest member of Parliament, bred in and formed by it, that the House of Commons had known since Walpole. Its forms, its ways, its temper, its opinions, were familiar to him. He had every description of knowledge that could be made available in debate, the business-like habits which please men of business, and the high cultivation by which the fastidious are conciliated. He was anything but a dry prosaic speaker. There are touches of sensibility in his speeches that deepen into genuine pathos, of conscious self-vindicating worth that rise to dignity, of concentrated scorn that explodes to the dismay and confusion of the scorner, as in the

* 'The Anti-Jacobin.' It is *three* in the original.

† 'England and the English.'

speech in which, as descriptive of his own mental sufferings, he introduced the fine lines of Dryden :—

‘Tis said with ease ; but, oh ! how hardly tried—
By haughty souls to human honour tied—
Oh ! sharp convulsive pangs of agonizing pride.’*

Or the scornful defiance of Cobbett (who had moved to strike his name off the list of the Privy Council), concluding with a grand passage from Cowley. But he shone, where such a man would be least expected to shine, in humour, which was one of his most effective weapons in the unequal fight which he waged with the Opposition during his short administration of 1834. He also excelled in quiet sarcasm. In the debate on Commercial Distress (Dec. 3rd, 1847), Alderman Reynolds, one of the members for Dublin, had asked : ‘Did not everybody know that the profit and advantage of banking consisted very much in trading on your credit in contradistinction to your capital?’ In the course of the masterly reply with which Peel closed the debate, he said :

‘I have the greatest respect for bankers in general and Irish bankers in particular, and among Irish bankers, I well know the position enjoyed by the Honourable gentleman. Now, with all the respect to which he is entitled, and with all suavity and courtesy, I will tell him, that, in his banking capacity, I would rather have his capital than his credit.’

When this speech was delivered, the Protectionist fury against him was at its height ; and the Bank Charter Act, which he upheld, was especially obnoxious to the mercantile interest. Yet when he sat down, an adjournment was moved on the ground taken by Pitt in moving an adjournment after Sheridan’s Begum speech : that the House was not in a state to vote dispassionately. Sir William Heathcote turned to a friend and colleague of Peel’s and said : ‘It is of no use for any of us to talk. No one else can approach him.’ The next day the friend repeated this expression to Peel. He looked astonished and replied : ‘You surprise me

* Sir Lawrence Peel, in his able and discriminating ‘Sketch’ of the Life of his distinguished relative, thinks it necessary to palliate a supposed charge of poverty of thought based on his habit of clothing his thoughts in the language of other men. But surely quotations such as his imply rather richness than poverty of mind ; and the charge might be brought with equal plausibility against most of the great modern orators. It is much to be regretted that the ‘Memoirs of Sir Robert Peel’ (of which three Parts have been published), by the trustees of his papers, Earl Stanhope and Mr. Cardwell, are confined to correspondence and dry matters of fact. We have ample proof how entertaining Earl Stanhope can make history or biography ; and we know no one who has a choicer collection of political anecdotes than Mr. Cardwell or relates them better.

very much: you know I left out nearly everything I meant to say.'

In 1848 Feargus O'Connor was charged in the House with being a Republican. He denied it, and said he did not care whether the Queen or the Devil was on the throne. Peel replied: 'when the Honourable gentleman sees the sovereign of his choice on the throne of these realms, I hope he'll enjoy, and I'm sure he'll deserve, the confidence of the Crown.'

Sheil had learnt and forgotten the exordium of a speech which began with the word 'necessity.' This word he had repeated three times, when Sir R. Peel broke in—'is not *always* the mother of invention.'

The most formidable competitor for power whom Peel had to encounter during his leadership of the Conservative party, was Lord John (now Earl) Russell: a statesman who has played too important a part in the constitutional history of England to be passed over; who, moreover, became as good a speaker as it was well possible to become with hardly any of the physical requisites, by dint of head and heart: by high spirit, high training, clearness and depth of view, thought, feeling, knowledge, and accomplishment. His arrival at the goal marked out for him in early youth by one poet, has been hailed and celebrated by another.

'With an eloquence—not like those rills from a height
Which sparkle and foam and in vapour are o'er,
But a current that works out its way into light,
Through the filtering recesses of thought and of lore.

'Thus gifted, thou never canst sleep in the shade,
If the stirrings of genius, the music of fame,
And the charms of thy cause, have not power to persuade,
Yet think how to freedom thou'rt pledged by thy name!'

These are two of some spirited stanzas by Moore, headed, 'Remonstrance: after a conversation with Lord John Russell, in which he had intimated some idea of giving up all political pursuits.' The following verses form part of his Lordship's portrait in 'The New Timon.'

'But see our statesman when the steam is on,
And languid Johnny glows to glorious John!
When Hampden's thought, by Falkland's muses drest,
Lights the pale cheek and swells the generous breast;
When the pent heat expands the quickening soul,
And foremost in the race the wheels of genius roll!'

He particularly excelled in a comprehensive reply at the end of an important debate: and one of the most telling retorts ever uttered

uttered in either House was his, when Sir Francis Burdett, after turning Tory and becoming a member of the Carlton Club, thought proper to sneer at 'the cant of patriotism.'

'I quite agree with the Honourable baronet that the cant of patriotism is a bad thing. But I can tell him a worse—the recant of patriotism—which I will gladly go along with him in reprobating whenever he shows me an example of it.'

It has always seemed unaccountable to us that Peel—who had joined battle, without losing heart or ground, with such antagonists as Brougham, Canning, Stanley, and Lord Russell, should have quailed before Mr. Disraeli; or, if quailed by too strong a term, should have allowed himself to be so ruffled and annoyed. *Contempsi Catilinæ gladios: non pertimescam tuos.* He was so irritated on the night of the Third Reading of the Corn-Law Bill that he came after the debate to Lord Lincoln (the late Duke of Newcastle) at Whitehall Place, and insisted on his carrying a hostile message to Mr. Disraeli. On Lord Lincoln's positive refusal, Sir Robert was going off in search of another second, and was with difficulty driven from his purpose by the threat of an application to a magistrate. The most plausible explanation is that he was maddened by the clamorous cheers of his quondam friends and followers:

'Non me tua fervida terrent
Dicta, ferox, Dii me terrent—'

the *Dii* being understood in the theatrical sense: the gods that thunder their applause or censure from the gallery. It must be remembered also that there was twice over some foundation for the charge so pointedly levelled at him, of having acted like the Turkish admiral who steered the fleet under his command straight into the harbour of the enemy; and that Mr. Disraeli was in his happiest vein. This was the night (May 15, 1846) when he declared Peel's life to be 'one great appropriation clause,' termed the Treasury Bench, 'political pedlars that bought their party in the cheapest market and sold us in the dearest;' and compared the conversion of the Peelites to that of the Saxons by Charlemagne, 'who, according to the chronicle, were converted in battalions and baptized in platoons.'

Sheil's mode of accounting for Mr. Disraeli's want of spirit and freshness after Peel's death is well known. He compared him to a dissecting surgeon or anatomist without a corpse. His best speeches—and two or three of them are of rare excellence—were those which he spoke when, as leader of the young England party, he first opened the trenches against Peel. His later and more elaborate speeches, although exhibiting an extraordinary command

command of language, are deficient in substance, soundness, spontaneity and flow. They neither convince nor move. They do not make his hearers wiser or better; nor would he gain by it if they did. It is only when his fertile fancy supplies an allusive pleasantry, or when he can indulge his genius for sarcasm, that he brightens up or seems at home. Rogers said of Lord Aberdeen's (the Premier) dancing, when obliged to stand up with an ambassadress, that he danced as if he was hired for the purpose and was not sure of being paid. Mr. Disraeli has commonly spoken since 1846 as if he was under an engagement to do a given amount of work for his party and was not sure of their approval when he had completed it. What his biographer deems the most presentable bit of his rhetoric is the warning to the Manchester School: 'that there is no reason why they should form an exception to that which history has mournfully recorded; why they, too, should not fade like the Tyrian dye, and moulder like the Venetian palaces.' But we could quote many happier passages if we could find room for them. He made a capital hit in his speech at Manchester the other day:—

'As I sat opposite the Treasury Bench, the Ministers reminded me of one of those marine landscapes not very unusual on the coasts of South America. You behold a range of exhausted volcanoes. Not a flame flickers on a single pallid crest. But the situation is still dangerous. There are occasional earthquakes, and ever and anon the dark rumbling of the sea.'

'Genuine Saxon, by the soul of Hengist' was the exulting shout of Cedric on hearing the name of a Saxon knight who had been victor in the lists. 'Genuine Saxon' will be the exclamation of every critical listener to Mr. Bright. His look, his tone, his choice of words and illustrations, his stubborn independence, his boldness, his pugnacity, are all redolent of race. A Foxite adduced Pitt's preference of Latin compounds as an all-sufficient proof of habitual ambiguity. Apply a similar test to Mr. Bright and no further proof will be needed of his straightforwardness. His diction is drawn exclusively from the pure wells of English undefiled. Milton and the Bible are his unceasing study. There was a time when it was rare to find him without 'Paradise Lost' in his hand or his pocket. The use of scriptural imagery is a marked feature of his orations, and no imagery can be more appropriately employed to illustrate his views; for Mr. Bright, in all his grand efforts, rises far above the loaded unwholesome atmosphere of party politics into the purer air and brighter skies of patriotism and philanthropy. We may differ about his means or measures, but no one can differ

about the aim when he puts forth his strength to raise Ireland and India in the scale of civilisation, to mitigate the evils of war, or to promote the spread of toleration and Christian charity throughout the world. He wound up a speech in Ireland in these words :—

‘The noble Lord (Palmerston), towards the conclusion of his speech, spoke of the cloud which rests at present over Ireland. It is a dark and heavy cloud, and its darkness extends over the feelings of men in all parts of the British Empire. But there is a consolation which we may all take to ourselves. An inspired king, and bard, and prophet, has left us words which are not only the expression of a fact, but which we may take as the utterance of a prophecy. He says “To the upright there ariseth light in the darkness.” Let us try in this matter to be upright. Let us try to be just. That cloud will be dispelled. The dangers which surround us will vanish, and we may yet have the happiness of leaving to our children the heritage of an honourable citizenship in a united and prosperous empire.’

The speech in which he is commonly thought to have reached the culminating point of his oratory, the one to which he himself reverts with most pleasure, is that deprecating a continuance of the Crimean war. The most successful passage was this :—

‘I do not suppose that your troops are to be beaten in actual conflict with the foe, or that they will be driven into the sea; but I am certain that many homes in England in which there now exists a fond hope that the distant one may return—many such homes may be rendered desolate when the next mail shall arrive. The angel of death has been abroad throughout the land; you may almost hear the beating of his wings. There is no one, as when the first born were slain of old, to sprinkle with blood the lintel and the two sideposts of our doors, that he may spare and pass on; he takes his victims from the castle of the noble, the mansion of the wealthy, and the cottage of the poor and the lowly, and it is on behalf of all these classes that I make this solemn appeal.’

Although Mr. Bright is a ready speaker, he is understood (like the great orators of Greece and Rome) to devote much time and labour to the preparation of his orations; which may account for their comparative fewness and brevity. His voice is all that could be desired in an orator, and his delivery is impressive, although so distinct, slow, and calm as to sound more like recitation than declamation, and it is suspected that his more ambitious passages are fairly written out on the paper which he holds with seeming carelessness in his hand.

One of the best specimens of his racy humour is the speech in which he introduced the cave of Adullam, and, in allusion to the alliance between two of the principal occupants, Mr. Lowe
and

and Mr. Horsman, said: 'This party of two reminds me of the Scotch terrier, which was so covered with hair that you could not tell which was the head and which was the tail of it.' His eloquence is more convincing than persuasive; and the House of Commons for many years rarely went willingly along with him. He defies and confronts, instead of conciliating, an opponent; and when he encounters what he think prejudices and others may think principles, his massive understanding passes over them like a steam-roller crushing and pulverising stones.

The 'unadorned eloquence' of Richard Cobden, the fellow labourer of John Bright in the same high mission, has left its indelible mark on British legislation, but it never shook off the provincial tinge; and the House of Commons was not the arena in which its persuasive and convincing qualities were most triumphantly displayed.

The first place among living competitors for the oratorical crown will be conceded without a dissenting voice to Mr. Gladstone. An excellent judge, a frequent opponent of his policy, whom we consulted, declared that it was Eclipse first and all the rest no where. He may lack Mr. Bright's impressive diction, impressive by its simplicity, or Mr. Disraeli's humour and sarcasm; but he has made ten eminently successful speeches to Mr. Bright's or Mr. Disraeli's one. His foot is ever in the stirrup; his lance is ever in the rest. He throws down the gauntlet to all comers. Right or wrong, he is always real, natural, earnest, unaffected, and unforced. He is a great debater, a great parliamentary speaker; with a shade more imagination, he would be a great orator. Much that we have said of Sir Robert Peel might be repeated of Mr. Gladstone. Inferior to the founder of his school in judgment and self-control, he is superior in moral courage, warmth, range, grasp, fertility, versatility, passion, power. If he has committed mistakes which Peel would not have committed, he has achieved triumphs which Peel could not have achieved. He can not only persuade and convince senates; he can sway popular assemblies by voice, look, bearing, and moral force, as well as by sonorous periods and ringing words. See him in the cold gray mist of that October afternoon advance to the front of the platform at Blackheath, bareheaded, pale, resolute.—

'Now one glance round, now upwards turns his brow,
Hushed every breath: he rises—mark him now.'

Unluckily every breath was not hushed. From that surging sea of heads and faces arose an angry murmur that presaged a storm. The audience was the reverse of favourable: the re-

served seats had been invaded by the populace, including many of the discharged dock-yard labourers ; and political emissaries were busy among the crowd. But a love of fair play, stimulated by curiosity, procured him his opportunity ; he began : his distinct articulation and finely-toned voice, 'loud as a trumpet with a silver sound,' commanded a wide circle, which widened as he went on ; an English audience is more easily won by firmness than by flattery ; and such was the influence of his manly self-assertion, combined with a judicious choice of topics, that the heath ran and near resounded with plaudits when he wound up by devoting himself, 'according to the measure of his gifts,' to the service of the country and the Queen. In little more than an hour he had recovered his waning popularity and set up his government.

Let us now accompany him to another arena. During several months prior to the introduction of the budget in 1853, the most influential portion of the press, headed by the 'Times,' had bent all their strength to compel a modification of the Income Tax, with a view to lighten the burthen thrown on trades and professions by Schedule D. A strong pressure was put upon Mr. Gladstone, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, to fall in with the current of opinion, which was deemed irresistible. The day before the financial statement, there was a large dinner company (ministerialists) assembled at Sir William Molesworth's, when a member of the Government came in with a face of dismay to announce that Gladstone was obstinate, and that they should be all out within the week. Such was the general expectation. Within twenty-four hours after the delivery of his speech, (April 18) every rational person was obliged to confess that the proposed modification was impracticable ; and from that hour to this it has never been seriously entertained or formally proposed again. Another striking instance of the same kind is the revolution he effected in public and parliamentary opinion (May 4, 1863) by his speech against the exemption of charities from Income Tax.

The extreme subtlety of his mind, whilst supplying him with an inexhaustible store of replies and rejoinders, causes him to rely too much on over-refined distinctions and on casuistical modes of reasoning. During Garibaldi's visit to London, it was suggested that a noble and richly jointured widow, who was much about with him, should marry him. To the objection that he had a wife living, the ready answer was, 'Oh, he must get Gladstone to explain her away.' He has also Burke's habit of attaching undue importance to secondary topics. But the same liability to exaggeration which occasionally impairs the effect of a great speech, not unfrequently elevates an ordinary one

one, and enables him to compel attention to what may really be an important matter, although an impatient or fastidious House may deem it small. The compound householder, whom he rescued from unmerited neglect, is an example.*

'And now, gentlemen'—he was speaking at Chester—'shall I say a word to you about the Dee and Mersey Railway? That is a great descent, is it not? But I have not the smallest objection to discuss the Dee and Mersey Railway, or any other subject whatever.' In one of the Cattle Plague debates he discussed the dues of the River Weaver with a spirit, a breadth, and a felicity of application, that will associate that river in oratorical reminiscences with the Rhone and the Saone. Another memorable occasion when he elevated a prosaic subject, was in the debate on the Overend and Gurney prosecution. He spoke unexpectedly at about half-past nine, when there was a lax attendance of reporters; and the reports, consequently, conveyed to the outside public only an incomplete impression of his speech.

The most memorable passage of arms between Mr Gladstone and Mr Disraeli came off in the debate on the budget (Nov. 1853), when the Derby government was defeated by a majority of nineteen. It had lasted four nights. Mr Gladstone had not spoken. Sir James Graham and Mr Sidney Herbert were anxious that he should not speak after Mr Disraeli, who rose at a late hour. Indeed it was understood that Mr Disraeli was to close the debate. He fought his losing cause with spirit and dexterity, till (an unusual thing with him), he lost his temper and broke through all bounds of conventional decorum. Strong language may have been justified by the provocation, but he went too far when he told Sir Charles Wood (Lord Halifax) that petulance was not sarcasm, nor insolence invective; and said he viewed Sir James Graham with regard but not with respect.

The moment he ceased, before he had well time to resume his seat amidst the loud acclamations of his party, Mr Gladstone bounded to the floor. He was encountered by menacing and derisive cheers; he was twice interrupted by an Irish member making unseemly noises in the gallery. But he was irrepressible: he stood firm as Guizot uttering his famous '*Oui, j'ai été à Gand.*' 'This speech,' he repeated, 'is one which must be answered, and answered at the moment. The character of England, involved in that of her public men, the character of England is at stake.' After indignantly repelling Mr Disraeli's

* 'Qu'est-ce que c'est que votre "compound householder," dont M. Gladstone parle si souvent?' inquired a foreign lady of distinction. 'Madame, c'est le mâle de la femme incomprise,' was the reply.

charges and invectives, he ended a masterly analysis of the budget by describing it as based on principles against which all true Conservatives stood pledged.

Mr. Gladstone's speeches (like Fox's or the late Lord Derby's) are not so well adapted for quotation as those of many inferior performers; because they are essentially working speeches. But, as an average specimen, we take the peroration of that on Parliamentary Reform (April 27, 1866, Lord Grosvenor's motion) :—

‘ This Bill is in a state of crisis and of peril, and the Government along with it. We stand or fall with it, as has been declared by my noble Friend Lord Russell. We stand with it now; we may fall with it a short time hence. If we do so fall, we, or others in our places, shall rise with it hereafter. I shall not attempt to measure with precision the forces that are to be arrayed against us in the coming issue. Perhaps the great division of to-night is not to be the last, but only the first of a series of divisions. At some point of the contest you may possibly succeed. You may drive us from our seats. You may slay, you may bury, the measure that we have introduced. But we will write upon its gravestone for an epitaph this line, with certain confidence in its fulfilment :

“ Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor.”

You cannot fight against the future. Time is on our side. The great social forces which move onwards in their might and majesty, and which the tumult of these debates does not for a moment impede or disturb, those great social forces are against you; they work with us; they are marshalled in our support. And the banner which we now carry in the fight, though perhaps, at some moment of the struggle, it may droop over our sinking heads, yet will float again in the eye of heaven, and will be borne by the firm hands of the united people of the three kingdoms, perhaps not to an easy, but to a certain and to a not distant victory.’

It was in this speech that after replying to Mr. Lowe, who had twitted him with opposing the Reform Bill in the Oxford Union Debating Club when an undergraduate in 1831, he turned to the Liberal party and said :—

‘ I came amongst you an outcast from those with whom I associated, driven from their ranks, I admit, by no arbitrary act, but by the slow and resistless forces of conviction. I came among you, to make use of the legal phraseology, *in formâ pauperis*. I had nothing to offer you but faithful and honourable service: you received me as Dido received the shipwrecked Æneas:

“ Excepi ejectionem littore, egentem.”

And I only trust you may not hereafter, at any time, have to complete the sentence in regard to me :

“ Et regni, demens! in parte locavi.”

You

You received me with kindness, indulgence, generosity, and I may even say with some measure of your confidence. And the relation between us has assumed such a form that you can never be my debtors, but that I must be for ever in your debt.'

An old and highly esteemed member of the Liberal party (Mr. Philips, Member for Bury) said that the delivery of this passage brought tears into his eyes; and (he added): 'I was not ashamed to own it, when I observed that several friends near me were similarly moved.'

Mr. Gladstone is more Ciceronian than Demosthenic. Amplification not condensation is his forte; but he can be fanciful or pithy on occasions: as when in a budget speech he compared his arrival at the part in which the remissions of taxation were to be announced, to the descent into the smiling valleys of Italy after a toilsome ascent of the Alps; or when he said that it was the duty of the Minister to stand 'like a wall of adamant,' between the people and the Crown. His graceful reply to Mr. Chaplin will compensate for many a hasty reproof administered to assailants whom he had better have left unnoticed:—

'The hon. member who has just sat down has admonished us, and myself in particular, that the sense of justice is apt to grow dull under the influence of a long parliamentary experience. But there is one sentiment which I can assure him does not grow dull under the influence of a long parliamentary experience, and that is the sense of pleasure when I hear—whether upon these benches or upon those opposite to me—an able, and at the same time frank, ingenuous, and manly statement of opinion, and one of such a character as to show me that the man who makes it is a real addition to the intellectual and moral worth and strength of Parliament. Having said this, I express my thanks to the hon. member for having sharply challenged us. It is right that we should be so challenged, and we do not shrink from it.'

We must stop here. The walls of our portrait gallery are covered. We are like the Hanging Committee of the Academy, driven to exclusion by selection; and we shall doubtless be suspected of prejudice or partiality like them. The high claims of the excluded, however, form one among many reasons for looking hopefully to the future, after reverting proudly to the past. There are no rising orators, it is true; nor (as we recently noticed) are there any rising poets, painters, or actors, any rising men of first-rate genius of any kind. Yet England is replete with intellectual life: it must still contain hearts pregnant with celestial fire: and there never existed a more appreciating public; so appreciating, indeed, that in default of real genius, it is often content to put up with the counterfeit article.

With

With a rich soil and good seed, why should there be no harvest, or a blighted one? Haply the destiny of the rising generation is that of Banquo: "Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none." If Gray might ennoble his country churchyard with the dust of imaginary departed worthies, why may we not people our senate with the animated forms of coming ones? It is good not to despair of the commonwealth, and we do not despair of it. The scene at St. Paul's on Thanksgiving Day has indefinitely postponed the arrival of the New Zealander to sketch its ruins. Whatever may become of the Manchester School, British eloquence, statesmanship, patriotism, and loyalty will not fade like the Tyrian dye; the British Houses of Parliament will not moulder like the Venetian palaces; nor (for it all comes to that) have 'the people of this little isle' shown the slightest symptom of abandoning or forfeiting the grand position which the Premier claimed for them at Blackheath, 'among the small and select company of great nations that have stamped their names on the page of history, as gifted with the qualities that mark the leaders of mankind.' This recalls the fine lines of Goldsmith, beginning:

'Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by.'

Have they in any respect degenerated since then?

ART. VII.—*The Diaries and Letters of Sir George Jackson, K.C.B., from the Peace of Amiens to the Battle of Talavera.*
Edited by Lady Jackson. 2 Vols. London, 1872.

GRAY a little overstepped the mark when (as quoted by Horace Walpole) he said that 'if any man were to form a book of what he had seen and heard himself, it must, in whatever hands, prove a useful and entertaining one.' The value of such a volume would surely depend upon the character and opportunities of the bookmaker. He should possess some, at least, of the qualifications which we recently laid down as essential to the traveller. He should be a discriminating observer, and he should be thrown amongst people or into situations where scenes worth describing might pass before him, or things worth commemorating might occur. But if Gray had said 'any diplomatist' instead of 'any man,' we should readily assent to the proposition; for any diplomatist worth his salt would speedily acquire the habit of keeping his eyes and ears open at the fitting times and places, whilst any diplomatist with
a moderate

a moderate share of luck must see and hear a great deal from which less privileged persons are shut out.

The book before us, composed of the diaries and letters of Sir George Jackson, is an example. Attached to a mission at the early age of sixteen, he immediately set about acting on Gray's notion: he wrote down in letters to his mother, or in the form of diaries intended for her perusal, whatever struck him as remarkable, as well as what might be expected to interest her relating to his brother (the chief of the mission) or himself. The diaries for the first two or three years are really surprising productions for a youth in his teens. He drew pen-and-ink sketches of the royal and illustrious personages with whom they were mixed up: he narrated the progress of negotiations: he repeated the current anecdotes; he described the passing manners, morals, and fashions; he fixed the Cynthias of the minute; and future historians will turn to him, as we now turn to Pepys, for the traits and touches which constitute the charm of history. His career is given in the most abridged form in an introductory chapter:—

‘Sir George Jackson was the youngest son of Dr. Thomas Jackson—one of the canons of the Abbey of Westminster, rector of Yarlington, chaplain to Francis, fifth Duke of Leeds, and subsequently canon residentiary of St. Paul's. He was born in October, 1785, and was destined for the church; but the death of his father, at a comparatively early age, caused a change in the family arrangements. At the close of 1801, he left Westminster to join the special mission to Paris, as unpaid attaché; Mr. Francis Jackson, his brother, and senior by many years, being the minister appointed to reside in that capital during the negotiation of the Treaty of peace at Amiens.

‘In the same capacity, he accompanied Mr. Francis Jackson's mission to Berlin, in October, 1802—pursuing there his general studies under professors while gaining experience in the line of life he had entered upon.

‘In 1805, he was presented at the Prussian court as Chargé d’Affaires, during his brother's temporary absence; and was afterwards sent on special service to the electoral court of Hesse Cassel.

‘Early in May, 1806, Mr. Francis Jackson was ordered to quit Berlin without taking leave; the definitive occupation of Hanover by Prussia having just taken place, and war, in consequence, being determined upon on the part of Great Britain.

‘Later in the year, overtures were made to the British Cabinet for a renewal of friendly relations between the two powers, and at about the same time that Lord Morpeth was appointed to negotiate with Prussia, Mr. George Jackson received orders from Mr. Fox to leave England for the north of Germany.

‘He returned, in February, 1807, with the Treaty with Prussia, signed by Lord Hutchinson, at Memel; and in the following April he
was.

was sent back by Mr. Canning, with the ratification of the Treaty, and instructions to Lord Hutchinson to appoint him *Chargé d'Affaires* on his lordship's return to England.

'In July, he was gazetted secretary of Legation to Mr. Frere's mission to the Court of Prussia. This mission however was put an end to by the Treaty of Tilsit.

'Recalled to England, he took Copenhagen on his way; witnessed the bombardment of that city, and brought home the account of the capitulation, and the surrender of the Danish fleet to the British forces.

'In 1808-9, he was one of the secretaries of Legation to the mission to the Spanish Junta.'

As the book contains nothing of later date than 1809, we need not accompany him farther. We will only add that in 1813 he was Secretary of Legation to Lord Londonderry; that from 1814 to 1816 he was *Chargé d'Affaires* at Berlin; that he filled several other diplomatic employments without ever arriving at the fixed rank of Minister; that he was knighted on being made K.C.H., in 1832; retired on a pension in 1855; and died at Boulogne, May 2, 1861.

The Diaries begin November 12th, 1801, stating that the mission were overtaken at Dartford, on their way to Dover, by a messenger from Madame Otto (the French ambassadress) with a note and small box recommended to the Minister's especial care, its contents being a cap for Madame Bonaparte. Their reception at Calais and Boulogne is described as enthusiastic, and the fact is important as indicating the popular joy at the prospect of peace. Escorts of cavalry, commanded by officers, accompanied them the whole way to Paris; and to avoid addresses and receptions, they made arrangements to pass two nights instead of three upon the road. Soon after their arrival they go to see a parade at the Tuileries:—

'And a very grand affair it was. The space was, perhaps, rather small for the number of troops present; cavalry, infantry, and artillery, besides numerous field officers, generals, and commanders of different grades. Their uniforms were splendid; for the most part ornamented with elaborate embroideries in gold and silver. Even the upper part of the boots of some of the officers had tracings or inlayings of gold, others had gold spurs most beautifully wrought.

'The proceedings commenced by the French colours being carried by the Consular Guard, to the audience-chamber, where the First Consul was waiting their arrival. As they were borne through the ante-room, the guard on duty saluted them, the bands in the courtyard at the same time playing the war-inspiring Marseillaise hymn. Soon after, with a grand *fracas*, the wide doors of the audience-chamber were thrown open, and the standards were carried back with the same ceremonies,

ceremonies, but, now, preceding the *grand guerrier* in person. He descended to the court, where a white charger, with very rich trappings, was held in readiness for him. As soon as he had mounted, and his brilliant staff of generals had surrounded and saluted him, the inspection commenced.

It would seem quite as likely for 'historic doubts' to be seriously entertained relative to the existence of the first Napoleon, as for the popular and traditional impression of his physiognomy to be declared false. Yet so it is. M. Michelet, in a work recently published, states that the only reliable portrait of him is a full-sized one by David, who took no less than two years to finish it. 'The artist has shown himself conscientious, courageous—not caring whether he pleased, thinking only of the truth. So much so, that the engraver dared not follow it in certain details where truth contradicted tradition. David made him as he always was, without eyelashes or eyebrows, a small quantity of hair of an uncertain brown, which, in his youth, seemed black, in consequence of a free use of pomatum. The eyes are grey like a pane of glass wherein one sees nothing; in short, a complete and obscure impersonality which appears phantasmagorial.' The impression of the Diarist is in accordance with the popular one, especially as regards the eyes:—

'I was much struck by the personal appearance of Bonaparte; for the caricatures, and the descriptions which the English newspapers delight to give of him, prepare one to see a miserable pigmy; hollow-eyed, yellow-skinned, lantern-jawed, with a quantity of lank hair, and a nose of enormous proportions. But, though of low stature—perhaps five feet five or six—his figure is well-proportioned, his features are handsome, complexion rather sallow, hair very dark, cut short, and without powder. He has fine eyes, full of spirit and intelligence, a firm, severe mouth, indicating a stern and inflexible will—in a word, you see in his countenance, the master-mind; in his bearing, the man born to rule.'

What follows might have been written within the month in this year of our Lord 1872, or indeed it might have been written with especial application to the French capital four or five times over at intervals of fifteen or twenty years since 1789.

'It is very bright now, without the slightest fog or haziness in the atmosphere. This, however, as I have lately discovered, is not considered an advantage by everybody. For, a few days ago, a rather eccentric old fellow we had here, an Englishman, called to see my brother, and met with an acquaintance, who, in the course of conversation, asked him how he liked Paris. "To tell you a good deal in a few words," he answered, "I don't like the climate."

"No!" said his friend; "why, we are in the midst of November,
and

and have clear bright sunshine, while I hear from home that London is wrapped in its usual gloom and fog."

"I am not one of those who find fault with that," answered the old gentleman. "It's the right thing at this time of the year; and if they had a little more of it in this country, it would be a good thing for them. You may depend upon it, that a reasonable degree of weight in the atmosphere steadies the brain, and that we Englishmen owe much of our solid good sense, our respect for God and His Majesty, and the laws of the land, to the—the—I'll call it the sedateness of our climate."

"Now, I've been ten days in this country, and I should be sorry to stay in it ten more. For I notice that the kind of thin, light, and, I'll even say, flippant sort of air you get here, makes a man light-headed. It's like taking too much of their champagne wine—flimsy stuff, without body, that excites to folly, and makes you feel ready for any sort of mad spree."

"Why, H.I!" said his friend, laughing, "is that the effect of Paris air on your constitution?"

"Not quite come to that yet," he said, "but I can't say what might happen soon. I speak of the effect it has on the native constitution. It brings on in time a sort of moral *delirium tremens*—they get savage—knock down their kings and nobles—smash their palaces—tear down their churches—anything that comes in their way, till the fit wears itself out. Then any man, that has been able to keep his head clear and steady, may put his heel on them. He, I've an idea, who now has them well under his heel, will keep them there for some time to come. But there'll be another tussle by-and-by—it's in the air, I tell you, they can't help it, and in time the fit will be on again, and the present man be kicked over for another."

Without taking upon ourselves to say that the old gentleman was altogether wrong, we suppose that blood and race may have something to do with the matter, as well as climate and food. Yet there is no saying by what minute causes or circumstances the differences of national character are determined. Talleyrand had a favourite theory, which he once expounded at some length to Lord Aberdeen at Holland House: that the superior manliness and solidity of Englishmen, with their comparative freedom from frivolity, resulted from the separation of the sexes after dinner.

When Miss Berry was passing through Paris in 1802 she applied to 'a great and respectable bookseller' for some trifling works to read upon the road. He sent her about a hundred to choose from, and she took thirty or forty with the most inviting titles. They turned out (she states) to be such unvaried pictures of the same disgraceful state of society and manners, without wit or decency, that she successively threw the volumes out of the carriage window to avoid being the patient reader of such
revolving

revolting trash.* We collect from the Diarist that the light literature of the French was a true type of their morality, and that the dress of the fair Parisians resembled that of the festal choir in 'Moise',—

'When pretty young Israelites dance round the prophet,
With very thin clothing and but little of it.'

'As regards the French ladies, my brother thinks, that, even in what is called the very best Parisian society, our countrywomen find in their own sex much that offends English notions of propriety and good taste. While the case is even worse with the men, for there are some, who fill very high offices, whose manners are not only repulsive to women, but who are so excessively vulgar and ill-bred that no gentleman would voluntarily associate with them.

'The very few English ladies we have here seem half frightened at the free and lively manners of the French women; and as they are rarely strong enough in the language to appreciate the piquancy and playful wit of the Parisiennes in conversation, they are too apt to set down to boldness and effrontery what is merely the effect of great natural vivacity. The dresses now in vogue are of the scantiest pattern, and, it must be confessed, scarcely consistent with modesty of demeanour; yet what there is of them is worn with so much grace and elegance that one really soon learns to think them becoming. The men, on the other hand, repel by their utter disregard of the ordinary decencies of the toilet. I saw the other evening, at a reception at Madame Fouché's, more than one pair of spattered boots, and a good deal of linen far from clean, the wearers being not the least important personages present. The roughnesses of the revolution are not yet polished off.'

Moreau dines with the Mission, and this highly creditable circumstance is related of him:—

'M. d'Orsay who, before the revolution, was a nobleman of high rank and considerable fortune, lost by it most of his landed property, which was sold, as belonging to the nation. One of his estates, adjoining that of Moreau was sold to the General, as had been usual in such cases, at a price infinitely below its real value. Moreau went to M. d'Orsay to inform him of it, and to request him to join in the conveyance, as well as to accept the amount of the difference between the purchase money agreed for with the government, and the known value of the estate.

'These, and other transactions that have come to my brother's knowledge, give him a very high opinion of General Moreau's honour and principle in the affairs of private life.'

Very few of the English visitors to Paris in 1802 could speak French, and Mr. Jackson frequently overheard from the Parisians,

* 'England and France.' By the Editor of 'Madame du Deffand's Letters. 18:4.

rarely able to speak any language but their own: 'Ces Anglais sont excessivement bêtes; ils ne savent pas un mot de Français.' He tells a good story of the bold attempt of a Polish princess to talk English:—

'I must tell you what occurred at a ball at the Russian minister's, to Miss Jennings, Mrs. Rose's aunt. She was introduced to a Polish lady of rank—I need not tell you her name—who knew a few words of English, and was anxious to try a conversation. They did not get on very well, but Miss J., willing to say something she thought the lady would understand, inquired partly by words, partly by gesture, the name of another lady who was present. *Madame la princesse* answered, "Damn eyes, I not know!" Miss Jennings said she opened *her* eyes pretty wide with astonishment, and looked round, hoping no one was near enough to hear it. *La grande dame* taking this for doubt, repeated the words several times with still greater emphasis. "I knew not which way to look," said Miss Jennings; "some one must wickedly have told her it was a familiar English way of asserting a thing, and I could not attempt to explain her error to her, poor lady."

The mishap of a gentleman named Dorant, an amateur diplomatist, throws light on the nature of English exports to France in 1802:—

'Mr. Dorant has got himself into a scrape. He writes that he had embarked in the Dover packet on his return to Paris, having in his possession five hundred and sixty-nine guineas, but no order for their exportation. By some means it became known at the inn he had slept at, and information of the circumstance was given by the landlord to the Custom-House officer. When Dorant went on board he was seized and searched; the money was taken from him, and he was compelled to return on shore. He had a passport from M. Otto, who had given into his charge a parcel, which Dorant describes, in his odd way, as "about three feet long and as thick as a man's thigh, and containing several pieces of flannel for M. Talleyrand." Also he had a lace dress for Madame Bonaparte, for which he had paid sixty guineas; two others for Mesdames Fouché and Luxembourg, as well as green tea and cotton stockings for the latter lady, with two or three patent lace cloaks, and other articles for less distinguished personages. These he was compelled to leave on board, but they were all addressed to the English minister, and were to be passed through the Customs as his. He had the folly to declare that the guineas, as well as the packages, were for the use of the British minister. However, his story was not credited. He excused himself to my brother by saying that it was really a fact, as they enabled him to take a journey in his service, and to be useful to him.'

Guineas, flannel, green tea, and cotton stockings are intelligible enough; but the lace dress and the patent lace cloaks, coupled

coupled with the cap already mentioned for Madame Buonaparte, would seem to show that Honiton was then competing, on no unequal terms, with Brussels and Valenciennes.

When the peace of Amiens, unaccountably delayed after the settlement of the articles, was signed, the event was celebrated by entertainments and illuminations:—

‘The Palais du Corps Législatif—once the Palais Bourbon—was compared to a palace of jewels, so thickly was it covered with gleaming lamps, and their colours so harmoniously intermixed. The entire length of the Tuileries was marked by lines of fire, and festooned with flowers and variegated lamps, and draped with numerous flags; those of all nations intermingling with the *drapeau républicain*. A portion of the gardens was illuminated; in the vicinity was a display of fireworks, and another on the river; while a concert of military bands enlivened the scene.

‘Outside the grounds, and near the palace, a temporary fountain had been erected. Last evening it streamed with bright Bourdeaux, and many a bumper was quaffed there in honour of “La paix et le pacificateur!” and in one instance we heard: “Le héros! qui veut se faire aimer en vin!—en vain.”’

This pun may pair off with the more familiar one on the representation of Napoleon followed by the chariot of Victory: ‘Oui, le char l’attend’ (*charlatan*). But, strange to say, the anxious interest which the people took in the Congress of Amiens during its deliberation, subsided into utter indifference when the final result was known; and the First Consul exhibited marked mortification at their apathy. The Jacksons left Paris in April, 1802, and this tempting bit of scandal, touching the English Ambassador who came after them, is extracted from a Berlin letter of April, 1803:—

‘Of course, everybody is now become a politician, and people in England have probably looked a little in this direction lately, where anxiety is as great, to know the result of the busy scene transacting between London and Paris. My brother says he is not at all surprised at the account you give us of his colleague (Lord Whitworth) in that capital. A Russian friend writes us thence, “The fact is, his lordship has very little in him, and makes up for the deficiency by a great display of pomposity, for which he always had a *penchant*, although it is not altogether reconcilable with his having spent six or seven thousand a year at St. Petersburg that came out of the pocket of one of the rich women with whom our country abounds.” The lady referred to had reached this city on her way to London to join him, when she learnt the news of his marriage to the duchess. My brother does not believe that there is any foundation for the report that he behaves very ill to her Grace. He seemed most attentive to her in England, though it is true she would never let him go from her side, and it was clear
that

that the difference of a Paris life would occasion her many an uneasy moment.'

From a letter of the same month and year we learn that the invasion panic was at its height:—

'That the invasion fever should have set in so early, and at Bath too, is diverting. One old lady has really died of nervous terror, you say. Now I should like to know what *she* especially feared. We have heard of another who has had a suit of men's clothes made for her daughter, and seventy guineas sewn up in the waistband of her pantaloons or breeches. Others are ready for a start, they say, but whither they are bound is not mentioned. It would seem that the Great Man would have an easy conquest could he but once make good his footing on the shores of the tight little island, instead of finding, as he has been assured, that not only every man, but every woman and child would be ready to shoulder a musket to oppose him.'

Amongst the notabilities at Berlin in 1804 was Madame de Stäel, indulging in her love of admiration and giving free expression to her contempt for the Berlinese:—

'Mr. Drummond (English Minister at Dresden) left us yesterday; he is a loss to us, being a most pleasant man, full of information, and possessing a fund of anecdote. He has been upon the go for some weeks; but the charms of Madame de Stäel—with whom he was deeply smitten—detained him till now. The roads furnished him with an excellent excuse for lengthening his stay; however, hero like, he tore himself from the chains, which were binding him closer every day, lest by longer delay he should find them too firmly riveted to be broken. *Le voilà donc parti.* Cavendish, to our great regret, follows to-morrow.

'Ask Mr. Stevens about Madame de Stäel; she is a very curious personage, I assure you. Naturally good-humoured, I should think, but overwhelmingly self-sufficient, and having the highest contempt for everything she meets with in Berlin. Her daughter, a child of nine or ten years, has imbibed her mother's ideas in this respect, as the following little anecdotes tend to prove.

'At a children's ball, at Prince Ferdinand's, she met with another little girl whom she seemed to think very pleasant, and said she liked very much; finding, however, in the course of conversation that her new acquaintance was German, mademoiselle pushed the child away, and in an angry tone said, "*Allez-vous-en! Vous êtes Allemande, allez-vous-en! Les Allemands sont tous des sots!*" This, though considered *assez fort*, is nothing to the other, which almost amounts to infantine *lèse-majesté*. Being at another juvenile reunion at the palace, and taking offence at something the prince royal said, or did to her, she very coolly gave him a swingeing box on the ear: upon which he rushed to his mother, hid his face in her dress, and cried; the young lady herself, when remonstrated with, remaining calm and unmoved. It is said that Madame de Stäel has been desired

to

to keep her at home until she has learned better manners; and Madame herself will soon find, if she is not more careful, that *les bons Berlinois*, whose civilities she returns with contempt, are beginning to think they have borne rudeness enough, even from *tant d'esprit et de réputation*. As to the child, it is clear to every one that she must be, at least tacitly, encouraged in her impertinence by her mother.'

An incidental allusion to Kotzebue is worth quoting—

'Kotzebue, after whom you inquire with so much interest, left this some months ago to pass the winter, I believe, in Italy. Upon his first coming here people were much disposed in his favour, but his unconscionable vanity and affectation of extreme sensibility sickened many persons; and he sank very low in every one's estimation after the publication of his memoirs, because of his pitiful and ignoble insinuations against those to whom he owed a deep debt of gratitude. For myself, I own that I was much surprised, notwithstanding all I had heard and seen of him, when, after reading his description of his feelings in the wood near Stockenanschoff, and the stream of tenderness that gushed forth when he thought of "his Emily," the mere repetition of whose "sweet name" calmed his sufferings both of mind and body, &c., I learnt that he had just married his third, if not fourth wife.'

Writers of fiction were never expected to act up to the sentiments they professed. Kotzebue's genius fully entitled him to the poetic licence claimed for Rousseau, who, after writing 'Émile,' sent his children to the foundling hospital—or for Sterne, when he neglected a dying mother to weep over a dead donkey:—

'What an impostor Genius is!—
How with that strong mimetic art,
Which is its life, its soul, it takes
All shapes of thought, all hues of heart,
Nor feels itself one throb it wakes.'

In reviewing the 'Life of Lord Palmerston,' we called attention to some passages in his Journal describing the battle of Jena and suggesting a parallel between the Prussian court and army in October 1806, and the French court and army in July 1870; the same carelessness, the same blind confidence, the same administrative incapacity, the same corruption, similarly followed by defeat, national humiliation, and disgrace. These Diaries supply additional touches to the humiliating but instructive picture of Prussia, which is completed by some curious extracts from the letters of Gentz, judiciously given in an appendix. Two years before (August 1804) the Diarist had written:—

'For my part, I wish the Kings of Prussia and Sweden could change places. The latter would perhaps employ to some purpose the army of this country—amounting to near two hundred and fifty

thousand men—more perfect, it is allowed on all hands, in every detail of its organization than at any former period, and sufficiently imbued with the spirit of patriotism effectually to resist the troops of the new empire.

'The finances of the country are also known to be in a more flourishing state than they have been since 1790, when the late king made the first inroads on the treasure left by Frederick II. But the *vis inertiae* of the king paralyzes the whole force of the Prussian monarchy, and renders it as completely null, for all purposes of beneficial influence, as are the smallest of the states of Germany, or of the Italian republic.'

This *vis inertiae* clung to his Majesty despite the quiet influence of the beautiful and high-spirited Queen, until he was fairly forced into action by the imminence of the danger and the impulse of self-preservation :—

'Oct. 13, 1806.—The present energetic conduct of the King of Prussia is owing, the General says, to Bonaparte's intentions towards Prussia having been discovered by M. de Lucchesini when last in Paris. He had called one day on Talleyrand, without the remotest suspicion of what was going on, and found him in a violent passion, beating his head, and talking to himself of Bonaparte's restless ambition, &c., L. inquired, with seeming indifference, what was the matter? Talleyrand replied only by vague hints, and expressions of ill-humour, then turned the conversation to other topics. As soon as Lucchesini got home, he set all his wheels in motion to learn what had so upset Talleyrand, and at last discovered that Bonaparte meditated nothing less than the seizure of all Westphalia, and—as His Majesty himself expresses it in his proclamation—"the erasing of the King of Prussia from the list of independent sovereigns," as he already had done by others.'

Gentz, who had been sent for to draw up the manifesto, found everything in confusion and everyone capable of appreciating the situation in despair. The best of the Prussian generals, Kalckreuth, told him on October the 4th (ten days before Jena), that the Commander-in-Chief, the Duke of Brunswick, was utterly incompetent; that the army had no confidence in him, would not and could not have any; that if within eight days (at the expiration of which operations were to begin) some lucky incident did not occur to change entirely the existing state of things, 'this campaign would finish either by a retreat in the style of that of 1792, or by some memorable catastrophe, which would throw the battle of Austerlitz into the shade.' The catastrophe is thus recorded in the Diary :—

'16th—Evening.—Would to God I had not to record that the fatal forebodings of every anxious heart have been but too fully realized! The Prussians have been completely beaten at Jena. The battle began

began at daylight and lasted the greater part of the day. Not less than twenty thousand Prussians were left dead on the field. The King, the Duke of Brunswick, the Princes Henry and William, are all wounded. The three brothers slightly, but the Duke's wounds are very serious. He is to be brought to Magdeburg to-morrow. The Prince of Orange, according to the official account, "*s'est couvert de gloire.*" With his only remaining corps of from five to six thousand men, he and the Duke of Weimar made good their retreat to Erfurt early yesterday morning. It is said that the King intended to resume the engagement next day, but that seems impossible, with his army a complete wreck.

'Lord Morpeth is returned. He and his party had to run for it. Hardly had they time to get out of Frankenberg on their flight hither, than the French entered it.

'18th.—In the late melancholy *débâcle*, almost every Prussian general was either wounded or killed. The old Field-marshal received three wounds and is a prisoner. Prince Henry was here yesterday, and Generals Pfuhl and Pritzortz, as well as Hüsenheim, and several other Prussian officers, who disgracefully quitted the field of battle, seeing, as they pretend, that everything was lost.'

The demoralization of the Prussian Army is best illustrated by an incident:—

'Yesterday morning (October 31) the Swedish commandant at Anclam was surprised by the arrival, at full gallop, of *fifteen hundred* Prussian cavalry pursued by *nineteen* French *chasseurs*. Their officers were calling to them, for God's sake, not to behave thus, and telling them no more *chasseurs* were following. But this had no effect. "*Sie sind Franzosen!—Sie sind Franzosen!*" exclaimed the men: as if that was a sufficient excuse for their dastardly conduct. It is the more to be wondered at and lamented, as some of the regiments fought like tigers at Jena. Möllendorff's, in particular, is literally reduced to fifty-six privates and eight officers.

'The commandant allowed the fugitives to cross the drawbridge, and drew it up against their pursuers. *Seeing this, the French threw themselves into the river, and attempted to swim over, but were shot in the water.* In answer to the commandant's inquiry, what he was to do with these fifteen hundred Prussians, he has received orders to tell them that it is quite impossible to give them an asylum here; that there are only enough provisions for the Swedes, but that they should be furnished with guides to enable them to join Winning's corps, as well as with sustenance for their journey as far as Witstock.'

When the tables were turned in 1870, troops of Frenchmen might be seen flying before two or three Uhlans, or surrendering to them. The Queen, who has been made answerable for this war, declared to Gentz some days before the battle, 'God knows that I have never been consulted about public affairs, and that I have never desired to be. If I had been, I own I should have

voted for the war. I believe that it was indispensable; our position had become so equivocal that we were obliged to get out of it at any cost; it is far less from calculation, it is from the sentiment of honour, from the sense of duty, that we were compelled to take this step.' Her condition at Ortelsburg, November 27th, six weeks after the battle, is thus described:—

'We get hardly any meat; the water is of the worst kind, and there is no possibility of procuring any wine as a corrective. Yet, taking one thing with another, we struggle on tolerably well, and have, I think, some reason to be satisfied, when we know that the poor queen—whose dignified resignation, and the nobleness of character she displays, under these trying and distressing circumstances, render her more interesting than does even her great beauty—has, literally, only a small, scantily-furnished room, on the ground-floor of one of the wretched barns they call houses, which one can hardly step out of without getting up to the ankles in mud! for although the weather has, hitherto, been so exceptionally mild, yet it is damp, and the village is one of the dirtiest.

'The king takes a morning walk while their room, which, like our own, serves for sitting and bedroom, is arranged for their Majesties' breakfast.

'Since I came here, I have seen the queen only once, to speak to; she said but little, but that little in her usual amiable and affable manner. She is obliged to be very cautious, both in her words and her actions, for the king is of an excessive ill-humour, and turns a deaf ear to all she says; she, however, does not allow herself to be discouraged, and loses no opportunity of endeavouring to counteract the counsels of Köchritz and his associates.

'Her lady of honour has to put up with a small closet for a sleeping room, and complains wofully of Her Majesty's rest, and her own, being greatly disturbed by the bugs with which their lodging is infested.'

Her Royal spouse's anxiety for her amusement at this trying period was singularly displayed:—

'The queen was much vexed the other day at His Majesty compelling her, although she was really very unwell, to go to a hunt he had ordered, on the queen having, by chance, said that she had never seen an elk. She begged the king to excuse her, but he peremptorily insisted on her going. The sport was certainly by no means famous, and this ill-timed idea of His Majesty has given rise to innumerable jests.'

Lord Palmerston confirms this account:—

'He (the king) fled to Osterode, in the neighbourhood of Dantzic. Such was his apathy with regard to his affairs, that when Count de Woronzow, who was sent from Petersburg on a mission to him, reached Osterode, he was immediately invited to attend the king on a hunting

a hunting party. They had good sport, and killed a wolf and an elk. The queen, though ill and disgusted with this ill-timed amusement, was forced to join the party.'

The poor Duke of Brunswick made an attempt at negotiation with the conqueror on his own account. He wrote a letter which is described as admirable for dignity and simplicity, and sent it by M. de Munckhausen:—

'As soon as Bonaparte had read it, he threw it on the table, exclaiming, with violence, "Non!—il a cessé de regner! Ni lui, ni aucune de sa race, ne mettra jamais le pied en Brunswick—partout où je le trouve, il sera fait prisonnier de guerre. Il a voulu la guerre, qu'il en recueille les fruits." Turning then to Berthier, he said, "I thought that country had been occupied; why was it not? Let it be so instantly."

'On M. de Munckhausen trying to reason with him, and saying that, "as a Prussian officer, it was impossible for his serene highness not to join the army," Bonaparte answered, "Ce serait bon pour un conserit de dire."

'Finding remonstrance and argument vain, M. de Munckhausen began to speak of the duke's pureness of intention, and said, "Let what would happen, he would always have the consolation of having acted uprightly, and according to the dictates of his conscience. Bonaparte here interrupted him with, "Que Dieu juge les cœurs, s'il le veut, moi, je juge les actions."

'Thus, M. de Munckhausen was obliged to return to Brunswick, and, without stating all that had passed, report enough to induce the duke—who is in a most wretched state—to leave that city, and come to Altona.'

Young Englishmen of the present generation will read with surprise the reflection which concludes an account of a royal shooting party at Hanover in 1802:—

'It was a very large one, and attended by a great many "beaters," as they are called, whose business is to beat about the woods while the sportsmen stand at the entrance of the avenues, and pop at the birds as fast as they can load. By this means an almost inconceivable number is in one day killed by each person, who kills, in fact, for the sake of killing. I confess that I cannot look on this as sport, or as anything more than wanton cruelty, which disgusts me whenever I think of it.'

The mischief of the *battue* system, especially as involving the excessive preservation of game, was the subject of some judicious remarks by Earl Stanhope in his 'Reign of Queen Anne.' His Lordship there treats it as a practice of novel introduction, which has by no means conduced to the rational enjoyment of the sport. It was obviously new to the young English diplomatist in 1802.

Amongst

Amongst many diverting sketches of manners, there is one of the mode of celebrating New Year's Day at Berlin:—

'Our ball was a very gay one, for the 31st of December is a day of great festivity in Berlin. When the hands of the clock marked midnight, and we were all engaged in a country dance, the music suddenly ceased; each musician snatched up a French horn, and blew in the new year in such a sonorous manner that one would have thought *Æolus's* bag was, *de nouveau*, rent asunder.

'The first blast brought the dancing to an end, *pro tempore* only; and there ensued such a chaos of hugging, kissing, congratulating, shaking of hands, as I never before witnessed. Of course I followed the general example, and saluted all the pretty girls present.'

It may give fair readers an additional interest in these Diaries to say that they abound in proofs that the writer in his adolescent state bore a strong resemblance to Cherubino, in the 'Mariage de Figaro,' when he tells Suzanne: '*Je ne sais plus ce que je suis; mais depuis quelque temps je sens ma poitrine agitée; mon cœur palpité au seul aspect d'une femme.*'

We cannot afford space for more extracts, which we regret; for by no means the least interesting of the letters and diaries are those written in Spain, where the writer was an eye-witness, or close observer, of the events of that anxious and uncertain period of our Peninsular operations which preceded the battle of Talavera. An animated description of that battle contains incidents which are new to us:—

'Cuesta was then suffered to continue his retreat unmolested, and to take up a position with his right on the town of Talavera, and the French turned their whole force against Mackenzie, who was posted in a wood, and from not expecting the attack, was nearly surrounded—the enemy having crossed at two fords above the bridge, attacking in front, as well as sending a corps round to the right. This was the most critical part of the whole action. Sir Arthur saw this last movement, and ordered two regiments to make head against the enemy, at the same time warning them that they would be attacked instantly, and that everything depended on their maintaining their ground. He himself got on the top of a small house in the wood, to superintend the whole, and there had the mortification to see those two regiments give way, and the enemy pressing on in such numbers, and with such rapidity, that he had but just time to drop himself from the roof of the house, mount his horse, and order the whole of the corps out of the wood, to form in line in front of it. This they did with great rapidity, and poured some most destructive volleys on the French as they advanced, which checked them, and our troops retired in good order, and took up another position.

• • • • •
'The famous charge of the 23rd (cavalry) Regiment took place in the plain

plain between the above-mentioned hill and the Sierra to the left, where the sharpshooters were placed. A ravine runs there, which, being covered with brushwood, was not perceived beforehand, and they all fell into it—thus one of our finest regiments were cut to pieces, opposed to solid columns of the advancing enemy. The ill-timed impetuosity and rashness of the Guards was also the cause of much mischief, but gave occasion for the execution of a very beautiful manoeuvre—the first line opened *en échelon*, allowing the retiring Guards to pass through their intervals, then forming again in close line, with a rapidity and precision which all who saw it speak of as admirable.

According to Napier, a part of the 23rd struggled through the ravine and, led by Major Ponsonby, furiously charged the French. According to the same authority, it was the 48th, led by Colonel Donovan, that opened to allow the Guards, who were falling back in confusion, to pass through. But such points of difference illustrate the value of diaries written on the spot, and the inestimable aid, independently of their interest to the general reader, that future historians may derive from them.

ART. VIII.—1. *The Bible in the Public Schools. Arguments in the case of John D. Minor versus the Board of Education of the City of Cincinnati, with the Opinions and Decisions of the Court.* Cincinnati and London, 1870.

2. *Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen's Speech upon Education spoken at Sandwich, Jan. 26, 1872.*

3. *The Marquis of Salisbury's Speech at a Meeting of the National Society for Promoting the Education of the Poor held at Liverpool, April 5, 1872.*

WHEN a change was made, so vast in itself, and so foreign to widely prevalent ideas about the functions of Government, as that implied in a public measure for the education of a whole people, it is not wonderful that important questions of principle should have been raised. We are thrown back, in truth, on some of those organic questions which concern the very foundations of human society—the rights of men as individuals, the rights of parents, and the rights and duties of society as a whole. Nor need we regret that it should be so. However undesirable it may be in the ordinary working of society to be continually and unnecessarily reverting to first principles, there are times and circumstances in which such an exercise is wholesome as well as necessary. In such periods, the true wisdom lies in probing to the bottom all questions that must be raised, so as to ascertain the truth in regard to them, and to

to settle the minds of thinking men on solid foundations. Truth never can ultimately suffer by such an ordeal. In the present controversy about national education, we are persuaded that the investigation of some important general principles has become necessary and must be useful. We are confident that such an investigation will result in a refutation of the loose and dangerous views which have been lately set afloat in certain quarters, and in a clear establishment of the main positions assailed. Thus the vital principles, that it is the duty of the State, by the use of legitimate means, to see that the whole people are educated, and, at the same time, that all true and safe education ought to be based upon religious truth, are being enforced on both sides of the Atlantic and amongst all sections of the Anglo-Saxon family; and they are insisted on anew in France and Italy as the only hope of a sound basis for national life and vigour.

On the first principle involved in National Education there is now happily a general consent. Under the pressing sense of the social evils of ignorance, and the danger of placing political power in the hands of the uninstructed, this first principle was assented to by many, without taking time to consider the issues involved in its application. Controversies have thus arisen, which ought to have been shut out by a really intelligent conviction on this primary question, What right has the State to educate the children of the people? It has been asked, Do not children belong to their parents, and not to the State? That parents have a primary duty in regard to the education of their children is not only fully admitted, but it is a consideration of vital importance. But men and families grouped into societies and nations must no longer be considered as mere units, and therefore this admission does not in the least invalidate the position, that the State or nation is also deeply interested in the question of the management of children. The State is entitled to adopt means to train virtuous citizens, because it is bound to punish vicious ones. It cannot, therefore, be maintained that the parental authority over children is so absolute and paramount as to warrant any class of parents in bringing up a race of children in such neglect that they shall be pests to the general community, and thus entail great burdens upon the State for the repression of crime. A man has no more right to let loose upon the community a family of neglected children, under pretence of the sacredness of parental rights, than to send forth amongst them children suffering from the small-pox or scarlet fever. On the other hand, as prevention is better than cure, the State, by promoting the universal and sound education of the people,

people, obviates the necessity for undue measures of coercion. This course is also in every way more kind and benevolent. All this, however, is so evident, that every attempt which has been seriously made to maintain the opposite position has signally failed.

But this first principle has been consented to on practical grounds, with a very inadequate consideration of all that it involves. Many cannot get free from the mistake of regarding the State as a power distinct from the collective action of the people. However elementary the error, it has important consequences. It is not the fact that Government comes in as an external power to take in hand the education of the people; but the people themselves have resolved to provide means and aids for the education of their children. Nor have they even intrusted the carrying out of this resolution to the executive Government. When the existing organizations do not provide sufficient means for the education of the people in any locality, the work is committed to boards chosen on the freest principles of local representation, with only guidance and supervision from the Government, and that subject to the will of Parliament. The fullest liberty is therefore given, within the limits prescribed by the representatives of all the people, to those who represent them in their several localities. Hence the schools in every district are sure to be taught and governed as the people who support them wish; and whatever objection may arise to the teaching and government, will come only from a minority.

Of that minority all classes, and even individuals, have their conscientious scruples as to matters of religion fully respected and carefully guarded. This having been done, the minority can have no right to put a sort of Polish veto on the collective action of the council in which all parties are fully and fairly represented.

If, indeed, in the necessary exclusion of the very lowest class from a direct share in this representative system, we exclude the parents of the children whom it is most needful to reach, we should be the more careful to protect their true parental rights and to respect their sound parental feelings. We admit the principle that a parent ought to educate his child. But because some will not, and others cannot, and others neither can nor will, the whole social body comes to the help of its weaker members, with so much compulsion (and, we will at once add, so much only) as is needful to make the reluctant use that help. We claim to do for them what they ought to do for themselves; but we must do it as they would do it if they had both the power and the enlightened will.

It is not for us, like a despotic Government, to take the children out of their families and mould them into mere units in the machinery of the State; nor have we any right to model their minds according to philosophic theories which may be in fashion for the time. It is our most solemn duty to strengthen the parental and filial tie, which is the first bond of the whole social system; to make the children of the poor good sons and daughters before everything. In thus 'turning the hearts of the children to the fathers and of the fathers to the children,' we shall reunite those sacred family bonds, in the disruption of which the dissolution of social order begins.

This principle involves the teaching of *duty* and its sanctions; it forbids our withholding such teaching; it stamps as a tyrannical abuse of our power over the poor the attempt to force on them any system which would be rejected by the enlightened conscience of a parent. It is only by respecting these considerations that we can reconcile the seeming paradox of undertaking to fulfil what is properly a parental duty, by taking the education of neglected children out of their parents' hands. It is only by founding the education of the people on the solid basis of morality as enforced by religious sanctions, that we can fulfil this duty. Nay, we hesitate not to affirm that only by preserving the Bible in our schools shall we consult the real desires of the great mass of parents, and make the system one truly of popular education.

We oppose these principles, at the very threshold of the discussion, to the doctrine of purely 'secular' education, which has unhappily found favour with a large body of the Nonconformists. Some years ago the Nonconformists denied the right of the State to educate the people at all. Many will remember with what clamorous earnestness they tried to enforce their peculiar views. In his celebrated speech on education, in the House of Commons in 1847, Lord Macaulay eloquently exposed this fallacy:—

'Can you mention a single great philosopher, a single man distinguished by his zeal for liberty, humanity, and truth, who from the beginning of the world down to the time of this present Parliament ever held your doctrines? You can oppose to the unanimous voice of all the wise and good of all ages, and of both hemispheres, nothing but a clamour which was first heard a few months ago, a clamour in which you cannot join without condemning not only all whose memory you profess to hold in reverence, but even your former selves. This new theory of politics has at least the merit of originality. It may be fairly stated thus. All men have hitherto been utterly in the wrong as to the nature and objects of civil Government. The great truth, hidden from every preceding generation, and at length revealed, in the year 1846, to some highly respectable ministers and elders of dissenting

dissenting congregations, is this. Government is simply a great hangman. Government ought to do nothing except by harsh and degrading means. The one business of Government is to handcuff, and lock up, and scourge, and shoot, and stab, and strangle. It is odious tyranny in a Government to attempt to prevent crime by improving the understanding and elevating the moral feeling of a people.*

But this theory, contrary as it was to humanity, reason, and experience, did not last long. Whilst the Nonconformists were discussing abstract questions in regard to the duty of Government, the Church of England was acting. With much energy and many sacrifices, Churchmen were building schools and availing themselves with ready zeal of the offered aid of the Government. Thus multitudes of children, who would otherwise have been neglected, were brought under the influence of education, and the way prepared for securing and at the same time controlling and regulating a general measure. Meanwhile, the Nonconformists were losing ground; their schools were few in number; and the education of the people was rapidly slipping out of their hands. How far the perception of these pregnant facts served as a powerful corrective to the false logic of the Nonconformists, it is unnecessary to inquire. Certain it is, that they eventually changed their ground, and sought to share in the public grants for education, which they had previously denounced. In this, however, for various reasons, they were not very successful. Whether or not as a consequence of this want of success, our readers may judge for themselves, but a new theory has recently been broached with great vehemence, namely that the State, although bound to educate the people, is also bound to confine its efforts to the communication of mere secular instruction, whilst all religion is to be expressly excluded from the schools. The object here again is tolerably palpable. Were it gained, it might apparently exalt the Nonconformists, but only in the sense of bringing down all other Churches to the same level. Government would deal with an equal hand with the zealous and supine, with those who have been promoting education by means of great efforts and sacrifices and those who have been neglecting it. But would this be fair or reasonable? Is it in accordance with equity? Would such a plan be founded on sound principles of national duty? On the contrary, would it not be at once equally tyrannical and unwise?

These questions lead us to the very root of the whole discussion. How many of those who swell the cry of 'Secular

* Macaulay's 'Speeches, and Works,' vol. viii., pp. 391, 392, ed. 1866.

Education *

Education' give a thought to the issues involved in those two words? At every step we find it needful to renew the question, What is Education? For even on this first question there is much haze and misunderstanding, whilst a clear and intelligent answer to this question would go far to enable us to answer all others that are involved in the discussion. We ask, therefore, What is education. Are education and instruction the same? What is all this we hear about teaching 'the three R's'? Is the communication not of knowledge, but of the machinery by which knowledge may be acquired, properly called education? The least consideration will prove that it is not so, and that there is a manifest fallacy in all contrary representations. Education implies the development of man's whole nature—physical, intellectual, and moral. It implies not the mere communication of the means for acquiring knowledge, or even the mere giving of knowledge, apart from all reference to the purposes to which that knowledge may be turned, but the moulding and training in youth, when the nature is ductile and impressible, of man's whole faculties and powers. In other words, in educating children, reference must be had to their true nature and destiny. They must be taught in such a way as not to overlook those noble faculties and powers by which they have been endowed. The teaching or training of a man must not be confounded with the mere physical training of the beasts that perish. Mere instruction is not education.

No error can be greater than to think more of the knowledge that we have ready to pour into the mind of a child, than of the nature of the child itself, which we have to train. What is the child? A vessel, of which the narrow capacity is the only limit to the mingled mass of information with which the advocates of different branches of learning would cram it? A machine for making money and winning prosperity, whether for itself or its future master, and to be instructed because intelligent industry is more profitable than stupid labour?—because, to use one of those set phrases, in which brevity covers a world of fallacy, 'knowledge is power'? Nay! in partial knowledge, and the conceit of knowledge, lies the very root of weakness. True knowledge is often crushed by the power of brute force; perverted knowledge is the most powerful engine of all wickedness. Even sceptics, who deny a devil, create his image in the world of fiction to personify intellect without goodness; and bitter daily experience teaches that no increase of information and the machinery of learning will make our social outcasts good citizens. The cause of National Education has received its chief impulse from the social dangers of ignorance; but are there no social dangers

dangers in mere knowledge? for 'knowledge alone,' says Lord Lytton, 'is not friendly to content. Its tendency is to increase the desires, to dissatisfy us with what is, in order to urge progress to what may be; and in that progress what unnoticed martyrs among the many must fall baffled and crushed by the way! To how large a number will be given desires they will never realize, dissatisfaction of the lot from which they will never rise!' Shall we, therefore, withhold knowledge? No! but rest it on the sure basis of contentment with social order, and of faith in the moral government of God. In a word, we must face the question as it is presented to us in the whole nature and destiny of the child. We must train his powers for duty and goodness in this life, for his part in the family, in society, and the state. We must, above all, keep alive the sense of his responsibility and his hopes as an immortal being.

This is but a slight outline of what is involved in 'education.' Let us look at the other part of the watchword. If '*secular education*' implies all that is contained in a knowledge of the *world* into which the child is born, the *age* in which he is to play his part, the *dispensation* under which he lives—the mere statement of the question thus gives an answer to the narrow, shallow, arbitrary idea usually attached to '*secular*' knowledge. The world in which the child is to live, and which it ought to know aright, is the objective element, as the child's own nature is the subjective element, of education. But that world must be taken in its reality and fulness—past, present, and to come; the world of nature and society, of practical life and history, of thought and imagination; the world which implies a Creator and a moral governor, and a future world beyond it. But in the perverted use of the term '*secular*' we are to have a world with God left out, creation and providence both denied—that is, the teaching of nature and history based upon a falsehood.

Of course this is not the intention of those religious Nonconformists, who advocate secular instruction as the only visible escape from the religious difficulty. We know that they will deny the necessity of such a result. But we pray them to consider this dilemma:—Must not nature be taught either with or without reference to the Creator? Must not history be taught either with or without the acknowledgment of Providence? Will not the negation be opposition? If they doubt it, they must be blind and deaf to the deeds and words of their secular allies, who have no such doubts, and who make no secret of their intentions, any more than of their exultation in the hope of seeing them realized. Free inquiry is to be pursued, no longer as the test of truth, but as the mortal enemy of all authority; that is, the

the very basis of all teaching in the school is to be laid by undermining the teaching of the family, the Bible, and the Church. 'Theological and secular instruction run in two opposite currents of thought'—is a boast which, if not yet true, will soon be verified under such a system. The attacks of sceptics on the Bible are now expressly directed to the aim of discrediting it for use in the education of the people. Surely it is time for religious Nonconformists to exclaim—

'Non tali auxilio: nec defensoribus istis!'

Is it from *them* that we hear the demand to separate religion from learning, and to leave the former to professional instructors? Rapid is the current of change! It was but yesterday that the Nonconformist body hailed Dr. Arnold as the prophet of the great truth that all education should be imbued with religion. We still hear the echo of the cry that resounded from a thousand pulpits, of 'religion in common life.' We ask if we are really assisting at the councils of a great and sober people, or are we sitting at a show, in which the lines of religious and secular education are mingled before our eyes, like the broken pictures of a dissolving view?

It is, however, right to state that many Nonconformists by no means concur in the view which has been so keenly advocated. Some eminent Dissenters repudiate the new plan of secularism, and the most recently elected member of the London School Board—Mr. Hugh Owen—is said to be 'a Dissenter, but in favour of Bible teaching.' Mr. Baines, of Leeds, who till recently was justly regarded as the most distinguished representative of Nonconformity in the House of Commons, has denounced, in the House of Commons, the new scheme of mere secularism, as 'a violation of justice and good faith.'

This is satisfactory and significant, and no doubt many more of the reasonable and intelligent, not to say quiet and devout Dissenters, do not take part with their more noisy and violent co-religionists, who of late years have become earnest advocates for mere secular schools. The main body of the Wesleyan Methodists, moreover, are understood to be strongly in favour of national education based upon religion. They have done much towards the promotion of this object, and they take no part in the secularist outcry. It is very important to keep all this in view from a mere sense of justice, as well as to understand the real strength of the sinister influences recently at work, namely, that it is not by any means all the Dissenters of England, but only an extreme section of them, that have virtually gone over to the camp of the secularists.

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There is another point to which we solicit the attention of our readers. The Nonconformists who advocate pure Secularism in national education have in effect come down from their religious position altogether, and become a mere wing of the previously small army of men, who, on other grounds, oppose and condemn all support of religion on the part of the Government. Many of these persons openly profess to have no belief in divine truth, and have therefore naturally no desire that it should receive any countenance or support on the part of the Government. Their Secularism, therefore, is of a pure and unmixed type; and the manifestation of this spirit in connection with the question of education is just what might have been anticipated. Still their numbers were previously so scanty, and their theories conflicted so decidedly with the convictions of the public conscience, that their influence, whilst acting alone, could scarcely have been felt in the determination of this or any other great question. It is only since they have been reinforced by the political weight of a numerous section of the Nonconformists, that they have at length contrived to make themselves a somewhat formidable party, whose influence is felt in regard to national education.

Their new allies, the Nonconformists, profess to differ from them entirely in regard to the value of religious teaching, and we have no doubt they do so sincerely. They not only say that religious teaching is important, but they sometimes use very strong language to indicate their sense of its value. Their quarrel, they say, is not with the thing itself, but with the channel through which it is conveyed. According to them, the State is a mere secular organization, without a conscience, and debarred by its very constitution from meddling with anything religious. No matter that the Scripture speaks of the duty of nations, and represents them as in their public capacity acting virtuously and being rewarded, and, on the other hand, sinning and suffering. No matter that all eminent authorities on the question, as for example, Vattel on the 'Law of Nations,' declare that 'a nation, while she acts in common or in a body, is a moral person,' and that, 'if all men are bound to serve God, the entire nation, in her national capacity, is doubtless obliged to serve and honour him.' No matter that the impracticability of religion being taught by parents, as it is now taught in well-conducted public schools, has been clearly pointed out. No matter that we ask in vain for a sample or illustration, in all past history or in present experience, of the working of such a scheme as is suggested by the objecting Nonconformists, and especially that we ask the Dissenters in vain why they have
done

done so little themselves to illustrate and commend their own theory? Without giving us the least satisfaction on any of these points, they simply assert their theory, cry out against all attempts to gainsay it, and attempt to maintain it, partly on grounds of Scripture, and partly on grounds of reason and political expediency.

We need not enter into this part of the subject at any length. If the State is to concern itself with education at all, it is manifestly bound to concern itself with the religious instruction of the young. What is the object of the State in seeking to educate the people? Is it not a reasonable and proper desire to make good subjects and good citizens? Can this be done without training the consciences of the young to discern and dread what is evil and to cleave to what is good? When one reads of the utter indifference to truth and falsehood, to the rights of property and even to the value of human life, by which man in his savage state is often characterized, it is surely of much importance to the statesman to train up a race of citizens who shall have a clear perception of the nature and of the binding obligation of moral distinctions. An American writer, quoted in the discussion in regard to the legality of excluding the Bible from the schools of Cincinnati, speaking of this and of the 'rights of conscience,' a phrase often used without much intelligence, says:—

'What notion of the rights of conscience are they to obtain without being instructed in the nature and office of conscience? Are they not to be taught what conscience is, and whose voice it speaks, and that it is the great demonstrative proof irrefragable and universal of the being of God? Are they not to learn that it is the faculty by which men judge of their own actions by comparing them with the law of God as it remains perhaps faintly written on their hearts, but stands distinctly revealed in His word? And can they be instructed in its rights without being informed that this law is so much more obligatory than any law of man, that the duty of obeying the law of God is the foundation of all the rights of conscience—that conscience is in fine the expositor of the will of God?'

Therefore, in reference to the duty of teachers, he further says:—

'May they not—must they not enlighten this faculty in their pupils, improve its discriminating power, exercise them in reflecting on the moral character of their actions, on the character of their Creator and Redeemer, and in referring themselves ultimately to the supreme law derived from Revelation?'—*The Bible in the Public Schools*, pp. 171, 172.

This touches the very essence of the whole question. All the great

great statesmen of the world have acted upon this principle, which all classes of secularists must ignore. It is extremely doubtful what effect would be produced by a mere secular education. So far as we know, the experiment has never been tried on a great scale, but there is no reason to think that it would prove otherwise than nationally disastrous.

It deserves notice that one of the constitutional principles of the United States is in the following terms: 'Religion, morality, and knowledge being essential to good government, it shall be the duty of the General Assembly to pass suitable laws to protect all religious denominations in the peaceable enjoyment of their own mode of worship and to encourage schools and the means of instruction.' When this principle was challenged, and came to be interpreted and applied, in connection with an attempt to turn the Bible out of the common schools, so lately as in 1869, the 'Superior Court of Cincinnati' decided that it was not in the power of an American School Board to expel the Bible and religious instruction from common education. In delivering the opinion of the Court, Judge Storer gave some interesting information in regard to general principles of American government, however imperfectly these may sometimes be applied, and the extent to which these principles are applicable to schools and incorporated in the legislation of America.

'We find in the class of exemptions of personal property from execution, the family Bible is especially named, and this too before the homestead and the present privileges of the debtor were secured by law. So in the apprentice law, one of the conditions in the indenture binding on the master is that he shall give to the apprentice at the close of his term a new Bible; and in the statute regulating county jails each prisoner is to be supplied with a copy of the Bible (1 S. & C. 746). By the 19th section of the penitentiary law (1 S. & C. 918) it is made the duty of the warder to furnish each criminal with a Bible, who shall permit as often as he may think proper regular ministers of the Gospel to preach to such convicts, and we are assured the same rule is adopted in the government of all our benevolent institutions, including the House of Refuge and Reform School. Now it must be recollected that all these institutions are sustained at the public expense, the property of every person in the state being taxed to furnish the necessary means. And yet while the Scriptures are made indispensable for every penal reformatory and benevolent institution, it is claimed they cannot be introduced into the common schools of Cincinnati, and if found there either used or read shall thereafter be prohibited.'—*The Bible in the Public Schools*, p. 377.

In the volume from which this extract is taken the whole subject of religious education in the common schools is very

fully and ably discussed on both sides. It will be difficult to obtain elsewhere such a variety of valuable information on the subject.

Returning to our own country, beyond the strong good sense and Christian feeling of Englishmen, which have at the first blush repelled the demands of the supporters of mere secular education, little detailed discussion has taken place on the subject. On the side of the aggressors vague assumptions and misleading phraseology have been chiefly made to pass for argument. For example, it has been assumed that it is the duty of the State to train up children in secular knowledge, but that our rulers are sacredly bound to halt there. This, however, has not been proved, and whenever it is proved that the nation is bound to educate at all, it will be seen that much more is implied in the demonstration, viz., that the State is bound to educate religiously. Men speak of 'unsectarian' education, and 'undenominational' teaching, as if Secularists were not a sect and a denomination; and as if we could get at all nearer our object by placing ourselves under the narrowest of sects and the most shortsighted of denominations. It is assumed to be possible to teach secular knowledge to children, without approaching the subject of religion, whereas this has been proved to be simply impossible. On this theory we must discard all our finest literature, conspicuously Shakespeare, Milton, and Bacon. How can geography be taught without speaking of Palestine, Bethlehem, and Bethany? How can history be taught without reference to the Bible, which contains the oldest and most authentic records, or without speaking of the Reformation, upon which the entire modern history of Europe turns? It has been demonstrated that if we are to have mere Secularism in our schools, not only must all that is sacred be eliminated from our teaching, but the great mass of all that is interesting and valuable must be banished. It is assumed that the so-called conscientious scruples of Secularists and their Nonconformist allies must be treated with the utmost respect, but that no respect whatever is due to the enlightened and conscientious convictions of the far more numerous class, the great mass of the nation, who conscientiously and strongly object to be taxed for mere secular teaching or to send their children to mere secular schools. A bold attempt is made to take advantage of the poverty of the people by first compelling them to send their children to school, and then seeking to deprive them of all choice as to what kind of instruction their children are to receive. On this subject some excellent remarks have been recently made by two statesmen, on different sides in politics, in the speeches which we have referred

referred to at the head of the present article. Mr. Knatchbull Hugessen's speech has been published separately; of the Marquis of Salisbury's we have seen only the report in the newspapers; but both are characterised by so much good sense that we make no apology for making considerable extracts from them.

Let us first take what Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen says in reference to the outcry against denominational schools:—

'It is the fashion to speak of these schools as denominational schools. Now, do not let us be frightened at that word. I have often noticed that when people in this country want to get up a cry against something or other, they give it a long name. It is astonishing how far a long name goes with some people. I have known measures condemned before they were half understood, because grandiloquent orators had declared that they were akin to "centralization," which is a terrible word; and "denominational" is another instance of the same kind of thing. But "denomination," as you very well know, is only a longer word meaning the same thing as "name" or "title." A denominational school is, therefore, really only a school called by a particular name, or a school founded by people who are called by a particular name; therefore a secularist school, from which religion is excluded, is just as much a denominational school as any other; and the more correct name for other schools would be "anti-secularist," or "religion-teaching" schools.'

Referring to the crude and strange notion that you may perhaps read the Bible in the schools, but that you are to give no explanation to the children of anything which it contains, he proceeds:—

'But, with every deference to those eminent men who hold a contrary opinion, to forbid explanation of the Bible to children of eight or ten years old appears to me absurd. Why, read the first verse of the first chapter of the Bible. "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," The child's first question naturally is, "Who is God?" Is the teacher to make no answer? That would be folly, and worse than folly. But, if he answers, his answer at once teaches a dogmatic doctrine, and breaks the secularist rule. Therefore, I say their rule tends directly to banish the Bible from our schools, so far as the State is concerned. But it would not be a popular thing to go to the country as the anti-religious or anti-Bible party, and therefore they prefer to call themselves anti-denominational or anti-sectarian; or, better still, to hide everything unpleasant or unpopular under the title National Education League.'

And he concludes with the following just remarks:—

'I want to know why scrupulous regard is to be paid to the conscience of the man who says he objects that any portion of any rate to which he contributes should go to pay for the secular education of any

poor child in a school where religious truth is taught; whilst, on the other hand, no regard whatever is to be paid to the conscience of the man who says he objects to assist in such payments with respect to schools in which no religion is taught. I ask myself this question: Is it better for these children—for that is the real point, which some of us are too much disposed to forget—is it better for these children to be educated in a form of religion somewhat different from mine, or to be educated without religion at all? It hurts my conscience that I should help to educate them without religion, as much as it hurts the conscience of a secularist that he should help to educate them with religion; and I do not see why his conscience is to be considered more than mine. And recollect that, whilst we are settling this point—whilst the grass is growing, the steed is starving, and the poor children remain uneducated.'

In like manner, the Marquis of Salisbury points out that the attempt of the 'Secularists' to deprive the poor of religious teaching in the schools, and to compel parents to send their children to those schools alone from which religious teaching is excluded, is a violation of religious freedom.

'Events have imposed,' he said, 'upon the National Society a fresh function. Formerly it was content with its normal and original duty of promoting, by the organization and liberality of Churchmen, the religious teaching of the poor; but now events have cast upon it a new duty. It is the centre and mouthpiece of the vigilance, it may be of the resistance, which Churchmen are bound to oppose to some of the secularising theories of the day. In this duty it is not hostile to popular rights or religious freedom, but, on the contrary, is the champion of the full freedom of religious teaching. Freedom to the teacher to teach what he believes; freedom to the parent to send his child to that school where what he believes is taught. In these days many efforts have been made to abridge this freedom. Some years ago it was the fashion to recommend a kind of teaching which went by a variety of names—unsectarian, undenominational, and others—by which it was supposed that the religious difficulty would be solved. I don't wish to speak disrespectfully of that movement, because it indicated excellent motives, though a somewhat innocent intelligence. It indicated a belief that you might teach Christianity without any Christian truths. In the course of discussion that illusion has evaporated; it was "words and nothing else." Its promoters have been challenged again and again, in writing and speaking, to draw up a list of the doctrines of Christianity that might be taught in a perfectly undenominational school, and they have never produced one. They cannot, because there is no doctrine special to Christianity to which some persons claiming the Christian name do not offer opposition. This movement is founded upon an entire misapprehension of the facts of the case. Though we should resist any formal attempt to lay down a creed of Christianity which should contain no dogmas,

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yet, on the other hand, we all feel that it would be incongruous and absurd to lead small children with undeveloped minds through the miry paths of controversy, and that there is a religion, unsectarian in the highest sense, which is adapted to those minds. We are told that there are clerical teachers who make use of the authority which the school gives them in order to initiate young children in the subtleties and refinements which belong to the advanced theological student. If there be such, I have never heard of any instance. We shall all agree that they are in intention, if not in deed, the worst enemies that religion has to fear ; but once carry this spirit of large-hearted, charitable, Christian teaching, and try to put it in the formal words of an Act of Parliament, and all you do is to authorise infidelity and practically drive true Christian truth and doctrine from your schools. But this has come now to be fairly understood, and there is no more distinct proof than the fact that the Birmingham League have been compelled to give up the idea of undenominational teaching as imposed by an Act of Parliament, and what we have to deal with is the proposal for secularist teaching.'

He then proceeds to show that this system of secular teaching is opposed to the wishes and convictions of the people, and is fraught with manifold evils.

'This question of secular education will never really bear arguing if you once bring it home to the minds and understandings of the people. There is no popular call for it ; the parents don't desire it ; those who take an interest in education don't desire it, because the number of secular schools is a contemptible fraction compared with those in which religion is to be taught. The people don't desire it, because school boards elected upon the freest franchise have been in the vast majority of instances favourable to religious instruction. And the reason is very obvious. The evils of secular education are manifold. One of the worst is that no class of men would undertake to teach children, and exclude religion as a foul and evil thing, unless those men did not care much about religion itself. The inevitable result of such school teaching would be that you would flood the country with an organised army of infidel missionaries, who would be by their very office bound to discourage the spread of religious teaching amongst the young. I cannot imagine a greater evil to the country than setting up in every parish a man whose duty it is to press upon the parishioners and the young the superior importance of secular to religious knowledge. Then there is the effect upon the people at large. . . . There is all over the country a great respect for the State, and any system of opinion to which the State gives its sanction will always have great weight with the English people. Now, what would be the effect of a system which required that the Revelation of God should not be taught to the people ? Either that the people, upon the authority of the State, must learn to despise the Bible, or, clinging to the Bible, learn to despise the State. Valuing above all things the authority of the Bible upon the minds of the people ;
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valuing much the authority of the State upon their allegiance, I deprecate a system which, if it does anything, must put the two in opposition to each other. But these two considerations sink into insignificance before the simple one that the parents in this country do not like it. We have heard a good deal about systems of compulsion, and Mr. Forster broadly threatens us with some form of compulsion next year, while Mr. Stansfeld tells us that he is a secularist in opinion, and will do his utmost to upset the compromise, and this the Liberal party may very fairly do, if this system of compulsion is adopted. I don't believe that in rural districts it ever will be possible. I believe that no other compulsion except that following some adoption of the system of half time is practicable. If a system of compulsion is adopted, what an atrocious tyranny it will be to take the child of a parent and tell him that whether he likes it or not his child shall be subject to that which he holds to be a great abomination, a purely secular system of education. We have treated the matter too much as a question of territorial rights between religious denominations. Nobody seems to consider that the only people that have a right to be heard are the parents of the children, and to tell them that, because there is a difference amongst those who desire to be their teachers as to what form of religion they shall be taught, they shall be taught no religion at all, seems to be the most grotesque form of tyranny that can be devised. It is just as bad as if a starving man were to apply to two gentlemen for relief, and they quarrelling whether they should give him beef or mutton, decided not to give him anything at all.'

It is curious in the light of present observation to look back on the English Dissenters of other days. We can trace a long line of able men in the ranks of Nonconformists, from Richard Baxter to Robert Hall, and it is quite certain that none of these men would have sympathised with the views of some of their professed successors on the subject of mere secular teaching. They knew nothing of secularism, and would undoubtedly have repudiated it. Their idea of education was altogether associated with religion and with such a training of children in the knowledge of Divine things as was fitted to make them happy, useful, and good citizens here, whilst it prepared them for glory hereafter. Let us give a few illustrations of this undoubted truth. Richard Baxter stood justly high amongst the old Puritans, and his practical works are still a storehouse of sacred principles and burning eloquence. In his sermon on 'How to do good to many,' he says:—

'Two things I will remember you of:—1. Get up such schools as shall teach children to read the Scriptures and learn the catechism or principles of religion. I think we have grammar schools enough. It is not the knowledge of tongues, and arts, and curious sciences, which the common people want, but the right understanding of their baptismal covenant with God, and of the Creed, Lord's Prayer, Decalogue,

Decalogue, and Church Communion. 2. When we have got them to read give them good books, especially Bibles and good catechisms, and small practical books, which press the fundamentals on their consciences. If men that in life or at death give a stated revenue for good works, would settle the one half on a good English school, and the other half on some suitable good books, it might prove a very great means of public reformation.'—*Baxter's Works*, vol. xvii. pp. 304-5. London, 1830.

The old Puritans moreover had no objection whatever to the interposition of the Civil power in promoting the advancement of Christian objects of any kind. The opposite view is of comparatively recent origin. John Owen, for example, who may be regarded as a type of the highest class of Puritans, preaching before the Parliament of England, October 13, 1652, says:—

'Some think if you were well settled you ought not in any thing as rulers of the nation to put forth your power for the interest of Christ. The good Lord keep your hearts from that apprehension. Have you ever in your affairs received any encouragement from the promises of God, have you in times of greatest distress been refreshed with the testimony of a good conscience that in Godly simplicity you have sought the advancement of the Lord Jesus Christ? Do you believe that He ever owned the cause as the head of the Church? Do not now profess to have nothing to do with him. Had he so professed of you and your affairs what had been your portion long since?'—*Owen's Works*, vol. xv. p. 485. London, 1826.

We could give many similar extracts from the writings of the older Puritans. We shall also find the same sentiments expressed in the period subsequent to the Revolution. Let us take as an illustration Matthew Henry, the celebrated author of the 'Commentary.' His ideas of education were entirely associated with religion. The paper which he drew up on the subject of schools is given by the Rev. William Tong, in his Life of that excellent man. His deep conviction of the necessity for religious teaching is not more remarkable in this paper than the generous and liberal spirit which he breathes in regard to the Established Church:—

'It is humbly proposed that some endeavours may be used to form and maintain charity schools among the Dissenters both in the city and country for the teaching of poor children to read and write, &c., and to clothe them and teach them the Assembly's catechism. It is thought advisable and not impracticable; for 1. It is in itself a very good work. It will civilize the poor of the nation and promote the knowledge of God among them, and tend to make the other means of knowledge more effectual. How much evil may by the blessing of God hereby be prevented, and how much good may hereby be laid a foundation for; 2. The Established Church hath set us a good example of it; many persons of rank and figure are engaged in it,
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and great sums have been contributed to it. Their zeal should provoke us, and thus it becomes us to fulfil all righteousness; 3. It is certain that the Church of England hath gained and will gain by these charity schools great advantage against the Dissenters, and gain it in a way that appears creditable and honourable. The gentry of the nation have generally left the Dissenters, the men of business are kept from them by the sacramental test, and the charity schools will carry off the poor of the nation, and then to what purpose is it to breed up ministers when in one age there may be few or no people to attend them? If the cause of the Dissenters be a just and a justifiable cause, we ought to use all just and justifiable methods to support it—to which, as the case now stands, this seems highly necessary, and it is better late than never. Though the ground that has been lost should not be retrieved, yet what remains may by the blessing of God be kept; 4. It is complained (how justly I know not) that many who are bred in the public charity schools discover a great enmity to the Dissenters. It is therefore desirable that some should be bred among us who should be taught on the contrary to have and express great charity and moderation towards those of the public establishment, and so to overcome evil with good; 5. Such a work of general usefulness done in a right manner would be very much for the credit of the Dissenters, and recommend them to the good opinion of the nation; 6. It would be in many places an encouragement to Dissenting Ministers to have such a number of young people willingly attending their ministry, and to have an opportunity, if it be needful, of catechising and instructing them publicly in the ways of God; 7. The allowance for the teaching of these charity schools would be something of a help and maintenance for such poor scholars and ministers as for want of better encouragement would willingly undertake such a service.—*Life of Matthew Henry* prefixed to his *Select Works*, p. 54. Edinburgh, 1772.

After a considerable interval we come down to two very distinguished Dissenters of recent times, namely, John Foster and Robert Hall. Both were deeply convinced of the necessity of universal education, and both were equally convinced that education, to be truly valuable, must always be based upon and pervaded by religion. John Foster, in his celebrated essay on 'Popular Ignorance,' says:—

'Undoubtedly the zealous friends of popular education account knowledge valuable absolutely as being the apprehension of things as they are; a prevention of delusion, and so far a fitness for right volitions. But they consider religion (besides being itself the primary and most important part of knowledge) as a principle indispensable for securing the full benefit of all the rest. It is desired and endeavoured that the understandings of these opening minds may be taken possession of by just and solemn ideas of their relation to the Eternal Almighty Being; that they may be taught to apprehend it

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as an awful reality that they are perpetually under His inspection; and as a certainty that they must at length appear before him in judgment, and find in another life the consequences of what they are in spirit and conduct here. It is to be impressed on them that His will is the supreme law, and his favour and condemnation the greatest good and evil. Under an ascendancy of this Divine wisdom it is that their discipline in any other knowledge is designed to be conducted, so that nothing in the mode of their instruction may have a tendency contrary to it, and every thing be taught in a manner recognizing their relation with it as far as shall consist with a natural enforced way of keeping this relation in view. Thus it is sought to be secured that as the pupil's mind grows stronger and multiplies its resources, and he therefore has necessarily more power and means for what is wrong, there may be luminously presented to him, as if celestial eyes visibly beamed upon him, the most solemn ideas that can enforce what is right.'—Foster's *Essay on Popular Ignorance*, pp. 162-3. London, 1865.

The writings of Robert Hall breathe a high-toned patriotism and an utter horror of Secularism, as it was exhibited in full development by the French Revolution. Amongst his many eloquent discourses, the subject of general education did not escape his notice. In his sermon on 'The advantages of knowledge to the lower classes,' he says:—

'We congratulate the nation on the extent of the efforts employed, and the means set on foot for the improvement of the lower classes, and especially the children of the poor, in moral and religious knowledge, from which we hope much good will accrue not only to the parties concerned, but to the kingdom at large. These are the likeliest or rather the only expedients that can be adopted for forming a sound and virtuous populace; and if there be any truth in the figure by which society is compared to a pyramid, it is on those that its stability chiefly depends. The elaborate ornament at the top will be a wretched compensation for the want of solidity in the lower parts of the structure. . . . Everything in the condition of mankind announces the approach of some great crisis, from which nothing can prepare us but the diffusion of knowledge, probity, and the fear of the Lord. While the world is impelled with such violence in opposite directions, while a spirit of giddiness and revolt is shed upon the nations, and the seeds of mutation are so thickly sown, the improvement of the mass of the people will be our grand security; in the neglect of which the refinement and the knowledge accumulated in the higher orders will be unavailing; and, weak and unprotected, they will be exposed to imminent danger, and perish like a garland in the grasp of popular fury.'—*Robert Hall's Works*, vol. i. pp. 217-8.

From these extracts, which will not be deemed unsuitable in present circumstances, it clearly appears that the highest class of Nonconformist ministers in England in past times could have had

had no sympathy whatever with some of their professed successors, either in their blind hatred to the principle of national religion or in their infatuated advocacy of mere secular State education. The present attitude of the Dissenters is fraught with danger to the best interests of religion. We trust that they will reconsider their position and retrace their steps. They are, as a body, firmly attached to the cause of religious truth; and we cannot believe that they will ultimately be found on the side of those whose avowed object is the extension of infidelity by the banishment of religion from our schools. On this point we would venture to submit to their consideration one more extract from Lord Salisbury's admirable speech:—

'Time brings its strange revenges. The Roman Catholics are with us, although you would imagine they would not be specially anxious for freedom of education for the young. The Church of England are for freedom, so are the great Wesleyan body; but the descendants of those who in old times sacrificed everything and went to the scaffold in the cause of what they believed religious liberty, are now crying out for a system of protection and exclusion. I cannot believe that such a state of things will last, but that it is due to some strange delusion, that in the lapse of years they will see that their proper side in this battle is with us, and that the enemy we have to fight is also theirs. The advancing hosts of unbelievers seem to think that the clergy of the Church of England intend to make use of this system to proselytise against Dissent. There never was a greater mistake or a more entire delusion. I turn from the vast issues which these controversies raise, to the differences, in some cases almost imperceptible, which separate us from the Nonconformist denominations, and I feel a sickening sense of disproportion. When hosts are mustering and fields are clearing for the greatest struggle that Christianity has ever had to face, those who should be fighting under the flag of Christianity are quarrelling about trifles, or, at least, what may be considered relatively as trifles. I am convinced, when the Nonconformists reflect upon the matter, they will see that they have done a wrong to the Church of England, and that there is no cause for the terror and agitation that they betray. But it is not against them that we really have to struggle. There is a work which lately appeared, and which I earnestly commend to the perusal of all who would study the progress of opinion, and the actions of various schools of opinion, upon the political conditions of the age—the report of the French National Assembly, upon the cause of the terrible Communist insurrection, in which it is shown most distinctly that the cause which led to the disorganisation of French society was the decadence of the religious spirit in that nation, and that the decline of that religious spirit was due to the fact that religious teaching had been banished from their system of education. Of course they did not allude in the main to primary education, but principally to secondary education, yet it is most important to observe the effect of the
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negation of all religion in dissolving the bonds of French society, and rendering peace, order, and government almost impossible. It is remarkable to see amongst the people who are philosophically inclined, and who favour new and startling theories, that they urge upon their countrymen as the remedy and security from revolution and despotism, that they should propagate the spirit of religion amongst the people, and raise up Christianity from the low state into which it has fallen.

It is a subject of congratulation that the secularist movement has met with little support as yet in the House of Commons. But those who have the best interests of the country at heart must not be satisfied with this. They must make vigorous exertions to enlighten the country. The combined voluntary and secularist movement in regard to education is only part of a general crusade against all religious establishments, striking at the very root of our constitution, and which, unless intelligently met and firmly resisted, may lead to the most disastrous results in regard to the nation as a whole. Mere passive resistance is not enough in such a case. The duty of the nation to diffuse Christian instruction amongst the people must be firmly maintained and clearly expounded. The establishment of an 'Education Union' and of a 'Church Defence Association' was therefore necessary, and these are only means towards an important end—the maintenance of those institutions and fundamental principles of our constitution, from which our chief glory as a nation has sprung. If this glory is to continue and be extended, we must repudiate the advices of shallow men whose intolerant anti-Christian theories are refuted by all the past lessons of history. Our hopes for the future rest not upon driving the Bible from the schools and prohibiting Christian teachers from communicating religious instruction, but upon training the whole rising generation more sedulously than ever in the important and elevating truths which the word of God contains.

It must be obvious, however, to all intelligent on-lookers, that before this result is secured we must probably pass through a period of serious debate. On the one hand Mr. Stansfeld, a member of the Cabinet, recently said at Halifax :—

'In education he was a Secularist, but this was not the principle held by the nation at large. He desired education above all, and it was because of this that he submitted to a compromise—for that the Education Act was a compromise no one could doubt. That Act required amendment, and *he was at liberty to say to them that they had a very good prospect of that amendment being carried into effect.*'

On the other hand, in his speech at Manchester, Mr. Disraeli made a declaration to the very opposite effect :—

'I hold

'I hold that a national system of education which is not founded in a recognition of religion would lead to national disaster, and I am persuaded if that recognition takes place human nature will not be satisfied to stop at that point; it will arrive at conclusions, draw inferences which it may be fashionable to call formularies and dogmas of Acts of Parliament; but the conscience and intelligence of men are more powerful even than acts of Parliament, and I am satisfied that a system of national education which either relinquishes religion or makes it subordinate will be the greatest failure that ever occurred—but more fatal to the State than the Church.'

Now, perhaps, many may anticipate the decision of this question only in connection with a proposed alteration of the English Act. But, considering the peculiarities of Mr. Gladstone's policy, it is quite possible that, unless special care is taken, Parliament may be seriously compromised on the subject before that point is reached. This may be accomplished in connection with the Scotch Education Bill now before Parliament, which is declared to be the next measure of the Session after the Ballot has been disposed of. As a precedent in favour of disestablishment has been secured in connection with Ireland, a precedent in favour of Secularism in Education may be established in connection with Scotland. That this is the present aim of the Government, and of a number of their supporters, there can be little reasonable doubt. At all events the Scotch Education Bill, unless thoroughly altered, is manifestly fitted to secure this object, and to settle besides in the wrong way most of the important questions in regard to public instruction which have recently been agitated in England.

To understand this matter aright it may be necessary to glance at the past and present history of Education in Scotland, as well as to consider the present state of parties in that country, and the real nature of the Lord-Advocate's Bill. Hitherto the education of Scotland has been strictly connected with religious teaching. Taking its first origin in the suggestions of John Knox and his brother Reformers, as embodied in the 'First Book of Discipline,' in 1560, it was from the beginning a child of the Reformation, which again had its main origin in the Bible. Knox not only suggested that a very ample provision should be made for secular instruction, including 'a grammar school in every town, and a college in every notable town,' but he dwelt with especial emphasis on the necessity for the 'Godly upbringing' of all children. Accordingly the first Act of the Parliament of Scotland in regard to public schools, seven years after the Reformation, has a preamble to this effect (Act

(Act Par. 1567, cap. 2), 'Item, for as meikle as by all laws and constitutions it is provided that the youth be brought up and instructed in the fear of God and good manners, and if it be otherwise it is tinsel (loss) both to their bodies and souls if God's Word be not rooted in them,'—it is therefore provided that all schools, universities and colleges be reformed, and that 'none be permitted nor admitted to have charge and cure thereof in time coming, nor to instruct the youth privately or openly, but such as shall be tried by the superintendents or visitors of the Kirk.' This statute embodies the principle upon which has been based all the subsequent legislation of Scotland on the subject of education. Amidst all ecclesiastical changes the same theory has been strictly observed. The Act of 1696, which ultimately settled on a firm basis the present system of parochial schools, the results of which Lord Macaulay so warmly eulogised in his speech on Education, was founded on a clear acknowledgment of the same principle; and all admit that this system in its main features has been crowned with triumphant success. No doubt, like every other system, it requires adaptation and extension to suit the altered circumstances of the country. There was, moreover, one defect in its original constitution. The establishment of a school for every parish, although very important, did not necessarily meet the educational wants of the country. Some parishes, in the Highlands for example, are very extensive, and require a number of schools. An arrest also was laid on the subdivision of parishes in the lowlands, and, therefore, at the same time on the supply of schools. Many of these parishes now contain ten or twenty times the numbers of their original population, whilst no corresponding public provision has been made for the extension of education. Other changes are necessary. Still the mass of the Scotch people have been so thoroughly satisfied with the teaching of the parish schools, and at the same time so zealous for the education of their children, that, except in a comparatively small number of districts, they have supplied additional schools themselves by voluntary contributions, and with the help of grants from the Privy Council. It is equally remarkable that in all these schools, with scarcely a single exception, what has been called the 'use and wont' of religious instruction is strictly observed.

In these circumstances what is obviously required is no revolutionary measure, but a wise and just adaptation of the existing and long-tried principle of the law of Scotland to the improvement and extension of national education. This, however, does not suit the views of the present Government and their voluntary and secularist allies. Although their new Education Bill is entitled

entitled 'A Bill to Amend and Extend the Provisions of the Law of Scotland on the subject of Education,' it would have been more correctly designated 'A Bill to overturn all the existing provisions of the law of Scotland in regard to public schools, and to introduce a secular system of education.' By this Bill all the old laws are repealed, and (c. 4) school-boards, which are afterwards defined to consist 'of owners or occupiers of lands or heritages of the annual value of not less than 4*l.*,' are to be erected in every parish 'within twelve months after the passing of this Act.' The powers of these Boards, although professedly considerable in some respects, are in reality very restricted. In regard to almost all their movements they are subjected to a branch of the Privy Council, and in giving religious instruction in the schools they are placed under the restrictions of a very rigid 'time-table;' the effect of which will be to make religious instruction cease to be part of the ordinary business of the school, and in many cases to make it absolutely impossible. The English time-table is justly complained of as unnecessarily restrictive, but here is the proposed Scotch time-table (sec. 65):—

'In every such school the secular instruction on each ordinary school-day *shall be continuous during four hours at least*, without prejudice to any reasonable interval for recreation; and no instruction in religious subjects shall be given, and no religious observance shall take place *except before the commencement or after the termination* of the secular instruction of the day; and the time for instruction in religious subjects, and for religious observance, IF ANY, in a school, shall be specified in a table approved of by the Scotch department.'

Now, apart from the necessity of applying to the Scotch department for an approbation of the time for this extra instruction, the demand for continuous 'secular' instruction 'during *four hours at least* without prejudice to any reasonable interval for recreation,' must not only thoroughly hamper the teacher in making any appeal to the consciences of the children during the ordinary school-hours, but must throw an almost insuperable obstacle in the way of religious teaching at all. Are children, who have already to walk long distances, expected to come so much sooner in order to obtain this religious instruction? Or are they expected to wait that they may receive it, after they are tired and jaded with other lessons, and perhaps when the sun is beginning to set in a winter afternoon, and whilst there is still a long walk before them? But, besides this, it is admitted that this new and stringent regulation will shut out religious instruction entirely from all infant-schools which can only meet for four hours a day altogether. By section 67 of this Bill, moreover, school-boards

school-boards are only to be allowed to provide instruction in 'reading, writing, and arithmetic' for the children of parents who are 'unable from poverty' to pay the school fees for their own children. This, of course, settles the principle of the English debate in regard to the 25th clause of the English Act in the wrong way, and at the same time makes it impossible that this class of children, the most necessitous of all, should receive any religious instruction at the public schools. In a word, the spirit and provisions of the Bill, whilst tending, as Dr. Playfair proved in Parliament, to lower the whole style of Scotch education, imply a great advance in the direction of pure secularism; and if these, with many other objectionable provisions of the Bill in regard to teachers and otherwise, are sanctioned in regard to Scotland, it is easy to see that the same principles will soon be applied to England. The most probable conjecture seems to be that the Government, unable to gratify their voluntary and secularist supporters in England at present, by an immediate alteration in the English Act, are meantime seeking to please them by the secularization of the Scotch schools, and thus holding out to them the prospect of gaining all their objects ultimately by persistent agitation.

It may seem strange that any Government should be so infatuated as thus to trifle in any part of the United Kingdom with the most sacred interests of the country. Still more may we wonder that Scotland in particular should be chosen as the field for such a dangerous experiment. No country probably affords a more striking illustration of the benefits of religious knowledge and training in raising men above the disadvantages of a cold and variable climate and of a sterile soil. Is it possible, one may well ask, that the Government can succeed in carrying their secular Education Bill for Scotland under such circumstances? Without presuming to answer this question, the result will depend mainly on the attitude assumed by the English members of the House of Commons and by the House of Lords. From circumstances, into which it is unnecessary to enter, but certainly which do not imply supreme wisdom on the part of former statesmen, the great mass of the Scotch representatives are at present on the side of the Government. We believe that this state of things will not be permanent, although, for reasons which could easily be explained, the reaction in the north may not be so rapid as in England. For one thing Dissent has, since 1843, assumed a far more formidable position in Scotland than in England, and recent schemes for uniting the mass of these Dissenters together, no doubt with a view to political action, have been connected with a remarkable lowering
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of the tone of some leading men on the subject of religious instruction in the public schools. Nevertheless the great body of the people are, we have reason to know, thoroughly sound on the subject. During last Session of Parliament only about 5000 Scotch people petitioned in favour of the Lord Advocate's Education Bill, whilst nearly 70,000 either petitioned either absolutely against it or for alterations, mostly vital, in their effect. The public feeling in Scotland is increasingly in the same direction now, and this will be still more clearly seen in the petitions during the present Session of Parliament. Meetings have been held in all parts of the country, in which the most strenuous opposition has been offered to the measure. At first many of the people were unwilling to believe that any change so serious as the Bill implies could really be intended; and the partisans of the Government laboured hard to perpetuate this delusion. But in proportion as sound information has been diffused, all doubt as to the true nature and design of the measure has passed away. The duty, moreover, of giving the Bill the most uncompromising opposition seems now to be admitted with unanimity and enthusiasm, by men really in earnest in maintaining the importance of religious teaching and the hereditary glory of Scotland. Still, as we have said already, the result will mainly depend upon the English members of Parliament, as the mass of the Scotch members may still act with Government. The question is one which has very serious imperial as well as local bearings. It involves in its consequences the whole question of the future kind and quality of education in the United Kingdom. These are very serious considerations. We must be blind to all the lessons of the past, and even of the present, if we are prepared for the introduction of a virtually secular system of education into any part of the United Kingdom. 'Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined,' says the poet. A greater than he has said, 'Train up a child in the way that he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it.' Universal Scriptural instruction may truly be called 'The cheap defence of nations,' and the recent experience of France, as of all other nations, proves that men may be skilful in arts and arms, abundant in wealth and in secular knowledge, and yet, with the religious training of the young neglected, they will soon become a prey alike to internal divisions and to outward foes.

One word in conclusion. Sooner or later, and perhaps sooner than many anticipate, the people will have to decide at a general election upon this great question of Religious or Secular Education. We have no fear of the result. The Liberal party are

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at present irreconcilably divided upon the subject; and if Mr. Gladstone seeks to reunite his disorganized ranks by yielding to the views of his secularist allies, we have no doubt that the country will refuse to ratify his decision. Meanwhile it is our duty to wait patiently, and not seek to gain any temporary triumph or partial success. We cannot too earnestly enforce upon our friends the wise advice which Lord Derby gave in his recent speech at Manchester:—

‘Let no man on our side of politics be cast down or disheartened because the last general election gave a majority of 100 against the Conservative cause. The question is not what the last general election did, but what the next will do. We are pretty well used, or ought to be, to the ups and downs of political conflict. Why, gentlemen, in 1832, after the Reform Bill, the Conservative party was swept clean and clear out of Parliament. There is no other word to describe their situation at that time; and yet, as you have been reminded to-night, within five years they again presented a compact and powerful Opposition, and within less than ten years from that time of utter prostration and defeat they commanded in the House of Commons a majority of ninety. Never doubt, therefore, that the opportunity will come to you soon or late. That is not the main question. The main question is, when the opportunity comes, we should be prepared to use it wisely. Let there be no haste, no eagerness to snatch at any merely temporary and casual success. And above all, if I may venture to give such a hint, let us take care not to allow ourselves to be made to any extent the tools of the ambition or of the discontent of extreme politicians on the other side. I tell you what I mean. It may very likely be the game of the Radical party to try and turn out the present Ministry if they can, and to put a Conservative Government in its place, that Conservative Government being in a minority, hoping that by so doing they shall be able to reconstruct their own party upon a new platform, pledged to more extreme and more violent measures, and then to have a Cabinet formed of the most thorough-going Radicals. These may be their tactics. But just because it is their game it ought not to be ours.’

ART. IX.—1. *The Case of the United States, to be laid before the Tribunal of Arbitration to be convened at Geneva.*

2. *Case presented on the part of the Government of Her Britannic Majesty to the Tribunal of Arbitration constituted under Art. 1 of the Treaty concluded at Washington on the 8th of May, 1871, between Her Britannic Majesty and the United States of America.*

THE American Case, drawn up for the information of the Geneva tribunal, starts with the assumption that, in the
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course of many transactions with Great Britain, the United States have displayed a very moderate and conciliatory spirit; that American rights, which might have been pressed, have often been given up; that the settlement of the boundary of the State of Maine was one example of American moderation, and that the settlement of the Oregon boundary in 1846 was another. It is worth while to quote the passage in which these views are expressed. The Case sets out by declaring that from no people had the people of America a better right to expect a just judgment than from the people of Great Britain, and it goes on to enumerate some considerations in support of this statement:—

‘In 1812 they were forced into war with Great Britain by the claim of that power to impress seamen on the high seas from vessels of the United States. After three years the war ceased, and the claim has never since been practically enforced. In 1818 they met British negotiators more than half way in arranging disputed points about the North American Fisheries. In 1827, having added to their own right of discovery the French and Spanish titles to the Pacific coast, they voluntarily agreed to a joint occupation of a disputed portion of this territory rather than resort to the last arbitrament of nations. In 1838, when a serious rebellion prevailed in Canada, the congress of the United States, at the request of Great Britain, passed an Act authorising the Government to exercise exceptional powers to maintain the national neutrality. In 1842 the Government of the United States met a British envoy in a spirit of conciliation, and adjusted by agreement the disputed boundary between Maine and the British possessions. In 1846 they accepted the proposal of Great Britain, made at their own suggestion, to adopt the 49th parallel as a compromise line between the two Columbias, and to give to Great Britain the whole of Vancouver’s Island.’

This passage, in all probability, represents fairly enough the view of Anglo-American diplomacy, popular in the United States. Nevertheless almost every statement thus put forward is untrue, while some convey an idea diametrically the reverse of the truth. Unhappily the years from 1815 to 1850 are the dark ages of politics. Their events are too old to be remembered—too fresh to be recorded in history. But for this, the authors of the Case could hardly have been misled by erroneous impressions so far as to venture on the assertions quoted above. As they have thus ventured, however, and as nothing can be more desirable than that the British Nation should at this crisis correctly appreciate the lessons of our past diplomatic relations with America, we propose to invade the obscurity of the last fifty or sixty years and to exhibit the real nature of those half-forgotten transactions, on account of which the United States now claim from us a grateful acknowledgment of their generosity.

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It is worth while to notice that even with regard to the war of 1812—into the causes of which it would be beside our present purpose to enter—the language of the Case is inaccurate, and the implied charge against this country unfair. The American people were not ‘forced into war’ in 1812 by the claim of England to impress seamen on the high seas from vessels of the United States. We claimed the right to search American merchantmen for deserters from the British navy, and never advanced any claim in reference to impressment; and though some British naval officers were overbearing and aggressive, their worst acts were promptly disavowed and made the subject of apologies.*

The Orders in Council, which had originally given rise to the disputes between this country and the Americans, were repealed by us before Congress declared war in 1812; and the United States, in going to war, presented the odd spectacle of a nation attacking another to exhale feelings of anger, the principal justification of which had passed away.

But passing over this episode in our relations with America, we venture to assert that from the treaty of Ghent to the present day all important disputes between the two countries have ended, not only in settlements favourable to the United States, but in the actual surrender by Great Britain of advantages to which she has established sound and equitable claims. Such claims she has several times abandoned, in the hope of securing the friendship of America or for the sake of averting imminent danger of war.

Let us examine first the story of the Maine boundary.† The treaty of Paris of 1783, recognising the independence of the United States, defined a boundary between British and American territory from the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains. At that time, it is well to remember, no claim was advanced on behalf of the new republic for any territory west of the Rocky Mountains. The line was appointed to run as follows:—

‘From the north-west angle of Nova Scotia, viz., that angle which is formed by a line drawn due north from the sources of St. Croix River to the highlands; along the said highlands which divide those rivers that empty themselves into the River St. Lawrence, from those which fall into the Atlantic Ocean to the north-westernmost head of Connecticut River; thence along the middle of that river to

* It was shown in the ‘Quarterly Review’ for July, 1833, that Great Britain never impressed an American, knowing him to be such.

† To avoid the repeated quotation of authorities in the text we may refer the reader for all facts in the next few pages to the great debate in the House of Commons on the Ashburton Treaty that took place on the 21st of March, 1843, and to Mr. G. W. Featherstonhaugh’s ‘Observations upon the Treaty of Washington, signed 9th August, 1842.’ Also to an article which appeared in the ‘Quarterly Review,’ for March, 1843.

the 45th degree of north latitude ; from thence, by a line drawn due west on the said latitude, until it strikes the River Irroquois, &c., &c.

The boundary is then traced through the great lakes, but we need not follow it so far west at present. The eastern boundary is further defined in these words :—

‘ East, by a line to be drawn along the middle of the River St. Croix, from its mouth in the Bay of Fundy to its source, and from its source directly north to the aforesaid highlands, which divide the rivers that fall into the Atlantic from those which fall into the River St. Lawrence, &c., &c.’

Thirty years after these confused and ungrammatical sentences were written when British and American plenipotentiaries were again assembled, this time at Ghent, in 1814, to adjust terms of peace at the close of the war, the country lying about the sources of the St. Croix River was already a disputed territory. As far back as 1792 the settlers in Maine, exploring the country between the Bay of Fundy and the St. Lawrence, a region that was but imperfectly known at the time the treaty of 1783 was concluded, had advanced the claim that afterwards became the subject of the celebrated boundary dispute. They asserted that the highlands mentioned in the treaty were to be found far away in the north—north of the sources of the St. John River. A glance at a map will render easily intelligible the geographical references we are compelled to make. If the boundary had been traced along these highlands it would have given the United States almost the whole of the country lying between the Bay of Fundy, of which the treaty certainly seemed to contemplate a more equal division. The British Government refused to admit the justice of the claim, but while the country in dispute was thinly peopled, it is to be presumed the question was carelessly disregarded. At all events no attempt at its permanent settlement seems to have been made prior to the year 1814, when the conferences at Ghent began. Taking advantage of this favourable opportunity the British Commissioners proposed to settle a boundary through the disputed territory upon the principle of mutual advantage and security, without attempting to interpret the strict letter of the treaty of 1783. The American Commissioners, however, replied that they had no authority to ‘cede’ territory belonging to the United States, thus striking the keynote which has guided the United States Government ever since in all territorial disputes. The English theory to the effect that the territory claimed by the settlers of Maine was really British territory, and not territory belonging to the United States at all, was calmly ignored by the American Commissioners. It will

will be seen, as we advance, that the American claim utterly broke down under close examination; but nevertheless the Americans insisted from the first upon the doctrine that their claim to any land was a *primâ facie* proof that it was theirs, and that the subsequent surrender of any portion of it to Great Britain was a 'cession.' With better logic, but with inferior cunning, the British Government, though convinced that the disputed territory was ours, treated it as disputed territory, and thus permitted the American Government to obtain the full advantage of the assumption with which it unwarrantably started.

The Ghent negotiations for an absolute settlement of the boundary having failed, it was arranged in the treaty that a joint-commission should be appointed to search for a boundary in accordance with the terms of the treaty of 1783. In the event of disagreements between the Commissioners, their rival reports were to be referred to arbitration. Disagreements arose at the very outset of the survey. The Commissioners differed as to which was the head of the St. Croix River. Our Commissioners claimed a western arm; the Americans one to the eastward. The difficulty was referred to arbitration, and decided against us. In the course of the survey many other disputes became the subject of arbitrations. These were all given in our favour, and thus bore testimony to the fair spirit by which the British representatives were animated. Under these circumstances it is impossible to treat as of no importance the fact that the one case where they were declared to be wrong, was the one case in which the arbitrator was an American citizen. The decision was afterwards described in the House of Commons as having been clearly unjust, but the British Government never demurred to its validity.

The importance of this dispute was entirely overwhelmed by that of a more serious disagreement which subsequently arose. The English Commissioners discovered a range of highlands which answered to a description of the treaty, in latitude $46^{\circ} 40'$. But the American Commissioners objected. They claimed that the due north line should be carried on to about latitude 48° , and that the boundary should then be carried westward along a range of highlands close to the River St. Lawrence. This point was considered of sufficient moment to be made the subject of reference to a foreign sovereign, and by a special convention signed in 1827 it was referred together with two other points of disagreement to the King of the Netherlands.

The two minor points are worth notice. The questions were, —which was the north-western head of the Connecticut River?
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and which was the 45th parallel of latitude? In reference to this last question, our readers may be at a loss to imagine how a scientific fact could be disputed. The explanation is amusing, and at the same time indicative of the spirit in which the American Government managed its diplomacy. In 1818 English and American astronomers had been appointed to lay down the 45th parallel along that part of the boundary which it was required to define. And they laid it down to their own mutual satisfaction. English and American representatives agreed with one another for this once. But it turned out that an old inter-colonial boundary which was supposed to have been traced along the 45th parallel was inaccurately laid down. The true line lay half a mile or a mile further south. This discovery disconcerted the American Government, which had regarded the little strip of territory between the two lines as its own, and had, indeed, begun to erect a fortification on the shores of Lake Champlain, on land which astronomers now declared to be British ground. The American Government therefore set to work to discover a plea on which the verdict of the stars could be impugned. Their diligence was rewarded. They found that if parallels of latitude were determined by geocentric measurement, the parallel of 45 degrees, in consequence of the oblate formation of the earth, would be pushed back again towards the north. They therefore declared in favour of geocentric measurement. To do them justice they grew ashamed of this argument by the time the case went before the King of the Netherlands, and developed another theory, but both the minor questions referred to in the convention of 1827 were decided in our favour.

In reference to the principal question, the King declared that no definite decision could be given—that neither the highlands claimed by Great Britain nor the highlands claimed by the United States corresponded with the description given in the treaty. Further examination of the country, as we shall presently see, led to the discovery of facts which, if they had been before the King of the Netherlands in 1827, might probably have induced him to give a plain decision in our favour, but his actual verdict was that a compromise line ought to be adopted, and he traced a compromise line which he considered to be fair. No sooner was this decision published than the American Minister at the Hague, Mr. Prebble, a citizen of Maine, protested against it. He said the King had no right under the terms of the conference to compromise the dispute. The English Government regretted the compromise, and considered it extremely unfavourable to us, but bowed loyally to the

the arbitration, and prepared to carry it out. The American Government, on the other hand, demurred, and after some delay, in 1829, finally rejected and repudiated the arbitration. After some attempts of a rather Quixotic character to induce the American Government in the general interests of good faith to reconsider its resolution, the English Government gave up the point a year or two later, and consented to regard the arbitration as null and void.

By degrees, as geographical information relating to the territory in dispute accumulated in the hands of the British Government, our case became enormously strengthened. In 1839 we sent out two surveyors, Colonel Mudge and Mr. Featherstonhaugh, to examine the country. Their report, and another procured in 1841, determined various facts. The point at which the American Commissioners had declared that the due north line ought to stop, and the boundary be diverted to the west, turned out not to be in a range of highlands at all, but in a marshy plain. The highlands selected to suit American views of what the boundary ought to have been, had to be sought some distance to the westward. Secondly, these highlands did not divide rivers flowing into the St. Lawrence from rivers flowing into the Atlantic, unless it were assumed that the St. John was a river flowing into the Atlantic. Now the King of the Netherlands, in his arbitration had, at all events, confirmed our opinion concerning the true character to be attributed to the River St. John. It flows into the Bay of Fundy, and for the purposes of the treaty of 1783, the Bay of Fundy is not a part of the Atlantic Ocean. So we always contended, and so the King of the Netherlands declared. The common sense of that view will appear to anyone who examines the map. The St. John stretches across the whole country lying between the Atlantic and the St. Lawrence. It is the only river which does this, whereas there are many shorter streams flowing from the central highlands into the St. Lawrence on the north, and into the Atlantic on the south. Moreover, even as the boundary was proposed by the Americans, the lower course of the St. John must still have lain within British territory. According to the interpretation which this government clearly proved to be fair and reasonable, no part of the St. John would ever have belonged to the United States at all. The river should have been left out of the calculations of the commissioners altogether; and it certainly was not an Atlantic river under the terms of the treaty. This was our contention, and this was the view distinctly confirmed by the King of the Netherlands. The utter worthlessness of the American claim in reference to the northern range of highlands will now be apparent.

apparent. The highlands we claimed, on the other hand, were proved by the examination made by Colonel Mudge and Mr. Featherstonhaugh to be, in fact, all that the treaty required them to be. They were struck by the due north line, and they were continuous from that line to the head waters of the Connecticut, a merit not possessed by the northern range, which soon sank into the plain as it was followed to the westward, leaving the boundary to be carried across a level country for twenty-five miles. Finally, our highlands did indisputably divide streams flowing into the St. Lawrence from streams flowing into the Atlantic Ocean.

We are thus precise in explaining the points that were really at issue in the boundary dispute, because the interest of these negotiations, regarded from our present point of view, centres in the spirit shown by the American Government, and this cannot rightly be appreciated unless the merits of the controversy are understood.

It will be seen that when Lord Ashburton was appointed by Sir Robert Peel in 1842 to proceed as British plenipotentiary to Washington, and settle various outstanding difficulties with the American Government, the dispute concerning the Maine boundary was one in which any government tenacious of its rights, and occupying our position, would have refused to yield. Our claim was not one through which we grasped at a neutral territory. The dispute, to describe it accurately, was one in which the American Government claimed territory that was ours by virtue of the spirit of the treaty, by virtue of the letter of the treaty, as that letter was understood by ourselves, and by a neutral arbiter, and also by actual occupation; for though Maine settlers had pushed their way far north, the country lying about the Madawaska River, one of the tributaries of the St. John, had long been in permanent occupation of a community, partly British, partly French Canadian, which viewed with extreme apprehension and displeasure the prospect of being transferred to the Government of the United States. The American claim was a manifest encroachment. The line of highlands they wished to make the boundary failed in all particulars to fulfil the description of the treaty. No Government, therefore, occupying the position in reference to this dispute in which the American Government stood, could have continued to assert its claims without being animated by a stronger determination to obtain the object of its desire than to effect a just settlement of the question at issue.

But the practical conclusion to which the British Government came on giving their instructions to Lord Ashburton evidently was,

was, that it was not worth while to assert our rights at the cost of a war with the United States. The excitement in America was very great. The people of Maine openly declared that they would fight for the northern boundary if they did not obtain a favourable settlement. Public opinion in this country, where the question at stake was too intricate to be popularly understood, would not have sanctioned a war with America for the sake of a boundary dispute on the frontiers of Canada. The consequence was that Lord Ashburton, finding the alternatives before him were war, or the surrender of our territorial rights, chose to make the surrender. He agreed to a compromise line not diverging very much from that suggested thirteen years previously by the King of the Netherlands. We are not by any means apologising for his diplomacy; and it is quite possible that by a little better management he might have secured somewhat more favourable terms, even while still avoiding that rupture of our ostensibly amicable relations with America which the British Government was so anxious to avert. Lord Ashburton was an amateur diplomatist, whom Mr. Daniel Webster, the American Secretary of State, circumvented in many ways. The treaty which he concluded was an ignominious treaty, not inaccurately described in the political controversies of the time as a 'capitulation.' But it was defended by Sir Robert Peel, on the ground that a few hundred thousand, a few million acres of territory were of no consequence compared to securing the friendship of the United States. It may be open to discussion whether a great nation can ever give way before an unrighteous demand, and practically in deference to menace, without incurring some ultimate penalty: but without going into that question just now, we may here be content to take note of the broad facts that in the Maine boundary dispute the English claim was substantiated in the negotiations; that the Americans showed themselves resolved to precipitate hostilities if their claim was not conceded; and that to avoid going to war, the British Government yielded what it had clearly shown to be its just rights.

One episode connected with the Ashburton negotiations may be noticed here for the light it helps to throw on the principles of American diplomacy. Thirty years ago it was the subject of much excited controversy. We allude to the famous map scandal, the facts of which were as follows:—after the treaty negotiated by Lord Ashburton and Mr. Webster had been signed, and during the debate which took place in the American Senate prior to the ratification, Mr. Rives, a member of that body, arguing in favour of the ratification, made a very remarkable statement. He warned the Senate not to reject the treaty:

treaty on the ground that it did not give the American Government all it had claimed, because, if the Maine boundary question went to another arbitration, it was possible that further researches in the archives of Europe might bring to light some embarrassing document likely to throw new doubts on the validity of the American claim. Indeed, he said such a document had already been discovered. Mr. Jared Sparks, a Boston historian, while pursuing historical researches in the archives of the Foreign Office at Paris, had discovered a letter from Benjamin Franklin—one of the American negotiators of the treaty of 1783—to the Count de Vergennes referring to a map on which he had marked the boundary just settled by the treaty, with 'a strong red line.' A map which corresponded to the references in the letter was also found by Mr. Jared Sparks among the beautifully arranged papers of the department in which he had discovered the letter, and on the map he beheld—with surprise and consternation as an American citizen—a strong red line marking the boundary exactly as claimed by the British Government. This discovery he communicated to the American Department of State, and the knowledge of these facts—the private and secret knowledge of these facts—was in possession of Mr. Daniel Webster during his negotiations with Lord Ashburton. Efforts were made subsequently to show that no positive evidence identified the map found as the map referred to in the letter to the Count de Vergennes, but of this no one concerned seems to have had any moral doubt. Secondly, it was contended by Sir Robert Peel, who did his best to defend the honour of Mr. Webster, that, taking all the facts as they were alleged, Mr. Webster was not bound to produce testimony adverse to his own case. Finally, that Lord Ashburton also had a map—one preserved in the Library of George III. if we understand Sir Robert Peel's explanation rightly—on which the boundary was marked as claimed by the Americans, and that he refrained from putting this map in evidence during the negotiations. The two reservations, however, were not parallel. The map of which Lord Ashburton had cognizance was, a map of no special authority. How a boundary line came to be marked upon it nobody seems to have known. In the Foreign Office, meanwhile* there was a map showing the boundary according to the British claim. Lord Ashburton was undoubtedly justified in discarding his map as of no substantial importance. How far Mr. Webster was equally justified on his side is a subject about which different opinions will be formed.

* Lord Palmerston's speech.

The authority of the map brought to his knowledge was certainly very great; all but overwhelming. That map was, at the very least, to quote the language of Senator Rives, an embarrassing document. It seems clear that Mr. Webster, representing the American Government in the negotiations with Lord Ashburton, must, at any rate, have thrown overboard all thoughts of procuring a *just* settlement of the dispute. He struggled to obtain, not that to which he thought he had a right, but all he thought it possible to procure by defeating the rights of others.

Besides disposing of the Maine boundary question, Lord Ashburton's treaty settled a dispute that had arisen in connexion with our efforts for the suppression of the slave trade. Although the negotiations connected with our territorial difficulties in Oregon will claim attention directly as constituting a natural sequel to those on the Maine boundary, it is worth while to notice that, even in reference to this minor dispute growing out of the African slave trade, the usual rule which has governed our diplomacy with the United States was observed. The position we took up at the outset of the difficulty was simple and reasonable; our claims were substantiated by convincing despatches, and, in the end, we gave way through fear of the consequences that might ensue if we refused.

By the treaty of Ghent the American Government had subscribed to a promise that they would use their best endeavours to promote the entire abolition of the slave trade. The British Government, in order that the collective strength of humane nations might be employed against the trade to the best advantage, endeavoured to persuade all the powers to adopt a mutual right of search. In 1824 a treaty to this effect was drawn up by British and American plenipotentiaries, but it was never ratified, owing to a desire on the part of the United States Government to vary the geographical limits to which it referred. Our Government protested against the principle of varying a treaty on its ratification, and the negotiations fell through. In 1831 and 1833 we concluded treaties giving us a mutual right of search, with France. But the disposition of the American Government changed. It is not necessary to trace the explanation. The state of the question in 1842 was that the British Government had been pressing the United States to accept the right of search in vain. Meanwhile peculiar difficulties had arisen on the African coast. Without a mutual right of search with America we could not interfere with American slavers, and we never claimed to do this. But it constantly happened that, in endeavouring to elude pursuit, slavers of other nationalities hoisted the American flag. What
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our naval officers contended was that, whatever flag might be hoisted, they had at least a right to board vessels and ascertain that they really belonged to the nationality whose ensign they employed. Of course the American Government had nothing to say to any treatment we might bestow on foreign vessels hoisting the American flag fraudulently; but they advanced a claim that must, if recognized, have paralysed the action of our anti-slave trade squadron. They declared that, under no circumstances, must American vessels be even visited and asked their nationality by British naval officers. The mere act of inquiry they professed to regard as an outrage. It was manifest that, if this extravagant and wantonly obstructive claim were admitted, the consequences would be fatal to the success of our humane enterprise on the African coast. If our officers were bound under no circumstances to visit an American vessel it was clear that they could not venture to go on board any doubtful vessel with the American flag, lest she might be American. This was repeatedly pointed out in despatches to Mr. Stevenson, the American Minister in London; and both Lord Palmerston and Lord Aberdeen made it clear that we did not claim to interfere in any way with those rights which the United States Government reserved in refusing to concede the mutual right of search.* With quiet irony Lord Palmerston observed in one despatch:—

'The cruisers employed by Her Majesty's Government for the suppression of the slave trade must ascertain by inspection of the papers the nationality of vessels met with by them under circumstances which justify a suspicion that such vessels are engaged in the slave trade, in order that if such vessels are found to belong to a country which has conceded to Great Britain the mutual right of search, they may be searched accordingly, and that if they be found to belong to a country which, like the United States, has not conceded that mutual right, they may be allowed to pass on free and unexamined, and so consummate their intended iniquity.'

It can scarcely be said that the American minister during any part of this negotiation advanced any argument to justify the unfriendly and obstructive attitude that the United States Government had taken up. Indeed it would have been impossible for him to show that the simple right of visit or inquiry which we claimed, not in our own interests, but in those of humanity, was either injurious or insulting to American commerce. It was no new right which we sought to enforce; we merely wished to follow an established custom, the application of which to

* The correspondence is partly republished in the 'Annual Register.'

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American vessels subjected them to no inconvenience or annoyance worth speaking of, while it was absolutely essential to the efficient police of the seas. As we said in reference to the Maine boundary question, so we may say again in reference to this difficulty concerning the right of visit, the circumstances under which we were placed were such that any government, tenacious of its rights and occupying the position in which we were placed, would have refused to yield. On the other hand, the circumstances under which the American Government was placed were such that any government, moderately forbearing in disposition, would certainly have given way in a similar situation. But the actual course of events was this:—By the treaty of 1842 the British Government bowed to the exorbitant claims of the Government of the United States, and consented that the American merchant marine should be invested with a quasi-sacred character, belonging, according to Lord Aberdeen, to the vessels of no other nationality. In return for this somewhat ignominious concession the American Government undertook to station a force of its own on the African coast, so that doubtful vessels with an American flag might be overhauled by American men-of-war. This inadequate arrangement was held for the sake of peace to be a satisfactory compromise of the dispute.

Lord Ashburton effected no settlement of the Oregon question. Our difficulty with the United States concerning the limits of British and American jurisdiction in the west, proved, however, no less threatening to the peace of the two countries than the questions affecting the boundary at its eastern extremity. The territorial claims of the United States to country west of the Rocky Mountains seem first to have been put forward at the conferences which took place in London subsequent to the Treaty of Ghent.* If we go back to the time of the treaty of 1783, it will be found that the United States sought no empire beyond the Rocky Mountains. But in 1818 enlarged views had already dawned upon the minds of American statesmen. Feeling their way by degrees, the American representatives in London, at the date we mention, proposed that England and America should come to an understanding concerning the territory west of the Rocky Mountains. The United States, they said, 'did not assert a perfect right' to any of that territory, an admission which they could hardly have avoided making at the time, but one which it is worth while to remember in connexion with the subsequent progress of the negotiations. To meet the views of the United States, England agreed to a convention, signed in October, 1818,

* The Oregon question is discussed at length in the 'Quarterly Review' for March, 1846.

recognising a joint occupancy. The convention laid down this understanding:—

‘The country to the west of the Rocky Mountains claimed by either party, with its bays, harbours, navigation of rivers, &c., shall be free and open for ten years to the two powers, it being well understood that this agreement shall not prejudice any claim of either party, or of any other power or state to any part of the said country, the only object of the parties being to prevent disputes and differences among themselves.’

Nine years afterwards, in 1827, this convention, which had then almost expired, was indefinitely renewed, with a clause to the effect that it should be terminable by one year’s notice from either side. It is greatly to be deplored that the British Government did not foresee at an earlier period the desirability of marking out beyond dispute the limits of its own territorial jurisdiction in the west. But in 1827 it was already too late. By that time America had made up her mind concerning the boundary she meant to have. It was proposed by the American Government that the line should be carried along the 49th parallel of latitude to the sea. Great Britain objected, on the ground that British subjects had a perfect right to colonise down to the 42nd parallel. But the United States conceived the idea that they had acquired claims of vast extent over territory west of the Rocky Mountains, through treaties with the republic of Mexico, then newly emancipated from Spanish control. We may more conveniently examine the value of these claims in connexion with some others subsequently advanced. For the moment let us be content to take cognizance of the offers made on each side. During the negotiations carried on,—by Mr. Gallatin on behalf of the United States,—prior to the renewal of the joint convention, the rival claims roughly assumed the shape in which they continued to confront one another up to the conclusion of the final treaty in 1846. The British Government expressed its readiness to accept the 49th parallel as the boundary along the greater part of the line. But from the point at which that parallel should strike the Columbia River, Great Britain required that the boundary should follow the course of that river to the Pacific. The United States insisted that the 49th parallel should be the boundary all the way to the sea. At one time the United States offered us the navigation of the Columbia River, but afterwards this offer was withdrawn.

It should be borne in mind that although the dispute was thus narrowed to a conflict of claims for the country lying between the Columbia River, the Pacific coast, and the 49th parallel of latitude, the rights of the English Government, which we consented

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to waive, would have given this country an equally good case had we claimed a very much more favourable boundary. If Great Britain had not carelessly—or generously as the case may be—entered into the joint-occupancy convention, it might have established an admirable right to all western territory north of Mexico. As it was, the joint-occupancy convention certainly conferred rights on the United States. But those rights could only extend to a claim for the just and equitable division of the great western regions. Such a division would probably have carried the boundary line several degrees farther south than the 49th parallel.

The refusal of the British Government to give up the territory north of the Columbia River rendered Mr. Gallatin's negotiations abortive, and, for want of a better settlement, the joint-occupancy convention was, as we have seen, renewed. The Oregon question, however, had now been formally established. The more America pondered over the controversy, the more essential to her happiness became the territory between the Columbia River and the 49th parallel. When President Polk came into office in 1845, he declared himself embarrassed by the offers made by his predecessors, or he would have 'gone for the whole of Oregon,' that is to say for the whole territory where England had originally enjoyed an exclusive right, where she had consented to admit the United States to joint privileges of colonisation, and where the United States now endeavoured to show that she had no right whatever. In April, 1846, the Senate passed a resolution calling upon the President to give notice, under the convention of 1827, that America desired to terminate the joint occupation. This resolution was passed, after excited debates calculated to add weight to the menace it involved. Numerous indications showed that the American people were resolved to attempt the seizure of the territory they desired by force, if they could not obtain it by diplomacy. It was growing manifest that once more the British Government was to be placed in a position in which it would have an opportunity of showing how much it preferred the friendship of the United States, to a few hundred thousand—a few million acres of territory.

In the course of a diplomatic correspondence of some length, which passed in 1845, between Messrs. Calhoun and Buchanan on behalf of America, and Mr. afterwards Sir Richard Pakenham, the British Minister at Washington, on behalf of Great Britain, the rival arguments of the Oregon question are set forth in detail. The claim of the United States was ranged under three heads:—

1st. The rights of Spain conveyed to the United States by the Florida treaty.

2nd. The rights of France purchased with Louisiana.

3rd. The rights acquired by the United States by settlement and discovery.

The rights of Spain were really non-existent, except in the imagination of American diplomatists. Sir Francis Drake was the earliest navigator on the coast in dispute. In 1579 he discovered the land in lat. 48° , coasted down to about 38° , and went through the form of taking possession of the country in the name of his sovereign. For a long time the region was called by the name he gave it, New Albion. No very early Spanish navigator went so far north as Drake, and vague as the British claims on New Albion may have been in the last century, they were undoubtedly acknowledged to exist. In 1774 a Spanish naval expedition from Mexico touched at San Diego, in California, and then stood out to sea, giving a wide berth to all country that could possibly be considered New Albion, afterwards touching the land again well to the north of Drake's discoveries in lat. $53^{\circ} 50'$. In 1775 another Spanish expedition, under a Dr. Heceta, sailing along the coast, observed, about lat. 46° , a great bay, the head of which could not be seen, but which Heceta believed, from the evidence of its currents and eddies, to be the mouth of some great river or passage to another sea. This bay must have been the mouth of the Columbia River, and the United States diplomatists, to lose no advantage open to them, grounded one of their claims to the valley of the Columbia River, settled though it was by British subjects, on the theory that Heceta had discovered the mouth of the stream, that Spain had thus obtained territorial rights over the country it watered, and that these rights had been ceded to the United States by the treaty of Florida. The exquisite beauty of this claim is still further enhanced by the fact that the treaty of Florida itself was never ratified by Spain, which Power distinctly rejected the convention. It was taken as ratified by the United States, in spite of this little informality, and eventually it received such legal sanction as was possible under the circumstances from the revolted republic of Mexico.

Spain never promulgated Heceta's discoveries as the basis of any territorial claim, apparently respecting the British rights to New Albion. But England was animated by no jealous policy in reference to the Pacific coasts of America, and when a difficulty arose in 1789, between British and Spanish subjects in Nootka Sound, the British Government merely exacted a convention acknowledging that the coast north of the existing Spanish

Spanish settlements was free and open for the purposes of colonisation to the subjects of both countries. It might have been supposed that this Nootka Sound convention would have laid at rest for ever all idea of exclusive Spanish sovereignty north of San Francisco, and even American writers find it, like Fränklin's map in the Maine controversy, 'an embarrassing document.' But they endeavour to get over it in this way.* Wars between States cancel their mutual treaties. Great Britain was at war with Spain in 1796, therefore the validity of the Nootka Sound convention expired. It is triumphantly pointed out that it was not renewed by the treaty of Madrid. It happens, however, that the Nootka Sound treaty was one of a class of treaties explicitly revived in 1815, but independently of all such technical points, its importance in the Oregon controversy consists in this,—that it was an acknowledgment of a state of facts, not a treaty calling any new relations between the parties signing it into existence.

What has been called the French claim to Oregon, obtained by the Americans through the purchase of Louisiana, is almost too extravagant to be worth examination. Louisiana never thought of claiming, nor did France or Spain ever claim for her 'the slightest colour of right to any portion of the western side of the North American continent.'† The claims of the United States, by settlement and discovery, are a little more complicated, but they will be found on examination to break down no less thoroughly.

Vancouver, the most industrious explorer of the coasts in the neighbourhood of the island that bears his name, landed, in 1792, on the shores of the great bay called Admiralty Inlet, and took formal possession of the country in the name of the King of England, reviving the name New Albion. Accounts of this proceeding were published without exciting any comment either from Spain or the United States, in 1801. Meanwhile, in the same year, an American, Captain Gray, of Boston, in a vessel called the 'Columbia,' discovered the river now known by that name. It is alleged that he proceeded up the stream first ten miles, when he took in fresh water, and then fifteen miles further, when he found he had taken a wrong channel and had to return. There are some odd circumstances connected with Captain Gray's adventures. That there was such a person is certainly vouched for by Vancouver, who did receive from him information of the existence of the river. But all the details of the discovery rest on the authority of an alleged extract from Captain Gray's log, first produced in a note to a report on the Oregon question drawn up by a committee of the House of Representatives in 1826. This

* Greenhow.

† 'Quarterly Review,' March, 1846.

log had never before been heard of, and has since unaccountably disappeared.* The case is one calculated to excite suspicion even as it stands, but a singular circumstance remains to be recorded. Captain Gray, according to the mysterious extract, took in fresh water from the river when he had sailed up it for ten miles. It is a fact that the water of the Columbia River is salt for twenty miles up its course. However, brushing all these doubts aside, and giving the Americans credit for everything alleged to have been done by Gray, it remains impossible to defeat the British claims on the Columbia by reliance on his exploits, for Vancouver's narrative shows that an English vessel, the 'Jenny,' Captain Baker, entered the river in the early part of the same year that it was visited by Gray. There is no evidence to show whether Captain Baker or Captain Gray was the first discoverer. In any case the commander of the 'Chatham,' Vancouver's tender, Lieut. Broughton, was the first white man who fairly worked his way up the stream for any distance. Sent by Vancouver to examine the river, he ascended it for eighty-four miles from its true mouth, which he places higher up the bay than Captain Gray, and formally took possession in the name of the King of England. Vancouver declares, judging from this survey, that Captain Gray never was within five leagues of the entrance of the river.

The American claim to the valley of the Columbia by right of discovery is thus shown to be as weak technically, as it would be weak morally, if Captain Gray's exploit stood alone. For the theory that the Power whose flag is identified with the discovery of the mouth of a river, can on that account claim exclusive dominion over the whole country which it drains, is so extravagant as to be refuted by its own mere expression in plain language. But the United States did not rely, in arguing its claim, on the discoveries of Captain Gray alone. They appeal to the inland discoveries of Captains Lewis and Clarke, who were sent in 1804 to explore, on behalf of the United States, the upper valley of the Missouri. These travellers struck one of the tributaries of the Columbia during the latter part of their journey, and passed down the river to the sea, wintering on the south bank in 1805-6. American diplomatists lay great stress on this, but again minute research shows the hollowness of their claim. The upper branches of the Columbia had been explored, previous to the arrival of Lewis and Clarke, by Mr. David Thomson, surveyor and astronomer of the British North-West Company. If it were just, as the Americans contend when basing their claims on the discoveries of Lewis, Clarke, and

* Greenhow.

Gray, that the first explorers of a river give their country exclusive territorial rights over the region it waters, then the United States are shut out from attributing any importance whatever to the travels of Lewis and Clarke, for Thomson preceded those travellers. Finally, the route followed by Lewis and Clarke lay wholly within the territory that Great Britain was willing to resign to the United States. They entered the Columbia by tributaries on its left bank and south of the 49th parallel. All along that portion of the river which they traversed Great Britain was willing to let the river itself be the boundary-line.

In 1811 a settlement, called Astoria, was established at the mouth of the Columbia river. An American claim, based on this circumstance, may be disposed of in a few words. Astoria was a free trading station—not a colony—set up by nine partners, calling themselves the Pacific Fur Company, of whom three were American and six Scotch. When the war of 1812 broke out, the whole settlement was hastily sold to the North West Company for 58,000 dollars. When the British sloop 'Raccoon' arrived to take it from the enemy, it was found to be already British. At the conferences of Ghent the Americans claimed to have it delivered back to them. Great Britain pointed out that it had been bought and paid for; still the United States claimed the sovereignty. With almost fantastic generosity the British Government agreed that, pending negotiations for settling the territorial dominion, the United States flag should be re-established at Astoria in the *status quo ante bellum*. This was done, but Astoria did not pay. The place was deserted, and had ceased to exist before the negotiations of 1845. Finally, Astoria was on the south side of the river, and within the territory that Great Britain was willing to leave in the hands of the United States. Our readers may find it difficult to believe that sober American statesmen could found on the history of Astoria a claim to the whole valley of the Columbia River; but such is the fact nevertheless. We merely refrain from giving extracts from despatches in illustration of the point, to avoid overloading this narrative.

It may, perhaps, be observed, that all purely technical claims of the kind we have here been discussing, are really unimportant when the sovereignty of a newly-settled country has to be decided; and it may be imagined that the territory which was in dispute during the Oregon negotiations was already overrun with American 'pioneers,' and valuable to the United States on that account. But so far was this from being the case, that the settlements of the whole country in dispute were British. Even if the British proposal had been accepted, it would have

been necessary to break up some British settlements south of the Columbia, while there were no American settlements to be disturbed on the north side. On the other hand the American proposal required this country to give up a quantity of settlements, including Fort Vancouver, the *dépôt* of the Hudson's Bay Company; to resign the use of eleven rivers, and to give up all the good harbours of Admiralty Inlet, besides the agricultural district round Puget Sound. Yet this was a proposal that Buchanan described as one showing 'a sincere and anxious desire to cultivate the most friendly relations between the two countries, and to manifest to the world that the United States is actuated by a spirit of moderation.'

As, in dealing with the Maine boundary question, we refrained from a tedious recital of the negotiations carried on by Lord Ashburton, so we need not now follow the details of the diplomacy which was crowned in 1846 with the surrender by Great Britain of all the territory in dispute; of the Columbia River, of the harbours in Admiralty Inlet, and of all the other possessions just enumerated. There is no mystery involved in the surrender. From the tone of the debates in Congress, British statesmen once more perceived that if they wanted to enjoy the continued friendship of the United States, the only way to secure that blessing was to pay for it. They paid for it by giving up a large tract of the most valuable country on the Pacific coast, a tract which was ours by right of ancient claims, by right of prior discovery, prior survey, and prior occupation, and by the actual right of settlement and possession under the authority of treaties as well. Mr. Richard Pakenham was invested with full powers as a plenipotentiary, to conclude a treaty and set the Oregon controversy at rest; and, as his choice lay practically between the surrender of the territory the Americans required, and war, the surrender was duly made and the treaty of 1846 concluded.

This was the treaty out of which the San Juan controversy arose. With a moderation that American statesmen look back upon with pride, the United States consented, when at last this country submitted to the boundary along the 49th parallel, by which she was shut out from the whole valley of the Columbia, that the line should be deflected when it reached the sea-coast, so as not to cut off, as it would have done otherwise, a fragment from the end of Vancouver's Island. When we contemplate the American moderation involved in this deflection of the boundary, from the point of view of 1846, and remember what we gave up on that occasion, we are perhaps less disposed than Americans themselves to admire the self-denial shown in the surrender to us of 'the whole of Vancouver's Island.' The authors of the recently published American Case refer to the manner in which the

the United States agreed in 1846 'to give to Great Britain the whole of Vancouver's Island,' as if the whole continent had originally belonged to the United States, and as if the possession of Vancouver's Island by Great Britain was entirely due to United States' generosity. In reality, we have to thank the people of the United States for Vancouver's Island no more than for Van Diemen's Land or Australia. But to return to facts. The treaty of 1846 defined the boundary on the west coast as follows:—'The line shall be continued westward along the said 49th parallel of north latitude to the middle of the channel which separates the continent from Vancouver's Island, and thence southerly through the middle of the said channel and of Fuca's Straits to the Pacific Ocean.' Unfortunately the space intervening between Vancouver's Island and the continent is studded with small islands, whose existence the negotiators of the treaty of 1846 ignored. The consequence is, that no one channel can be selected as *the* channel which separates the continent from Vancouver's Island. According to an American map, drawn from surveys taken under the authority of the United States Congress by Colonel, afterwards General J. C. Fremont, the boundary-line was shown running down the channel on the east side of the island of San Juan, known as Rosario Straits. But in 1856, when, after a long delay, for which the American Government is responsible, joint commissioners were appointed to mark out the boundary which had never before been officially determined, the American Commissioner, Mr. Archibald Campbell, insisted that the line ought to run down the Canal de Haro, on the western side of San Juan, giving that island to the United States. In making this claim he was only following up an aggressive movement begun some years before by the legislature of Oregon Territory, which passed an act affecting to include the Haro Archipelago, to which the island of San Juan belongs, in one of the counties of the Territory. In 1854 the legislature of Washington Territory, by that time detached from Oregon, passed a similar act, in accordance with which the property of the Hudson's Bay Company on the island of San Juan was in 1855 assessed by the civil authorities of Washington Territory. The Company naturally refused to pay taxes to a foreign government on account of property which had always been regarded as, and which they still believed to be, situated on British ground. The property in question was then formally advertised and sold by the American authorities, and it was the official correspondence relating to this transaction that at last prompted Congress to appoint a boundary commissioner.

It seems to be the policy of the American Government never to recede from a claim once put forward in its name, no matter by whom or under what circumstances. Mr. Campbell proved a persevering exponent of this policy. In the course of a long correspondence with Captain Prevost, the British Commissioner, he never swerved from his contention that the Canal de Haro was the channel which best carried out the language and intentions of the treaty. Captain Prevost, on the contrary, became more and more convinced that the boundary-line, to be fairly drawn, must be carried down the Rosario Strait. Under these circumstances it became wholly impossible for the joint-commission to conclude its task, and its members ultimately reported themselves to their respective Governments as hopelessly at variance.

Before explaining the merits of their controversy it is desirable to say a few words on the importance of the point at issue. Some people may imagine that the possession of a small islet on the Pacific coast is an advantage for which it cannot be worth our while to contend. Viscount Milton, however, who has studied the subject with great care, declares:—‘On a just and equitable solution of the so-called San Juan Water-Boundary question depends the future, not only of British Columbia, but also of the entire British possessions in North America.’ He goes on to explain that Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, is situated at the south-eastern extremity of Vancouver’s Island, and its approach, in a military sense, absolutely commanded by the Island of San Juan. Rosario Strait is commanded by islands already in possession of the United States. With San Juan in their hands, they could shut us out also from the use of the Canal de Haro, and, practically, from all communication by sea with our colonies on the mainland, as the northern passage *viâ* Queen Charlotte’s Sound, is narrow, intricate, and perilous in the extreme. These considerations have earned for the island of San Juan the title of ‘the Cronstadt of the Pacific.’

We now come to the arguments in support of the British and American claims. We find the British position fortified, to begin with, by a memorandum drawn up by Sir Richard Pakenham, the British plenipotentiary who negotiated the very treaty whose signification is now the question in dispute. He declares that the treaty was arranged without any reference having been made by the American Government to the islands in the channel between the continent and Vancouver’s Island. True, it subsequently appeared that Mr. McLane, United States Minister in London, writing to Mr. Buchanan, the American Secretary of State, and negotiator of the treaty, said that the line about to be proposed by Her Majesty’s Government would ‘probably

ably be substantially to divide the territory by the extension of the line on the parallel of 49 degrees to the sea; that is to say, to the arm of the sea called Birch's Bay, thence by the Canal de Haro and Straits of Fuca to the ocean.' The Americans attribute great importance to this despatch; but what use did they make of it at the time it was written, at the time when the hydrographical knowledge of the region under partition was confessedly imperfect, and the accurate definition of the boundary was much to be desired? 'It is certain,' says Sir Richard Pakenham, 'that Mr. Buchanan signed the treaty with Mr. McLane's despatch before him, and yet that he made no mention whatever of the Canal de Haro as that through which the line of boundary would run, as understood by the United States Government.' We quote this passage, not to show that Mr. Buchanan was designedly entrapping Mr. Pakenham to accept words having a signification to which he would not have given his assent if he had understood it, but merely as evidence that the United States Government contemplated nothing more in 1846 than the establishment of a fair boundary, on the basis of obtaining all the mainland south of the 49th parallel, while we reserved all Vancouver's Island. It is only by virtue of the contention now set up by the United States that Mr. Buchanan can be accused of having stooped to overreach the British plenipotentiary. If he understood the hydrography of Fuca Straits, he cheated Mr. Pakenham. If he acted fairly to Mr. Pakenham, he had no fixed impression as to the direction the boundary-line would take among the islands, dividing the Canal de Haro from Rosario Strait. Proceeding on this hypothesis, it will be manifest that the treaty ought to be interpreted as prescribing a fair division of the islands which stud the channel to which it refers. A plea has been set up on behalf of America to the effect that the object of deflecting the boundary-line was merely to prevent it from cutting off a fragment of Vancouver's Island; therefore that we ought not to claim anything whatever beyond that one solid piece of land. But, first of all, this plea is manifestly inequitable. We reserved Vancouver's Island, and, in doing this, it is manifest that we also reserved those immediately adjacent insular appendages without which its possession would have been an element of weakness rather than of strength. Secondly, there is not a word in the treaty to support the idea that its language ought to be interpreted as giving us nothing but the one compact island specifically named. On the contrary, the language would be just as capable of bearing an exactly opposite interpretation, according to which we might claim that the United States ought to have nothing but the mainland all
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along Fuca Straits, leaving every islet, however near the mainland, in our possession.

A fair division of the minor islands, made without reference to the treaty, and merely on the basis of an understanding that England was to have Vancouver's Island, and America the mainland, would assuredly give us the Island of San Juan. That island, and many others in its immediate vicinity, are geologically fragments of Vancouver's Island, and not of the mainland. The island, whose mere value as so much territory is hardly worth consideration in this dispute, is useless to the United States, except for the purposes of offensive military operations against the British dominions. To us, as Lord Milton has pointed out, it is of priceless importance for the proper defence of our own territory, while altogether unavailable for hostile operations against the United States. It is difficult to imagine a stronger equitable claim on the island than these considerations give us. We can only want the island for our own protection, and could not use it for aggressive purposes. The United States can only want the island as a *point d'appui* for aggressive purposes, and could not render it serviceable for their own defence.

The correspondence that took place between Captain Prevost and Mr. Archibald Campbell during their attempt to agree upon a boundary, concerns itself mainly with the technical arguments on each side, and affords, together with the instructions issued by each Government to its own representative, a complete epitome of these arguments. On behalf of England it is maintained that, when the treaty was concluded in 1846, only one navigable channel was known to exist, viz., that known by the name of Rosario Strait. The Canal de Haro is alleged to be a channel only fit for steamers, and in endeavouring to show that it is in all respects as navigable a channel as Rosario Strait, Mr. Campbell seems driven to quote from an American hydrographical report dated as late as 1855, on which it is not improbable that the existence of the San Juan question as an international difficulty had some influence. In dealing with another technical point he was not ashamed to use the argument embodied in the following passage :—'Rosario Strait is a navigable channel, but it does not separate the continent from Vancouver's Island. In no part of its course does it touch upon the shore of either. It separates the islands of Lummi, Sinclair's, Cypress, Guemes, and Fidalgo on the east; from Orcas, Blakeley, Decatur, and Lopez islands on the west; but in no respect does it separate the continent from Vancouver's Island, and cannot therefore, in my opinion, be claimed, in accordance with the language of the treaty, as the channel therein referred to.'

Thus.

Thus, if there had been one main channel twenty miles wide connecting the Gulf of Georgia with the Straits of Fuca, still if each shore were fringed with islands, Mr. Campbell's argument would have made it necessary to take the boundary-line inside them, within a half-mile or so either of the mainland or of Vancouver's Island, in order that it might pass through a channel washing one or other of the territories named in the treaty. It is impossible to read the passage we have quoted from Mr. Campbell's despatch without feeling that the argument it involves must have been invented to accommodate the facts, and would never have been heard of under a somewhat different conformation of the regions in dispute.

It would be tedious to follow the two commissioners through all their prolonged and fruitless diplomacy, but we may here record the fact that Captain Prevost, after vainly exhausting his arguments in endeavouring to convince Mr. Campbell that the Rosario Strait was the channel of the treaty, and after finding his own conviction to that effect entirely unshaken by the counter-arguments brought forward on the other side, proposed a compromise. He suggested that the whole intervening space between the mainland and Vancouver's Island should be treated, in laying down the boundary, as if it were one channel, and that the line should be taken as nearly along the middle of the whole space as the position of the minor islands would allow. This proposal, this very liberal proposal, which had the effect of offering the United States many islands to which they had no fair right, was declined curtly by Mr. Campbell, who wrote that he must decline 'any proposition which would require me to sacrifice any portion of the territory which I believe the treaty gives to the United States.' It will be seen that Mr. Campbell had profited by the lessons of the Maine and Oregon controversies, and comprehended the doctrine that all territory which at any time, or by any accident, any citizens of the United States had seized or claimed as subject to the sovereignty of the republic, was from that moment to be regarded as United States territory, the restoration of any part of which to its legitimate owners was to be treated as a cession.

The first settlement of the island of San Juan was effected by the Hudson's Bay Company, the island having been 'always considered to be and treated as within the jurisdiction of the Governor of Vancouver's Island.* But about the year 1859 a few American squatters made their appearance, and their arrival was generally regarded as foreshadowing some ultimate designs.

* Lord Milton, p. 252.

In June, 1859, a dispute arose between one of the squatters and the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company. The squatter shot a hog belonging to the Company. General Harney, the United States officer in command of troops in Washington Territory availed himself of the quarrel which arose out of this trifling incident to send a company of American troops to San Juan 'to afford adequate protection to American citizens, in their rights as such.' This aggressive step was taken altogether without reference to the Governor of Vancouver's Island. The Hudson's Bay agent remonstrated with Captain Pickett, the officer in charge, and warned him that the island was the property of the Hudson's Bay Company. This warning induced him to send for the 'Massachusetts,' an American man-of-war in the neighbourhood. Governor Douglas, of Vancouver's Island, hearing of these events, at once went to San Juan. Captain Pickett informed him that he was acting under orders—that he would prevent any inferior British force from landing, fight any equal force, and protest against the landing of any force superior to his own. We need not trace the correspondence that ensued between Captain Pickett and the British authorities. The tact and great self-control of Governor Douglas averted any actual outbreak of hostilities. Eventually he landed in a different part of the island from that occupied by the Americans a small force equal to that under Captain Pickett's orders, and thus established the joint occupation that has endured ever since. In accordance with the provisions of the treaty of Washington, the sovereignty of the island has been referred for arbitration to the German Emperor, and the cases prepared on each side have been for some time in his hands. It is very desirable that no decision should be given in this matter while the arbitration referred to the tribunal at Geneva is threatened with miscarriage. Should the Emperor give a decision in our favour, there would be every reason to fear that its reception by the Government of the United States would depend upon the fate of the arbitration at Geneva. Judging by the principles on which American diplomacy is regulated, it is but too probable that in the event of a collapse of the treaty, as far as it relates to the 'Alabama,' the United States would repudiate an arbitration in the San Juan case that failed to grant them the sovereignty of the island. On the other hand, the British Government would probably accept a decision unfavourable to itself, whatever might be the fate of the treaty. We stand, therefore, in the position of having everything to lose and nothing to gain by letting the Berlin arbitration proceed. If our Government have not taken steps to suspend it while the issue of the negotiations relating to the 'Alabama' arbitration is doubtful, they

they have shamefully imperiled interests it was their duty to guard.

The fate of San Juan, however, has excited but little public interest during the last few months. The incidents that have interrupted the progress of the arbitration at Geneva have thrown all other subjects of international speculation into the shade. Time has at last exposed, what circumstances for a while disguised, the true character of the Washington treaty. Our consent to that unfortunate instrument was obtained by the American Government in one of those propitious moments in which it has always been their good fortune to conclude their treaties with this country. An eager desire to secure the friendship of the United States, at almost any material sacrifice, had inspired Mr. Gladstone's Government with the idea of settling the 'Alabama' difficulty by giving up almost every question in dispute. Demands which successive Governments, both Conservative and Liberal, had ever since their first presentation persistently resisted as wholly unreasonable—which in some cases they had almost resented as insulting—he resolved to grant. The Washington Government was thus enabled to obtain the signature of Great Britain to a treaty which it almost dictated, and of which some of the most important passages were certainly framed in its own language. The precedents of history were followed out with melancholy exactitude. Over a long course of negotiation the diplomatists of Great Britain proved the justice of their case. But the more they strengthened their position by argument, the more the United States endeavoured to strengthen theirs by increasing the extravagance of their demands. Finally, at a moment when the contention of the United States was more unreasonable than at any previous period, Mr. Gladstone acceded to almost every claim that the Americans had made, and that this country had resisted in a long diplomatic battle, extending over nine years. American statesmen, at any rate, appreciate the lessons of history. They know that, however extravagant have been the demands made in former times by their Government on Great Britain, a period has always been reached when this country has been either frightened or wearied into acquiescence. It is not surprising that they relied, in dealing with the 'Alabama' question, on the recurrence of events in their old order.

Recent criticisms on the Washington treaty have been chiefly directed to the passages which bear on the vast indirect claims now advanced by the American Government. But the truth is, that even if the indirect claims had never been heard of, the treaty, regarded merely as a settlement of the 'Alabama' claims pure and simple, would still have involved an ignoble surrender

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on our part to unwarrantable pretensions on the part of America. This will be seen clearly enough if we cast back a glance at the long negotiations which the treaty of Washington was designed to close. Those negotiations extended over four distinct periods. The claims were first presented by Mr. C. F. Adams to Lord Russell in 1862. A long correspondence was devoted to their discussion in that year, but Lord Russell and Lord Clarendon, after Lord Palmerston's death, steadfastly disclaimed responsibility for the acts of the 'Alabama.' They refused to entertain the idea that arbitration on this subject was possible. Lord Russell expressed his readiness to agree to the appointment of a mixed commission to settle minor claims, but he refused to permit the introduction of those relating to the depredations of the 'Alabama.' With the correspondence that passed between Mr. Adams and Lord Clarendon in the winter of 1865, the first period of the negotiations may be said to have closed.

When Lord Derby's government came into power in 1866, negotiations were commenced afresh. The American claims were laid before Lord Stanley, and in a despatch written in November, an offer was made to the American Government which advanced considerably beyond that made by Lord Russell. Lord Stanley now expressed the readiness of the British Government to arbitrate upon the 'Alabama' claims, if the two governments could agree upon the questions to be referred for arbitration. Mr. Seward, however, now contended that the arbitration should include a reference of the question whether this country was justified in recognising the belligerent character of the Confederate States. Lord Stanley absolutely refused to make this question the subject of any arbitration whatever, and the negotiations again fell to the ground.

A third series was undertaken on the arrival in this country of Mr. Reverdy Johnson. It extended over the change of government in 1868, and was concluded under the auspices of Lord Clarendon. This time the British Government advanced beyond its previous concessions, and agreed, not indeed openly to arbitrate concerning the recognition of belligerent rights, but to arrange for the arbitration of the 'Alabama' claims on the basis of a tacit understanding that although we could not refer the question of belligerent rights to the arbitrators, the American Government might nevertheless still reserve their opinion that our conduct in that matter had been unjustifiable.* The American

* See despatch from Lord Stanley to Mr. Thornton of Oct. 21, 1868:—'In this conversation little was said as to the point on which the former negotiations broke off, namely, the claim made by the United States Government to raise before the arbitrator the question of the alleged premature recognition by Her Majesty's Government

rican Senate, however, refused to accept the convention signed on the basis of this and other concessions by Lord Clarendon, and the third period of the negotiations was closed by the refusal of Lord Clarendon to re-open the subject with Mr. Reverdy Johnson under these circumstances. The fourth period dates from the appointment of the Joint High Commission.

The appointment of that commission was in itself an exceedingly imprudent measure. It is true that the commission—as a commission on the ‘Alabama’ claims—was not actually proposed by the British Government, but the proposal which was made by the British Government for a commission to settle the fisheries dispute was practically an invitation to Mr. Fish to propose the reference of the ‘Alabama’ claims to the same body of diplomatists. Thus it may be asserted with substantial truth that Mr. Gladstone’s Government is responsible for having re-opened the ‘Alabama’ controversy. The folly of such a course of action was extreme. The Government thus displayed an anxiety to conciliate the favour of the United States, that was certain to re-act on the American Government in such a way as to produce claims of a more extortionate kind than any previously put forward. As Lord Derby justly observed in the debate in the House of Lords on the 22nd of March last: ‘A mission so sent out, with such unusual pomp and ceremony, was bound, under the penalty of making itself ridiculous, to conclude a treaty of some sort. It could not come back *re infectâ*, and obviously, when the other party to the negotiation is aware of that fact, you are not likely to make an advantageous bargain. So we have gone on from concession to concession.’ Moreover, it might have been remembered that the rejection of the Reverdy Johnson treaty had been accompanied by the development of Mr. Sumner’s views in the famous speech that first imputed to England a liability to pay the cost of some years of the civil war. True, this was the theory of a comparatively irresponsible though, on account of his connexion with an important committee of the Senate, an influential politician, but the Government here ought to have been awake to the danger that the new claim might sooner or later be taken up by the United States Government. The encroaching spirit, which that Government had already shown, should have taught British statesmen of common prudence that our only policy in reference to the ‘Alabama’ claims was to stand on the defensive, prepared to make concessions up to the advanced limits already defined, but to go no further. Unluckily, however, Lord Granville,—

Government of the Confederates as belligerents. I stated to Mr. Reverdy Johnson that we could not on that point depart from the position which we had taken up; but I saw no impossibility in so framing the reference as that by mutual consent, either tacit, or express, the difference might be avoided.’

or Mr. Gladstone, whom we suspect to have been the author of the idea,—fancied a time had come at which it would be possible to negotiate a treaty with the Americans which would please them without absolutely empowering them to sell up the British empire. To almost anything short of this he appears to have been ready to agree. During the Washington conferences Lord Granville stood behind the commissioners, ordering them by telegraph to concede and to submit, whenever they showed signs of resisting some demand rather more startling than usual. From first to last their proceedings seem to have been little more than a registration of the terms on which the American Government was willing to receive the submission of this country. If the Government of Mr. Gladstone had cared to maintain any decent show of insisting that the negotiations should be conducted on a system of reciprocity, they would have firmly persevered in requiring that arrangements should be made for obtaining an arbitration on our claims in respect of Fenian raids on Canada. Whatever complaints the Americans can make against us, for having shown unfriendly negligence in letting the 'Alabama' escape, we might bring complaints against them of an unfriendliness tenfold greater, shown in repeatedly permitting the organisation within their territory of regular military expeditions designed to make war upon the Queen's dominions. But the Fenian raid claims were given up by our Government for no better reason than because the American people were said to be resolved never to listen to these claims. The American people seem to be regarded by Mr. Gladstone's Government with mingled emotions of fear, and anxiety to please, which combine to render its claims tremulous in their diffidence; its concessions servile in their eagerness.

The commissioners, urged forward by the Foreign Office, hastened when the conferences opened to accumulate their peace offerings in a heap at the feet of the American negotiators. At the outset of their proceedings, they imparted a wholly new character to the treaty under preparation, by inserting, in accordance with Lord Granville's instructions, an apology for the escape of the 'Alabama.' Of course the theory of the treaty was that a future arbitration had to decide whether that escape carried with it any reproach to this country or not; but without the apology, say the defenders of the treaty, the American people would never have accepted it. It is odd that this excuse should be considered sufficient, because the treaty which we are thus supposed to have purchased by means of the apology, is in itself a concession—an enormous concession to the United States. We derive no advantage from it ourselves—none, at all events worth speaking of—except the hope that the United States may, under its

its influence, ultimately surrender an unjust claim against us. However, the apology was destined to be soon eclipsed by the three rules. American theories concerning the 'Alabama' had by this time matured so far that the United States Government was no longer content to submit the 'Alabama' claims to a free and unfettered arbitration. It insisted that artificial rules should be laid down for the guidance of the arbitrators, so that it should be rendered almost certain that under these rules, drawn up to suit the circumstances, England should be found liable to pay damages. The British Commissioners were startled by such an extravagant demand, and at first refused to entertain it. But subsequently, under the influence of telegrams from home, they agreed to the *ex post facto* rules. The arrangement exactly fell in with the views of the British Government. It might, perhaps, have shrunk from calling on Parliament to pay heavy damages voluntarily, in a matter where our culpability had never been acknowledged. But in its mania for truckling to the United States, it joyfully acceded to an agreement by which the defence of the country before a tribunal of arbitration would be embarrassed by artificial difficulties, and rendered unlikely to succeed. In an age when the use of strong language was more prevalent than at present, it would probably have been asserted that a country thus treated by its Government had been betrayed.

The treaty signed by Lord Ashburton in 1842, as we have already said, was described in the political controversies of its day as a capitulation. Surely the circumstances we have recalled in reference to the recent treaty, are enough to show that this treaty was no less a capitulation. In all our diplomacy with the United States, we seem to have been destined to capitulate in the end.

The three rules under which the treaty consents that the liability of Great Britain shall be decided are awkwardly drawn up, but their general significance is that a neutral Government is bound 'to use due diligence' to prevent the complete or partial preparation within its jurisdiction, of any vessels destined for hostile employment against any power with which it is at peace. Also to deny belligerents the use of its ports or waters, 'for the purpose of the renewal or augmentation of military supplies or arms, or the recruitment of men.' Under these rules, and on the assumption that their infringement renders a neutral liable to pay damages, we should undoubtedly have been liable to pay damages to the Confederate States, if they had achieved their independence; for men were recruited for the service of the Federal armies at Queenstown (see Lord Russell's despatches to Mr. Adams), and the United States made constant use of our
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ports and waters for obtaining 'renewals and augmentations' of military supplies and arms. But it is worth while to observe that under these rules, if reasonable allowance is made for the occasional failure, even of 'due diligence' in enforcing the law, there is good ground for believing that the British Government would be able to defend itself before a tribunal of arbitration in respect of any claim for damages brought by the United States. Even in reference to the simplest of the direct claims advanced by that power, it will be found difficult, after an examination of the facts, to understand how a fair tribunal could decide that our conduct towards the successful belligerent during the American Civil War was such as to render us justly amenable to penalties. The anxieties of the present moment have a good deal overshadowed the incidents which have been supposed to connect this country with the proceedings of the Southern cruisers, but if only for the sake of correctly appreciating the spirit in which the new claim for consequential damages has been advanced, we should keep in view the fundamental arguments on which that superstructure has been raised.

The British Case supplies us with an able narrative of these incidents. Beside the American Case our own pleadings may appear weak to a hasty reader. They contain none of that exaggeration, forensic ingenuity, and misleading rhetoric by which the American Case is distinguished. This last may be compared to the speech of the counsel for the plaintiff in a breach of promise trial; the British Case, to the explanation which a cool statesman, conscious of being in the right, might give in Parliament in justification of some measure that had been unreasonably attacked. The British Case, however, is strong and satisfactory, even when taken as a defence against the fiery indictment of the Americans.

We have not space for a close analysis of the unfair reasoning—the simulation and dissimulation—of the American Case. But the long chapters relating to 'the unfriendly course pursued by Great Britain,' 'the duties which Great Britain as a neutral should have observed towards the United States,' and the acts 'wherein Great Britain failed to perform its duties as a neutral,' which are especially disfigured by these characteristics, are the less deserving of close criticism as being improperly conceived in principle. The friendliness or unfriendliness of Great Britain, her performance of neutral duties other than those connected with the Southern cruisers, are matters with which the Geneva tribunal cannot properly concern itself. In discussing them at unreasonable length, the authors of the American Case violate the spirit of the Washington treaty. In the British Case general questions are only discussed so far as may be absolutely necessary

necessary in explaining the policy pursued by Great Britain towards the cruisers. And the general principles thus laid down in the British Case concerning neutral duties as they affect the claims under arbitration, though not so concisely expressed as they might be, are nevertheless so well conceived that we are induced to quote them :—

‘ 1. It is the duty of a neutral Government in all matters relating to the war to act impartially towards the belligerent powers, to concede to one what it concedes to the other ; to refuse to one what it refuses to the other.

‘ 2. This duty, inasmuch as it flows directly from the conception of neutrality, attends the relation of neutrality wherever it exists, and is not affected by considerations arising from the political relation which before the war the belligerents may have sustained to one another.

‘ 3. Maritime war being carried on by hostilities on the high seas, and through the instrumentality (ordinarily) of vessels commissioned by public authority, a neutral power is bound to recognise, in matters relating to the war commissions issued by each belligerent, and captures made by each, to the same extent, and under the same conditions as it recognises commissions issued and captures made by the other.

‘ 4. Where either belligerent is a community or body of persons not recognised by the neutral power as constituting a sovereign state, commissions issued by such belligerents are recognised as acts emanating, not, indeed, from a sovereign Government, but from a person or persons exercising *de facto* in relation to the war, the powers of a sovereign Government.’

With this exordium the British Case proceeds to record the leading facts of the great Southern struggle for independence. When the American Case deals with history, much circumlocution is employed to keep up the theory that from first to last the people of the Confederacy were ‘insurgents ;’ that the war throughout was an ‘insurrection ;’ that the members of the Southern Government were ‘persons calling themselves’ by this or that official title. In the British Case, on the other hand, transactions are described by their right names. The historical narrative, for instance, opens with the statement :—‘ In the year 1861 a civil war broke out in the United States.’ It is astonishing how different an aspect is at once imparted to the policy of Great Britain by the use in this manner of honest phraseology in describing events, from that which it is made to wear when examined under the false light thrown upon it by the distorted language of the American writers.

As soon as the war began, the Southern leaders, finding their own ports blockaded by a naval force with which they were quite unable to cope, sought abroad for the means of creating a navy. The identity of their own language with ours, and commercial ties, naturally attracted their agents to this country. The

American firm of Fraser, Trenholm, and Co., was established at Liverpool. The American Case makes it a subject of bitter complaint against us that the firm was to all intents and purposes a branch of 'the insurgent treasury.' The complaint is childish. Could the British Government have hunted out, banished, or imprisoned private merchants trading within its territory because they did business with people with whom the United States were at war? The truth is, that the arrangements made by the Confederates for supplying money in England for any purposes connected with their interests during the war would have gone far to excuse the British Government, if it had been much less successful than on the whole it was, in guarding its neutrality. For after all, in spite of the exertions the Confederates made to circumvent our neutrality, and in spite of the weak ineffective character of the old Foreign Enlistment Act, which was the only weapon the British Government could employ against them, the only vessel which so far escaped the vigilance of this Government as to leave a British port prepared to become a Southern cruiser without going into a Southern port, and without undergoing seizure and trial, was the 'Alabama' herself. The American Case says:—

'The cruisers for whose acts the United States ask this tribunal to hold Great Britain responsible are (stating them in the order in which their cruises began), the "Sumter," the "Nashville," the "Florida," and her tenders; the "Clarence," the "Tacony," and the "Archer;" the "Alabama," and her tender the "Tuscaloosa;" the "Retribution," the "Georgia," the "Tallahassee," the "Chickamauga," and the "Shenandoah,"'

Some of these vessels are now heard of for the first time as the subject of claims against the British Government; and the British Case, dealing only with those vessels in reference to which claims had been advanced during the 'Alabama' correspondence, does not contain a complete account of all the ships now named. But it does contain a complete account of the four principal cruisers, and the history of the others may be gathered sufficiently for our present purpose from the American Case itself. First, let us notice the more important vessels. 'Of the four vessels in respect of which alone,' says the British Case, 'the United States have up to this time made claims against Great Britain,' two, the 'Georgia' and the 'Shenandoah,' were built as merchant ships. The 'Shenandoah' was actually employed as a merchant ship, and bought abroad for the Confederate Government. The 'Georgia,' was built at Dumbarton, was cleared for a port in the West Indies, and though she was at once taken to French waters and there equipped for war, so well was the secret of her intended character kept, that the United States

States agents in this country could obtain no evidence against her till too late for use. The first communication made by Mr. Adams to Lord Russell on the subject of this vessel was made six days after she sailed. How can it be argued, therefore, that the British Government is responsible for her depredations, on the ground that it was guilty of negligence in letting her escape? In the case of the 'Florida,' that vessel after leaving this country was seized in the dominions of the Queen abroad, and was brought to trial, but at this time she was not a man-of-war at all. She was released by the court because no proof was forthcoming that she was even intended to become a man-of-war. The American Case describes her trial as a farce; but whether the prosecution was or was not conducted, by the Colonial authorities engaged, in a lukewarm spirit, at all events the ship entered a Confederate port, and there for the first time was fitted out for war.

The vessels made the subject of claims now for the first time were mostly blockade runners, or vessels which were unequivocally fitted out in Confederate ports, and in reference to which the theory that England is responsible for these depredations rests wholly on the hospitality they are alleged to have received in British ports. In reference to this hospitality, the charge of the United States is met by the reply that in the exercise of a strict neutrality we treated Southern and Northern vessels exactly alike. That, of course, is our offence in the estimation of the American people. We ought to have shown hospitality to the Federal ships alone, and to have assisted them in capturing Southern cruisers as pirates. But such theories, although unhappily they cannot be overlooked, and cannot therefore be described as beneath notice, are certainly beneath serious attention.

The general deduction, therefore, from a survey of the facts relating to the cruisers is this.—The only offence committed by Great Britain was that in one solitary instance during four years she failed in guarding her neutrality. Just before the 'Alabama' slipped unexpectedly away, Mr. Adams, who up to that time had merely been enabled to submit vague rumours and unsubstantial evidence against her, did certainly forward to the British Government evidence which, when examined by the law officers, was found to be sufficient to justify her detention. But the legal opinion came just a day too late. The ship had flown. In many other cases the British Government acted with great promptitude, and almost with illegal zeal for the benefit of the United States. The British Case shows:—

'That, beside the "Florida" and the "Alabama," many other ships were believed and asserted by Mr. Adams to be fitting out in British ports,

ports, for the purpose of carrying on war against the United States, and were made the subject of representations to Her Majesty's Government.

'That in every case, without exception, the allegations of Mr. Adams were promptly and carefully investigated; that in the greater number of cases Mr. Adams proved to be mistaken, the suspected ships being merely merchant ships, built and fitted out with a view to a special employment, and not for war; that in all cases as to which reasonable evidence could be obtained, the suspected vessels were seized, and proceedings instituted for the condemnation of them; that four were thus seized—the "Alexandra," the two rams, and the "Canton," or "Pampero"—and were prevented from being used for belligerent purposes, and one of them (the "Alexandra") having been seized in England and restored by the verdict of a jury, was afterwards seized again in a British colony.'

In fact, whatever may have been the sympathies of private individuals in this country during the war, it is certain that the British Government pushed to the verge of partizanship with the North, its determination to prevent the South from making use, for warlike operations, of the maritime resources of Great Britain. And yet because in one instance its vigilance broke down, because one vessel out of a great number that the Southern Government was struggling to obtain got away in spite of us, the American Government is not ashamed to importune us for damages, and to come before the world claiming that we ought equitably to reimburse it for the expenses of a large part of the war! The old story is repeated. The more we yield to America the more is expected of us. By constantly courting that power, we encourage it in behaving towards us with an arrogance which grows more and more difficult to endure. Each concession on our part provokes a fresh demand, and every sacrifice we make has the effect of augmenting instead of diminishing the sum total of sacrifice claimed at our hands.

The penalty we incur for having yielded to the United States Government, so far as to have consented that the original 'Alabama' claims should be referred to arbitration, is that we are now called upon to meet fresh claims which may amount to some hundreds of millions sterling. Much discussion has been devoted to the question whether the indirect claims now advanced were understood by the American Commissioners at the time the treaty was signed to be included in that instrument. We need not travel over this discussion, nor follow those writers who have busied themselves, in the interests of peace, in trying to show to the United States honourable paths along which they might retreat from their present untenable position. Efforts have been made in this way to prove that the treaty itself was the
'amicable

'amicable settlement' mentioned in one of the protocols as calculated, if it could be arranged, to bar all further prosecution of the indirect claims. But in this matter we must adopt the American view. It is evident that the American Commissioners, when they spoke of an amicable settlement, contemplated an arrangement by which Great Britain should, without even taking her case to arbitration, have accepted the worst consequences that an arbitration could have inflicted upon her. With what intention the American Commissioners made this proposal it is difficult to understand. It assumed either that Great Britain had previously for years been dishonestly refusing the American people compensation which it knew to be their due, or that it had finally sunk so low that it might be induced through fear to submit to a claim it knew to be unjust. Certainly it would appear that American statesmen do not refrain from making proposals to this country from any dread of rousing its indignation, if the policy suggested be ignominious. But it would be waste of time to discuss at length the intentions which actuated the American negotiators during the conferences at Washington. The American Case formally calls upon the arbitrators to declare that this country ought equitably to reimburse the United States for the expenses entailed upon them by the prolongation of the war after the battle of Gettysburg. Whatever was intended by the negotiators of the treaty, the intention of the authors of the Case—that is to say, of the American Government—is perfectly clear. It is to obtain, if possible, a decision, that we are equitably bound to pay the consequential damages; and if any sane Englishman imagines that, having obtained such a decision, the American Government would be content to leave it a dead letter without adding up the claims and producing a definite sum total in dollars, he must certainly have studied American policy, if at all, to very little purpose. The theory that the indirect claims mean nothing, that they are really introduced for the sake of their moral effect, is almost unworthy of examination. If it were sound, we should be none the less enabled to object to devices for producing a moral effect on the minds of the arbitrators, by means of pleadings irrelevant to the question at issue, but the argument is altogether delusive. If the arbitrators admitted what the American Case asks them to admit, that we ought in equity to pay certain charges not yet estimated, they could not, in the discharge of their appointed functions, do otherwise than proceed to assess those charges, or refer them for assessment to another tribunal.

The claim for the indirect damages lies before us; and this country will deserve the worst consequences that can befall it if it consents to any course of action which is based upon the belief

belief that the claim can be in any way ignored. In making that claim the American Government has clearly overstepped the rights conferred upon it by the treaty. Whether Mr. Gladstone is justified in declaring that the treaty is not ambiguous, or whether its clumsily constructed sentences are ambiguous, one thing is certain, even Mr. Gladstone's Government, in advising the Queen to ratify the treaty, was incapable of intending to submit to arbitration the question whether Great Britain ought to pay half the cost of the American war. Starting from this indisputable position, we venture to say it is absurd to contend that a great nation can be entrapped by adroit diplomatists into signing away, without intending to do so, sums that would involve national disgrace. The reference of the indirect claims is not sanctioned under the treaty, because this country never consciously consented to any such reference, and because treaties cannot be applied to purposes of unforeseen extortion like acceptances in the hands of a money lender. They are nothing if they are not the record of a mutual agreement between the states in whose names they are signed.

On the part of the United States it is contended that the court of arbitration at Geneva is the proper tribunal to determine whether the indirect claims are admissible under the treaty. But to refute this view it is only necessary to apply the principle on which it is based to an imaginary case. Suppose the American Government had gone to the Geneva tribunal declaring that the only compensation it would really accept would be the deposition of the Queen, and the entrance of this country into the American Union as a new state. Any person of sane mind will see, not only that such a claim would be inadmissible under the treaty, but that we could not possibly allow the tribunal to arbitrate concerning its admissibility. Under no circumstances could we consent to stand the risk of an arbitration, however slight, in a matter of so much importance. There is but one theory that can explain in a rational manner the nature and functions of a court of arbitration. Two disputants narrow their differences by negotiation to a specific issue, or a series of specific issues. They agree to refer those issues—those, not any others—to a third party. The jurisdiction thus conferred on the third party is essentially a jurisdiction *ad hoc*. The arbitrators have no more authority to determine a new dispute arising subsequently to their appointment—whether it concerns the limits of their jurisdiction or a wholly independent matter—than to determine any old dispute standing apart from those they were appointed to consider. Their authority was only called into existence by mutual agreement; it can only continue in existence by mutual agreement.

To

To conceive an effectual decision by arbitrators we must begin by conceiving two suitors ready to receive that decision; pledged to one another, agreeing with one another, that in reference to the matter before the arbitrators they would abide by that decision.

As we write negotiations are in progress, the character of which is concealed from us, and the issue of which it is impossible to foresee. All that we know of them is that they have begun badly. When at last the Government was roused by the press and the country from a lethargy which it has yet to explain, and when it grew aware that something had to be done in consequence of the unfair manœuvre that the United States had attempted, Lord Granville, on the 3rd of February, sent a despatch to General Schenck, which was described in the Queen's Speech as a 'friendly communication,' and the contents of which were understood to be as nearly colourless as the circumstances would allow. Timid to the verge of servility at a time when honour and policy would have alike dictated some boldness and precision of tone, the Government seems to have done nothing more than feebly suggest that the United States was asking too much in asking us to give the arbitrators at Geneva power to treat us as a conquered nation. As a matter of course the United States Government maintained the position it had already assumed. Lord Granville's despatch practically encouraged that Government to persevere in the course on which it had entered. We do not say that he could easily have persuaded it to draw back. The lessons of fifty years are not to be unlearned in a day. We have displayed towards the United States such miserable weakness and servility in the past, that now—or whenever we may ultimately be compelled to change our tone with them, as sooner or later it is inevitable that we must—we may have to face some disagreeable contingencies before convincing them that we are in earnest. But very ordinary sagacity should have shown the Government that indecisive remonstrances, however sweetened with sugary phrases, were absurdly out of place when we had to deal with such an extraordinary aggression as that attempted by the American Government. The course before us was to say plainly that, in signing the Washington treaty, we meant to concede the most liberal terms we could agree to, compatibly with the maintenance of our own honour, but that we never contemplated the discussion before arbitrators, nor imagined that the American Government contemplated advancing demands of so extravagant a nature as those they have put forward. Those demands, we should have explained, constituted so serious an infringement of the understanding embodied in the treaty, that we could only regard the proceedings before the arbitrators as suspended

suspended until the American Government might choose to conform to the stipulations therein laid down. An explanation of this kind would have required no reply of an argumentative character. We should have known at once whether to regard the arbitration as still pending, or the treaty of Washington as null and void by reason of the irremediable infringement of its provisions by America.*

What, on the other hand, is the painful position in which we are placed by the feeble and inadequate diplomacy of the Government? We are drifting on, in spite of Lord Derby's warnings, from one concession to another. Our attitude, which at this moment should have been bold, honourable, and intelligible, is equivocal, and all but ignominious. Sooner or later, at a less favourable opportunity than that which we have allowed to let slip, we must speak out courageously, or submit to concessions that will earn for us the contempt of the civilised world. The momentary success of the Government in persuading credulous admirers that the danger by which we were menaced is passing away, is due merely to a policy of procrastination that has temporarily averted an evil day. Deaf to the warnings of the past, the Cabinet seems still to cling to the belief that our difficulties with the United States can yet be surmounted by means of a policy of conciliation; and indeed whether it is still possible that ultimate measures of common sense, involving the abandonment of this foolish and feeble policy, may avert the dangers by which we are at present encompassed, is a question to which, without knowing as yet how far the Government has already committed us, we should shrink from giving a reply. But taking a broad view of the relations that have subsisted between this country and the United States for the last fifty years, we must confess that politicians, who still look hopefully to a future depending on the continued influence of conciliation in our further negotiations with that Power, display a confidence which no experience will teach, and which borders on downright folly.

* The advice which Lord Westbury gave to the Government upon this point in the debate in the House of Lords on March 22nd is so excellent that it deserves to be recorded here:—'What I beg the Government to do is to take a firm stand upon the truth of what was understood on both sides at the time, and not to be beguiled into a question concerning the construction of a treaty, for it is idle to discuss the construction of a document which you contend does not contain your real sentiments, and does not tally with the belief and understanding which you were induced by the other side to entertain. Insist that no question as to the construction of the treaty on this matter shall go to the arbitrators; for there is something superior to language—the question what was intended by us, and what was represented to us to be intended by them. Have that point raised and decided before you begin quibbling as to the interpretation of the language.'

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